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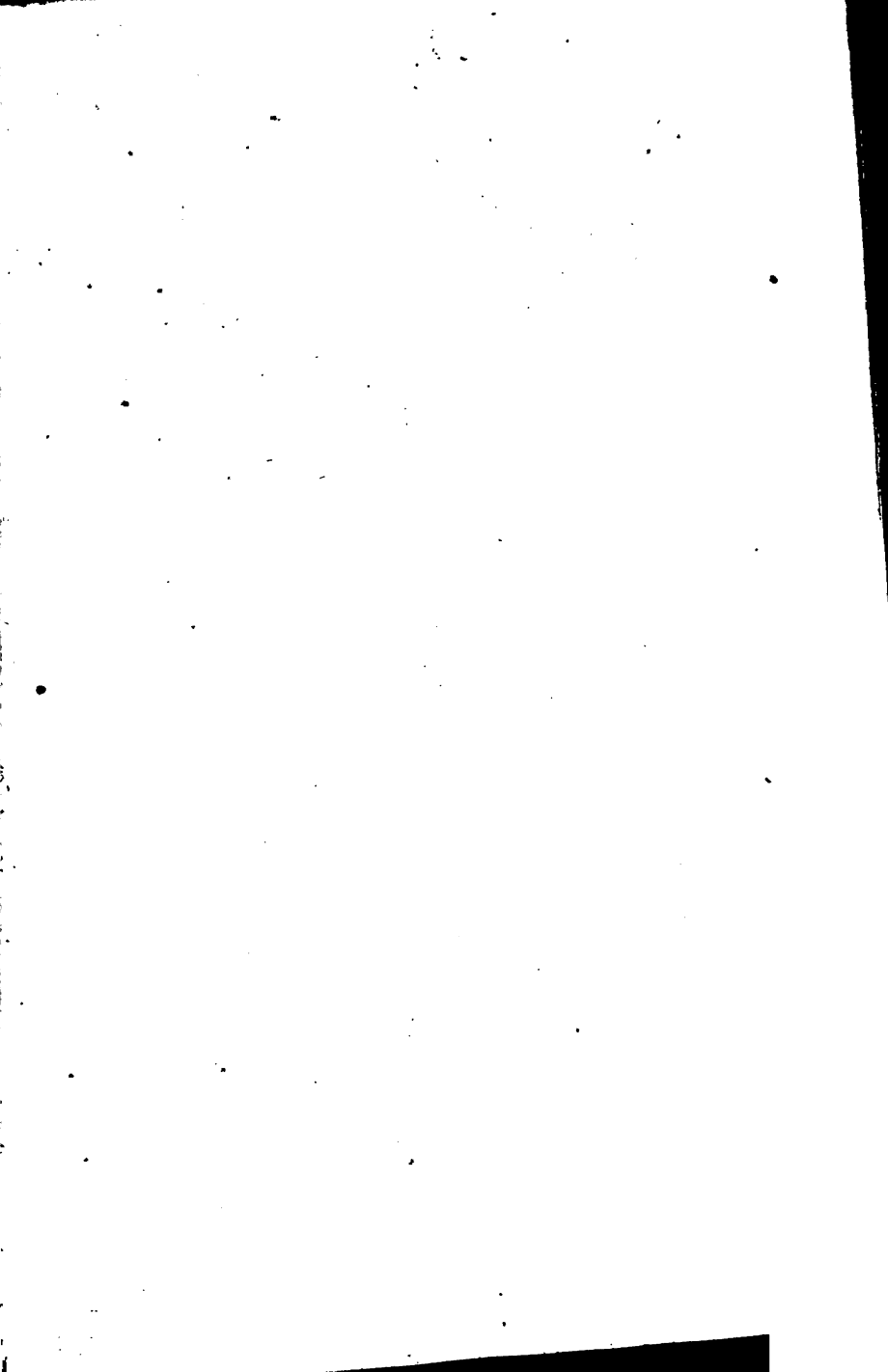
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HISTORY OF TURKEY.

BY

A. DE LAMARTINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE GIRONDISTS," "TRAVELS IN THE HOLY
LAND," ETC.



TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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HISTORY OF TURKEY.

BOOK TENTH.

I.

MOURAD, or as usually styled, Amurath II., although scarcely beyond infancy, was not an infant in war or politics. It would seem as if Mahomet I., his father, had had for this son the presentiment of a precocious reign, when he gave him, at the age of twelve, the command of the army sent to quash in the Balkans the communist insurrection of Bedredin. It seemed to be the purpose of the Sultan thus to familiarize him early with the campaigns and difficulties of government, which are the exercise of sovereigns. The precocious understanding, also, of this boy seemed to answer to the secret designs of the father. His years, his features, the graces of his conversation, his impetuous bravery in the conflict, the skill and force with which he managed the bow, the sabre, and the horse; his docility to the counsels of more experienced warriors, and chiefly those of Bayezid-Pasha, his tutor, under guise of his general; in fine, the admiration blent with affection which soldiers habitually feel at the sight of a child of whom they in heart are protectors while obeying him in arm,—all these had made Amurath II. the idol of the army and the hope of his people. The majestic beauty of his father, which reappeared in lines more feminine upon his boyish countenance, completed the moral prestige by the prestige of the eyes. Son of an Ottoman father, grandson of a Servian mother, born himself of a Circassian, the favorite wife of Mahomet I., Amurath II. blent in his

features the blood of those three races, robust as a Turk, fair as a Servian, slender and stately as a son of the Caucasus. No prince was more fitted by nature to sway the eyes of a people who love to see on the brow of their chiefs the diadem of nature by the side of the diadem of birth.

The natural cause of this hereditary beauty of the family of Othman and the dynasty of Turkey has not been sufficiently noticed. It proceeds from the perpetual renewal of the blood retempered from generation to generation in the loins of odalisques of the various races, Greek, Persian, Caucasian—all selected for consummate elegance of form for the harem of the sovereign or the viziers. Polygamy, which degrades the sex and diminishes the population, embellishes the sons of the great by the selection of the mothers. These correct the imperfections of the features of the father; they communicate perpetually to the royal race of the Ottomans some lineaments of the fairest races who supply constantly the seraglio. In following back from sultana to sultana the descent of the actual emperors of Constantinople, there is perhaps not one mother who had not given to the sons of the imperial family something of foreign blood from the purest sources of Europe or of Asia. Another cause of this freshness of the blood and of this grace of countenance, is, that the Turks marry young, and that the first-born of the race of Othman thus partake of the youthfulness and gracefulness of the parents scarce emerging out of childhood.

II.

Amurath II., after having traversed rapidly and without being recognized the long distance which separates Amasia from Broussa, attended by only a cupbearer of his father, arrived before the father's death had transpired beyond the gates of Broussa. Ibrahim and Bayezid-Pasha, already arrived with the pick of the army, were waiting to crown him. The Janissaries, at last informed by them of the death of Mahomet I., and prepared to receive the son with acclamation, went out to meet the young Sultan and brought him in triumph into the capital. Then was uncovered the bier of Mahomet I., who had been surrounded in his litter, on the march, with the same deference as if the sovereign had been alive behind the curtains. Amurath bewailed his father with

deep sobbings, and deposited with imperial honors the coffin in the green mosque built in view of this eternal repose.

Amurath II. had no brothers of an age to lead the Ottomans to hesitate in recognizing him legitimate successor of his father. Mahomet I. had left but two children, scarcely beyond the cradle; his uncle Mustapha, a vanquished pretender to the throne and imprisoned at Lemnos, under the guard of the Greek emperor Manuel, might, if liberated by the latter, come to tempt the fidelity of the Ottomans and divide the empire into two dynasties. The perfidious Manuel sent ambassadors to Broussa to threaten Amurath with this competition for the throne, if the new Sultan did not give him pledges and hostages from among his family.

Bayezid-Pasha, then grand vizier, responded haughtily to the Greek envoys, that the laws of the empire would never permit that a prince brought up among the infidels (*giaours*), even were he really of the blood of Bajazet, should reign over the Ottomans. The imprudent Manuel, at this reply, despatched to Lemnos the same Demetrius Lascaris who had saved the life of Mustapha after the defeat of Salonica, to throw open to him the prison doors, as well as also to Djouneyd his accomplice and vizier. The two prisoners, on delivery, signed, as price of their liberty, a duress treaty with the Emperor of Constantinople, whereby Mustapha, on mounting the throne, undertook by Greek assistance to restore Gallipoli and the other cities which were formerly Greek, of the seaboard of Thrace, Bithynia and the Black Sea.

III.

The vessels of the Greek Emperor landed Mustapha and Djouneyd on the coast of Thrace at some distance from Gallipoli, for the purpose of rallying the Ottomans of these provinces to the cause, which was formerly popular, of the pretended son of Ilderim. The event proved the wisdom of the precautions taken at Adrianople by Ibrahim and by Bayezid-Pasha to conceal the death of Mahomet I. For although the soldiers composing the garrison of Gallipoli remained faithful to the cause of Amurath II. through military spirit, the populations of Thrace, whether from adhesion to the memory of Ilderim, or incredulity as to the competency of a youth of seventeen, who would be likely to make

a plaything of the empire, or that they were fascinated by the romantic character and adventures of Mustapha, which almost always sway, more than truth, the puerile passions of the multitude,—those populations adopted rapturously the pretentious Mustapha. He enrolled in a few days an immense multitude of Thracians, of Macedonians, of Epirotes, and of savage dwellers on Mount Athos in the plains of Salonica. All the maritime cities of the gulf were thrown open to him. He soon advanced at the head of one hundred and twenty thousand men, along to the gates of Gallipoli, which, for this time, opened before the fame and the corruption of Djourneyd. This traitor, consummate in the arts of accomplishing and preparing defections, was so rarely mistaken in the choice of his side, that being with him was esteemed an assurance of being with fortune.

IV.

Amurath II., on this sudden dismemberment of the empire before he had yet obtained complete possession, assembled round him the council of the oldest and most experienced members of his father's divan, together with three young viziers, sons of Timourtasch, his companions of war and pleasure at Amasia. These young men, with the prompt decision natural to their years, conjured the Sultan to pass himself into Europe and to recollect the surname of his grandsire Ilderim (the thunderbolt). A thunder stroke, said they, alone can discharge the cloud. Amurath inclined to this resolution. Respect for the authority of the aged Ibrahim, consummate in prudence, and confidence in Bayezid, no less consummate in war, made him yield reluctantly to the advice of the elders of the divan. They represented to him that it was to give in the eyes of the Ottomans more importance than was meet to the attempt of an adventurer, that he should place himself at the head of his army to combat a shadow; that, moreover, victory or defeat was always suspended in the hand of God, in the encounters which appeared to be least doubtful, and that if any one were to be vanquished in the plains of Thrace, it ought not to be at all events the Sultan. "A reverse to the Sultan," said Bayezid-Pasha, "would be his ruin; a reverse to his general and his army will be but the shame of the general and the misfortune of the army."

Amurath yielded to these wise advisers, less wise perhaps than had been his temerity. Bayezid-Pasha took the command of the army of Asia, composed of scarcely thirty thousand men, crossed the Propontis in vessels which the Genoese, masters of the harbor of Phocæa, in the Gulf of Smyrna, hired to the Sultan, and encamped under the walls of Gallipoli, having before them the innumerable army of Mustapha, commanded by the able and courageous Djouneyd. This situation of the camp of Bayezid exposed his troops, on two sides, to the population of Thrace, who in a body took the part of Mustapha, and to the soldiers of Gallipoli, former comrades of the Janissaries, who incited from the top of the walls their companions of war to imitate their defection.

Accordingly Bayezid was soon powerless to either fight or resist. If he advanced against Mustapha, the garrison of Gallipoli issued at his heels and attacked him on the rear and the flanks; if he longer kept inactive, this immobility proved his impotence, and desertion was sure to decimate his camp.

Mustapha, directed by the counsels of Djouneyd, and having nothing to lose and all to gain by audacity, kept advancing into Thrace, no longer with an army, but with an entire people flocked around him. His resemblance to Bajazet-Ilderim, of which the old assured the young; compassion at the lot of this hero, deceased a captive of Timour in defending the Ottomans against that scourge of Asia; the masculine beauty of Mustapha, which had received from nature or from artifice the majesty of a master of empire; his cordial reception by the peasantry of Thrace and Thesaly; his captivating eloquence; his adjurations to the soldiers; his protracted misfortunes; his adventures marvellous or feigned, but which to the credulous Ottomans seemed marked with the finger of Providence; in fine, the gold and the promises which the opulent Djouneyd poured through a thousand secret channels into the tents of Bayezid,—all these things gave to the cause of the pretender a popularity at once rural and military, which carried all before his standards, even those who had crossed the sea to combat him. The unfortunate Bayezid, able neither to advance with safety nor to retire with honor, counted each morning with terror the diminishing number of his troops, who passed over during the night into the army of Djouneyd. In civil wars,

there is no calculating long upon a soldiery isolated from the spirit of the people. There where run the people, the army soon follows, for every army is of the people by its instincts as well as origin. Bayezid fled the contagion, drew near to Adrianople, and encamped in the plain or the reedy marshes not far from the capital.

V.

Presently Mustapha, emboldened by the unanimous acclamations of the cities and the villages which made him a cortege towards Adrianople, dared establish his camp in the plain, in front of that of Bayezid. The Turks name this plain Sazlidéré.

Like Napoleon on his return from the island of Elba, presenting himself alone and uncovered to the soldiers sent against him, Mustapha, who instead of glory, displayed his rights and his misfortunes, advanced alone between the two armies, and haranguing with intrepidity the Janissaries of Bayezid, vacillating as they were already between the two causes, challenged them to strike in him the son of Ilderim, the wounded of Angora, the victim of Timour, the legitimate and the predestined Emperor of true Ottomans. Soldiers, from the moment they listen, are accomplices. Those of Bayezid, carried away by those reminiscences, those adjurations, by the horror of committing a sacrilege against the blood of Othman, by the aspect and the acclamations of this multitude devoted to Mustapha, and who extended to them their open arms instead of weapons, joined at last in the cry of that multitude, and rushing around the horse of the pretender, made him a single army of the two camps.

Mustapha had Bayezid and the generals faithful to Amurath put in chains by their own Janissaries, and made his entry without a blow into Adrianople, amid the shouts of the people and the army. The palace of the Sultan, which he called the palace of his fathers, was thrown open for his reception.

VI.

The day following this defection of one half of the empire, Mustapha brought before him Bayezid-Pasha and Hamza, his brother, laden with chains. He delivered Bayezid to the mercy of his enemy Djourneyd, as if vengeance had

been the meed of victory most prized by this astute barbarian. It will be remembered that Bayezid had formerly asked Djouneyd for the hand of his daughter, that Djouneyd had refused offensively, and had given the preference to an Albanian slave made free by him, named Aoudoulas; that Bayezid-Pasha, by a cowardly and ferocious reprisal, having made Aoudoulas prisoner of war at Nympheon, had him mutilated of his virility, and enrolled among his eunuchs. Djouneyd had his daughter and his son-in-law to avenge. He dragged Bayezid into the court of the palace of Adrianople, and ordering his headsman to hold the yataghan above his neck: "It is however a pity," said he, railing at the victim, "to cut off the head of a man so dexterous at emasculating his prisoners."

The head of Bayezid rolled in the court of the same palace where his fidelity and prudence had twice saved the empire. He expected this lot on leaving the palace of Broussa; for before starting, he made his will, and as he had no children, he bequeathed his immense fortune of five hundred thousand aspers to Oumur-Beg, one of the sons of Timourtasch, in recompense, said the testament, of his inviolable attachment to the Sultan Amurath.

Djouneyd did not punish Hamza-Beg, the brother and lieutenant of Bayezid, for the injuries which he had to avenge upon the brother. He gave liberty to him who was destined in turn to avenge upon *him* the blood of Bayezid.

VII.

Scarce had Mustapha, so odiously seconded by the Greeks of Constantinople, become master of one half the empire, than the court of Byzantium required of him the execution of the treaty by which he bound himself to restore Gallipoli and all the Greek cities of the coast to the Byzantine empire. Mustapha, who had not hesitated to promise all, was no less unscrupulous in denying. The people and the army would rise unanimously against the new Sultan, were he to reward their defection by a dismemberment of the empire.

"It is not," replied he, "for the Emperor Manuel that I have conquered back the empire." Demetrius Lascaris, general of Manuel, in vain reproached him with his perfidy. "Go," said Mustapha to him, "take back to your master his

troops whom I want no longer. The wrongs which I have suffered from the Greeks release me from gratitude. You gave me, it is true, an asylum at Salonica, but you afterwards gave me a prison at Lemnos; we are at quits then, and I will act henceforth but as Sultan of the Ottomans."

Manuel, irritated, after having fomented the insurrection of Mustapha against Amurath, sought to foment the vengeance of Amurath against Mustapha. He sent Demetrius Lascaris to Broussa to league with the same perfidy with one of the sultans against the other. The court of Byzantium no longer kept its ground at Constantinople but by casting itself alternately as a false weight into the balance of rebellious ambition among the Ottomans. It thus prepared itself at no distant day the hate and vengeance of the two causes, which with the same shamelessness it served and betrayed. This government, in which all virtue was extinct, survived but upon its vices. Its death could not have been remote; it was justified in advance by the Greek perversities towards all their neighbors.

VIII.

Whether it was that long servitude had enervated the soul of Mustapha, or that parvenu-like he was in haste to enjoy the throne which he filched by craft, he fell forthwith into indolence at Adrianople, amid the pleasures of the palace, the gardens, and the harem. To attach to him the irregular troops of villagers and shepherds, by whose affluence he had conquered the throne, he assigned for the first time to these volunteers, under the title of *mossellimans* (men exempt from ordinary services), a pay of fifty aspers per day, thus opposing to the Janissaries privilege against privilege.

Djouneyd, who soon perceived that he lacked the energy to keep his fortunes, and who was a man not to serve long any but the clever and successful, tried in vain to wrest his new master from the languors of Adrianople, and make him consummate the conquest of Asia, where he (Djouneyd) hoped to recover his principality of Smyrna. Discouraged by his fruitless efforts, and judging with a practised eye of the incapacity of Mustapha, Djouneyd tried secretly to obtain pardon for all his treacheries by a treachery the most flagitious of the whole. He knew by his long experience under Solyman, Moussa, Mahomet I., and under Mustapha himself, that

nothing is refused to him who offers an empire. He sent secret emissaries to Ibrahim, vizier of Amurath II., offering to abandon Mustapha to his inevitable lot, and to restore Adrianople to the son of Mahomet I., if the latter would in turn restore to him, Djourneyd, his hereditary and independent principalities of Smyrna, Tyra, Nympheon, and of the beautiful valleys of Ionia. Amurath could not hesitate to secure at this price an auxiliary so useful to his friends and so hurtful to his enemies. All was promised to Djourneyd; he promised all in turn.

IX.

Meanwhile, to draw Mustapha more rapidly to his doom, it was necessary to allure him from the palace of Adrianople, where Amurath II. could not come to attack him without raising in opposition all the provinces of Europe, who would defend Mustapha as the work of their own hands. Djourneyd then enticed Mustapha into Asia, under pretext of completing the restoration of the empire by routing Amurath from the veritable capital.

Mustapha, with a numerous army of undisciplined peasants, crossed, in galleys borrowed from the Venetians, the Propontis, debarked at Lampsacus, and poured into the spacious plain that overlooks Olympus, and is watered by the river Rhyndacus, at present named the Ouloubad.

Amurath, at the sight of this innumerable multitude, whose fires covered at night the entire plain of Lampsacus, trembled a moment for his capital. But, soon reassured by the confidence imparted to him by his vizier, Ibrahim, as to the premeditated treason of Djourneyd and the intrepidity of the small band of the brave companions of his boyish years, who kept unfalteringly faithful to his fortunes, he came forth from Broussa with twenty thousand select combatants only, and covering his front with the waters of the Rhyndacus, his left wing resting on the impenetrable forests of Mount Olympus, his right wing covered by a marsh then overflowed by the river, he awaited the slow and difficult manœuvres which might be tried by the generals of Mustapha come to an engagement with him in this natural redoubt.

Mustapha, disconcerted by this attitude, and unable to either direct or restrain the masses of peasants who covered the plain with their horses, kept still waiting for the river to

subside into its channel and open fordable passages for his troops. He felt that treachery was around him, without daring to convict or punish it. The vizier of Amurath, Ibrahim, while he was treating for the ruin of Mustapha with Djourneyd, had conveyed by false confidences letters to Mustapha wherein it was half revealed to him that Djourneyd was betraying him. These two accomplices, thus suspected by and necessary to each other, observed each other silently without revealing their suspicions. This mutual distrust slackened and neutralized all their plans of attack. Mustapha beheld snares even in the victory that was promised him. All was thus languishing in his camp, when a profound stratagem of the grand vizier of Amurath gave assurance to his master of an almost uncontested victory.

X.

The feudal chieftain of a numerous tribe of the Balkans, named Mikhal-Oghli, who wielded over the peasants of that province of Europe the same hereditary ascendant exercised by the Caramans over the Taurus, had been made prisoner by Mahomet I. father of the young Sultan, in an insurrection of this vassal, and shut up since that period in the Asiatic fortress of Tokat. Ibrahim, who knew the popularity of this valiant peasant chief with the Turkish tribes of Europe, restored his liberty to Mikhal-Oghli, and brought him to the camp of Amurath. The old vizier was aware that the advanced posts of the army of Mustapha were principally confided to the peasants of the Balkans.

Of a dark night, while the peasants of Mikhal-Oghli, seated around their fires on the opposite bank of the Rhyndacus, were by chance conversing about the long captivity of their chief, and regretting that he was not with them at the head of his ayams to conduct them to victory, Mikhal-Oghli himself, advancing on horseback into the waves of the Rhyndacus and recognizing the fires of his ancient vassals, raised a fierce shout which, resounding through the still night to the other bank, was recognized by the akindjis as the inimitable war-cry of Mikhal-Oghli, whose sonorous and ringing voice was celebrated for its power among the Balkan tribes.

"Is it you, Mikhal-Oghli, or is it your ghost?" cried the akindjis. "It is I myself," replied the chieftain; "it

is myself at liberty in the service of the Sultan, who am come to fight against my children and my brethren for the cause of the country against a miserable adventurer who is deceiving and dividing you ; will you bend your bows against the bosom of your beg ? ”

At this voice, at these words, at the splashing of the horse of Mikhal-Oghli in the water, the akindjis call each other, concert, disband, rush to their horses, plunge into the river to swim across and embrace their chief, and pass, to the number of ten thousand, into the camp of Amurath. The azabs, other auxiliary troops of Mustapha, wishing in the morning to pursue and punish the akindjis, forded the river in front of Mount Olympus.

Two thousand Janissaries, posted by Timour-Beg, son of Timourtasch, leaped from their ambush, and surprised and drowned the five thousand azabs in the waters of the Rhyndacus. The prisoners were at so low a price in the camp of Amurath, on this day, that a janissary sold two for a sheep's head. Hence the proverb of contempt of the Janissaries towards the azabs, and the hatred which ensanguined, down to the reign of Mahmoud, the rivalries of these two privileged bodies of the army.

XI.

The following night Djourneyd, who thought he noticed during the day some signs of distrust in the countenance of Mustapha, and who dreaded that one treachery might anticipate the other, went out in silence from his tents with sixty horsemen of his household who carried his treasures, and escaped in time by the route of Aiden. This flight, next day made public, appeared to the European soldiers of Mustapha the flight of fortune. The panic spread through the multitude, to whom the plain did not seem wide enough for the rout. The soldiers of Amurath called to them in vain to stop and to mingle in their ranks as Ottomans ; they fancied themselves pursued by the voice of Mikhal-Oghli and by the perfidies of Djourneyd. Mustapha himself, abandoned by all his soldiers, attended only by his pages, galloped at full speed towards Lampsacus, and throwing himself into a fishing smack, recrossed alone that sea which he had traversed with a hundred thousand soldiers.

XII.

Amurath II. followed him closely to Lampsacus, and, wishing to get before him to Adrianople, implored at any price a vessel from the Genoese to transport him with a band of his brave companions to the other bank. Adorno, a Genoese noble, commandant of Phoea, who happened to be lying with some of his vessels in the waters of Lampsacus, gave on this occasion a memorable example of the greedy and mercenary genius of those Genoese merchants. He took on board his galley for hire the Sultan and three hundred of his pages; other armed galleys followed behind him; then when he was out at sea in the middle of the strait, at equal distance from Europe and Asia, and absolute master of the fate of Amurath: "Sultan," said he to him casting himself at his feet in token of respect, but pointing to the cannons of the galleys in token of menace, "remit to the republic of Genoa the arrears of twenty thousand ducats which she owes you upon the alum mines of the mountain of Phoea, and the tribute you have imposed for the right of working them; otherwise we will take you back to the coast of Asia, and you lose one half the empire."

The Sultan smiled, despised the merchant, and signed graciously the remission of the tribute. The Turks fought for glory and empire; the Ragusans, the Venetians, the Genoese fought only for wealth. The two races could not comprehend each other. Commerce, which enriches nations, debases the impulses to nobler ambitions.

XIII.

Meanwhile Adorno, faithful to probity, that genius also of elevated commerce, refused Mustapha next day to betray to him Amurath II. From the height of the towers of Gallipoli, where Mustapha, in his flight from Lampsacus, had taken refuge, this Sultan, half dethroned, contemplated the sea covered with Genoese vessels, which were bringing the army of Amurath, his enemy, into Europe. He had the offer made Adorno of all the treasures accumulated in the fortress of Gallipoli, if he would take back his enemies to the coast of Asia. Adorno refused the treasures to keep his word with Amurath.*

* Or to keep his life, which he was sure to lose, upon the semblance of a like attempt.—*Translator.*

Scarce had the victorious Sultan got together three thousand Janissaries before the walls of Gallipoli, than he presented himself at the gates, covered only by the cloud of arrows which those three thousand pages launched upon the ramparts. The mere presence of Amurath put to flight through all the gates that opened on the plain of Thrace the terrified remnants of the bands of Mustapha. This Sultan had scarce time to arrive before them at Adrianople, and pack up hastily his treasures, to set them upon mules, and fly again towards Mount Hemus, hoping to find a refuge and an avenger in the Prince of Servia.

Amurath, more prompt in the pursuit than Mustapha, clogged by his treasures, was in flight, traversed Adrianople without stopping, had his troopers mounted on the fresh horses left behind by Mustapha, and got up with him at Yénidjé, a village of the mountains at a day's journey from the capital. The suite of Mustapha dispersed at the unexpected approach of the Turkish cavalry, and abandoned their master to his fate. Mustapha had only time to hide himself in a gorge of Mount Togan, which covers with its forests the bed of the torrent of Toudja, and to squat among the roots of an oak on the edge of the water. The mute gesture of one of his slaves revealed his hiding-place to Amurath, who dragged him with his own hands out of his recess, as if a sultan should be put in chains only by another sultan.

Amurath led back to Adrianople the apocryphal emperor loaded with irons and maledictions by this same peasantry who had risen in a body a few days before, to set an adventurer, dear to their imagination, upon two thrones. Amurath, to convince the incredulous populations of Mount Hemus of his death, had a gibbet erected on the ramparts of Adrianople, and suspended thereon his rival, leaving the body in chains to dangle at the will of the winds until the eagles and ravens of Mount Hemus had devoured the Sultan of Adrianople and left his bones bare to bleach in the sun.

XIV.

Without losing time for vengeance, Amurath II., after having consolidated his reign at Adrianople, led his army, still glowing with ardor and intoxicated by his victories, to the walls of Constantinople, to demand of the old and perfidious Manuel reparation for the treacheries to his sworn

faith in the assistance given by the Greeks to Mustapha. The fickle people of Constantinople, who had forced the old Emperor to deliver Mustapha in order to annoy Amurath, besieged with crowds and clamors the palace of the Black-ernes to exact new from the court more servile concessions to the vanquisher of Mustapha. The terror which had seized the city was turned to frenzy against the ministers and negotiators of Manuel, who, cried the people, were too slow to satisfy the just anger of the Sultan. Theologos, first interpreter of the court of Manuel, having been sent by his master to Amurath to mitigate his exigencies, and not having yet succeeded in concluding a peace of which the conditions were too humiliating for the Emperor, was accused by public rumor of protracting the negotiations for the sake of his personal ambition. The people with loud cries demanded his head; the archers of the Greek island of Candia, who formed the guard of the palace, weary of defending the accused, ended with joining themselves in the demand for his execution from the Emperor. The feeble old Emperor threw Theologos to the populace to divert its rage from his own family. The Candioties dragged the innocent minister beneath the palace windows, tore out his eyes, lacerated him with wounds, and threw him, blind and bleeding, into a cistern, where he expired a short time after.

His house, forced, pillaged, fired by the populace of Constantinople, contained the vases of gold and the rich presents which he was charged by the Emperor to bear in secret to Amurath to obtain more favorable conditions. Those innocent treasures appeared to the people an accusing witness of the frauds and embezzlements of Theologos. Calumny survives even punishment.

Meanwhile, Amurath, who knew and loved Theologos, often sent by Manuel to the court of his father Mahomet I., was indignant at this immolation of an innocent man. He suspected another minister of Manuel, Pyllis the Ephesian, a rival of Theologos, to have fomented the sedition. Pyllis the Ephesian was at that moment in the Sultan's tent to negotiate. Amurath had him put in irons, interrogated him by torture to wrest from him the avowal of his intrigues, and had him set upon a pyre already kindled to expiate his crimes in the flames. Pyllis escaped death only by apostasy; he abjured Christianity and took refuge in the faith of Mahomet.

XV.

During the blockade of Constantinople, which had now no outlet but by its sea, Amurath II., dispersing his troops in the country still dependent upon the Greek Empire, made a desert of the orchards, the gardens, the villages, and the pleasure houses, with which the luxury of a double empire had covered and decorated the environs of the first capital of the universe. To stifle more effectually the breath of the city of the Paleologuses, Amurath constructed an exterior rampart, which extended from the Cyclopean Palace, of which the walls overhung the Sea of Marmora, along to the lofty palace of the Blackernes which commanded the port of the Golden Horn from the height of the imperial hill. This rampart, surmounted with wooden towers filled with earth, faced the antique ramparts and the marble towers which hemmed round the capital of Constantine with a semicircle of constructions, wherein Greek art, bas-reliefs, cornices, capitals, triumphal arches, had made the fortifications of a vast city equal to the walls of a temple.

The rumor, spread by Amurath in Asia and Europe, that the wealth of the Greeks would be abandoned to the soldiers, had swollen his camp with cattle traders, with slave merchants, with Jewish usurers, with Christian traffickers, who were awaiting this prey, by far the richest of the three worlds. Swarms of mendicant dervishes, run from Diarbekir, from the Taurus, from Caramania, "were already partitioning in idea," say the Genoese and Venetian historians of the camp of Amurath, "the rich monasteries, and the consecrated virgins who peopled the numberless convents of that monkish city."

The old Sheik Bokhari, to whom Bajazet-Ilderim had married one of his daughters, joined Amurath with an escort of five hundred disciples on horseback. An oracle of the Ottomans for three reigns back, the Sheik Bokhari, to whose wisdom in counsel was attributed the gift of prophecy, entered the camp in the midst of the army prostrated at the feet of his mule. He shut himself up in an humble tent, and spent the night in invoking *Allah*. His disciples, during this meditation of the master, apostrophized from aloft the towers the guards of Constantinople, showed them with a gesture the immense expanse of the tents of Amurath, and defied them to call to their assistance their Christ, so often disowned in his sanctity by their vices and their mendacity.

XVI.

The following day the Sheik Bokhari, mounted on a war-horse and attended by his five hundred companions, advanced sabre in hand up to the walls of Constantinople, at the point opposite the gardens of the palace of the Blackernes. It was the 26th June, 1422. Like a herald of the wars of chivalry, the old man, brandishing his sabre against the city, shouted three times the war-cry, *Allah and Mahomet*.

It was the signal for the assault. Two hundred thousand men on each side, all equally erect on the ramparts and on the towers, obscured the air with the clouds of arrows, of stones, of smoke, and of fire. This unmoving struggle, which extended its lines of combatants from the Wooden Palace, now the Seven Towers, bathed by the Sea of Marmora, along to the river Lycus, an humble stream which strays through the meadows of a valley in the basin enclosed by the Golden Horn, embraced the entire space over which Byzantium is not intrenched by its three seas.

Byzantium regained some remnants of Roman courage in this extremity. Her palaces, her temples, her gods, her wealth, her women, her children, her liberty, her life, the whole empire was trembling, praying and fighting behind this rampart, which in breaching was to open a passage for a deluge of Ottomans. The old Emperor, Manuel, aged nearly eighty years, seemed to have lived to that age only to witness from his bed of death the last day of his people. He yielded his last breath while the battle was raging. John Paleologus, his son, was fighting during his father's agony at the gate Saint-Romain, the grand triumphal outlet of Constantinople into the country.

The whole people, down to the women, the old men, the children, the priests, the monks, the nuns, were become an army on that supreme day; some seeking safety, others death, all martyrdom. The two religions fought like the two peoples. The shouts of *Allah* and of *Christos* clashed above the din of conflict. Each army expected a miraculous triumph. The nature of the arms was the only real miracle; the Turks, who had as yet neither artillery, nor miners, nor Greek fire in their army, and with whom the horse and sabre were the sole implements of warfare, could not possibly assail ramparts that were fortified by seven centuries, unless with scaling-ladders crushed by rocks which were rolled

down upon them from the battlements. The soldiers of Paleologus, who fell by the Turkish arrows, were replaced instantly upon the breach, from a population of two millions. The abyss of dust, of fire and steel, which separated the two ramparts, was filled only with the slain. Not a stone of the solid walls and massive towers of Constantinople gave way before the Ottoman machines composed of wood and earth. The day declined without relaxing the fervor of the battle, but also, without advancing by a single step the victory. Each party seemed alike to invoke the advent of night in order to impute its failure to the intervention of darkness.

The superstition of the two peoples helped at last to separate the combatants. A mysterious virgin, robed in a gold embroidered pink dress, and her face radiant with the dying splendors of the day, appeared of a sudden upon the walls, athwart the dust, to both Greeks and Turks. At this natural or preconcerted spectacle of a woman of celestial beauty protecting the city of miracles, the Greeks consoled, and the Ottomans in consternation, ceased the struggle. An immense clamor of gratitude to the Panagia (the miraculous virgin of the Byzantines) arose through the air and threw a panic among the credulous dervishes of Bokhari. Amurath II., as superstitious as his people, ordered the army to burn its useless towers, abandoned his wooden circumvallation, and returned to his camp. This fruitless assault of twelve hours between two armies who could not come to close quarters cost little blood to the two nations. Only some hundreds of bodies were picked up from the trenches. But the assault of two hundred thousand Ottomans, thus victoriously repulsed by an effeminate city, restored the confidence to the Greeks which it took away from the Ottomans, and prolonged by a reign the duration of the empire.

XVII.

A new manœuvre of the Greeks, and this time legitimate, since it was meant to create a diversion to their ruin, recalled at the same moment Amurath II. into Asia. The court of Byzantium had anew succeeded in shaking Asia beneath his throne.

One of those Greek renegades of the stamp of Djouneyd, whom the Ottoman sovereigns often brought to their

court in the quality of tutors to their sons, was educating in the palace of Broussa the two young brothers of Amurath. The senior of these children, named also Mustapha-Sultan; was twelve years of age; the second, only eight. Elias, the Greek tutor, at the instigation of Paleologus, took off by night his two pupils from the palace of Broussa and led them to the court of the Caramans, always ready, as has been seen, to rise in arms against the house of Othman.

The Caramans saluted Mustapha with the title of Sultan, under pretext that he was the son of a Servian princess, spouse of Mahomet I., whereas Amurath was but the son of a beautiful odalisque. They gave Mustapha an army of Turks to conquer Broussa and the throne which the promptitude of Amurath had snatched from him unjustly.

The army of Caraman, profiting by the absence of Amurath, who had left Asia without troops, advanced to the gates of Broussa, and summoned the capital to recognize in the young pretender the true master of the empire. The inhabitants, in consternation, neither daring to proscribe the blood of Mahomet, nor too far to expose themselves to the resentments of Amurath, deputed their elders with homages and presents to Mustapha, but declared that they were not free to open the gates to a foreign army. Elias, irritated, but powerless, conducted his pupil and his army to the second imperial city of Bithynia, Isnik, and took it after a siege of thirty days. From Isnik, the young Emperor Mustapha came clandestinely to Constantinople, where he was received as sovereign by the Paleologuses; he concluded a treaty with them, like his father and his uncles.

XVIII.

During the absence of the young Emperor, Amurath II., repassing suddenly into Asia, availed himself at once of corruption and force to smother this unforeseen competition for the throne in the blood of a child of whom the crime was the crime of his governor. Elias, allured by Amurath with the hope of being made governor of Anatolia as the price of his perfidy towards his pupils, sold himself as readily to Amurath as he had sold himself to the Caramans. He prevented, by a thousand artifices and delays, the Caramans from taking with them the young Sultan for safety into their

dominions when they were themselves retiring before the army of Amurath.

Amurath, informed secretly by the traitor of the retreat of Mustapha, in the environs of İsnik, sent before him Mikhal-Oghli, with a troop of horse, to take possession of his two young brothers. Their faithful vizier, Tadjeddin, defended their asylum in single combat with Mikhal-Oghli, to give them time to leave the bath and take to flight. But during this heroic duel, wherein Mikhal-Oghli fell wounded mortally by the yataghan of Tadjeddin, Elias, binding Mustapha with cords, conducted him to the vanguard of the army of Amurath, at the gates of İsnik, and delivered him to Mezid-Beg, the head groom of the Emperor. The poor child was hanged on the branches of a fig-tree, in a garden by the gate of the city, so that the soldiers might defile, in passing, before the body. The second of the brothers, though of an age which forbade intelligence of the crime, was also made away with by the atrocious prudence of the ministers of Amurath.

Thus the principle of primogeniture, which the constitution lacked, was already supplied three times within three reigns by fratricide. In the imperfect legislations of the East, blood fills up the void of laws.

XIX.

Amurath II. stayed at İsnik only the time that was requisite to pay funeral honors to his brothers, and to send them to the tomb of their father in the green mosque of Broussa. He marched direct upon the principality of one of his most powerful vassals, the Prince of Castemouni, Isfendiar, who had fomented and sustained the rebellion of his brothers. Isfendiar, betrayed in the battle by his own son, Prince Kasim, and wounded by the hand of his own vizier, Yakschi-Beg, fled to Sinope, a maritime town of the Black Sea, which he made his capital.

Pursued to Sinope by the Ottoman army, Isfendiar could purchase pardon and peace from Amurath but by giving him in marriage his daughter, the celebrated princess of Sinope, whose beauty chanted by the poets and the historians of the times, inflamed the amorous imagination of the young Sultan. This passion of Amurath for beauty in his

wives, often agitated, from the recesses of his palace, the politics of the East.

XX.

His victories did not give him complete assurance of the throne, especially in Asia where his feudatories, so powerful and so restless, made submission but to meditate fresh rebellions. The numerous treacheries of Elias-Beg and of Kasim-Beg, by which he had profited, were brooding in his own council. The rivalries that existed between his five viziers might turn to ingratitude and vengeance against himself. He began by satisfying largely the ambition of the three sons of Timourtasch, his companions of boyhood and war, by giving to Oumour-Beg the principality of Kermian; to Ouroudj, the rank and title of *beglerbeg* or prince of princes (generalissimo); to the third, Ali-Beg, the principality of Saroukhan. These three viziers, thus rewarded and removed to a distance, reduced to two the number left in exercise of the imperial authority. Amurath was sure of the fidelity of the first, Ibrahim-Pasha, the friend of his father, the founder of his own fortune, the able colleague of the unfortunate Bayesid-Pasha in the two months posthumous government which, by disguising the death of Mahomet, had secured the throne to his eldest son.

But the second, Aouz-Pasha, more ambitious than became a vizier, had taken over the army an ascendant which he thought of imposing on the young Sultan, or in turning seditiously to his own account by getting the throne to be offered him through a barrack popularity fomented dexterously among the Janissaries. Aouz-Pasha distrusted the umbrage of the Sultan, as the Sultan distrusted the artifices of his vizier. The vigilant Ibrahim watched and warned his master. Amurath, who had hitherto temporized through prudence, felt that the hour was come either to strike or be stricken.

One day as the divan assembled to deliberate on some commotion among the Janissaries, Amurath, as if by an accidental and familiar gesture, placed his hand upon the breast of Aouz-Pasha, and heard the ring of a cuirass beneath the robe of the vizier. Perceiving this hidden armor brought to the councils of his master, the Sultan, convinced of either an insulting precaution, or a culpable design,

ordered the headmen to deprive the vizier of his eyes. This punishment, executed, without provoking a revolt, upon the favorite of the army, culpable at least for his imprudence, and the honorable exile of the three sons of Timourtasch, too powerful in Asia for courtiers, confirmed, by the silence and the terror of the army, the authority of the Sultan. All was hoped from a prince who knew the art of recompensing; all was feared from a master who dared to punish; all was yielded to a Sultan who showed himself resolved to reign.

Thenceforth the faithful Ibrahim, whom he familiarly called *Lala* (father), was the sole vizier, head and arm of the Sultan.

XXI.

The festivities of the marriage to the princess of Sinope marked the return of Amurath to Adrianople. The young widow of Khalil-Pasha was sent to bring the bride to the capital. Her triumphal entry into Adrianople rivalled the nuptial pomps of Constantinople and of Samarcand. Three young sisters of the Sultan were married on the same day, one to Kasim-Beg, brother of the bride and son of Isfendiar; the second to Karadja-Tchelebi, governor-general of all the Turkish provinces of Asia; the third to the son of the grand vizier Ibrahim-Pasha.

The sovereign princes of Servia and Wallachia attended the nuptials at Adrianople less as allies than as vassals. The Sultan, who now desired nothing but peace, sent them in his name to make rich presents to the King of Hungary, Sigismund, in token of deference and reconciliation. The King of Hungary responded by European presents, Flemish cloths, Frisian horses, Malines lace, golden-pommel saddles, Utrecht velvets, and golden florins of Hungary.

Amurath was intoxicated with love of the princess of Sinope.

XXII.

Of all his princely neighbors and all his princely vassals who had agitated the commencement of his reign, there remained for him to pacify or to subdue but old Djouneyd. Age had small effect upon the restlessness and perfidy which formed the tissue of the long career of this personage. After

having made and unmade three sultans, he now mused on ruining a fourth, always ungrateful for the pardon which he received, or always discontent with the price of his treacheries.

The day following the night on which he had deserted the camp of Mustapha on the Rhyndacus, Djourneyd arrived with sixty horsemen of his retinue at Tyra, a delightful town of his ancient dominions in the shady valley of the Strymon. There, after having reposed his horses and strengthened his escort, by a host of his old vassals proud of joining his standard to humble Smyrna, their rival in opulence and commerce, Djourneyd crossed in a day the plain of Burghaz-Owa, through which winds the Caister, and fell upon Smyrna, left without master or garrison during the struggle between the two sultans.

Smyrna, Phoea, the borders of the gulf, the cities and villages of Ionia, from the Black Cape along to Ephesus, seeing the reappearance of a prince by whom they had been long governed, and who represented himself as acknowledged and restored by Amurath, had supplied him, in a few days, with treasures and soldiers to reconstitute his power. In vain the Prince of Aiden, uneasy and jealous at such a neighbor, had marched against him with his army; Djourneyd, anticipating him with six thousand combatants in the gorges of Ephesus and Tyra, debouched boldly into the basin of Burghaz-Owa, and resting his left upon a lake and his right upon the marshes of the Caister, awaited the Prince of Aiden.

The two armies, after stopping to survey each other for a moment without being able to come to an engagement on account of the marshes that separated them, committed the fate of the battle to a duel to death between the two chiefs on the only strip of solid ground between the two camps.

Djourneyd, despite the weight of eighty years, which the ardor of his ambition prevented him from feeling at the moment of reconquering or of for ever losing his old dominions, launched his steed against the horse of the young Pasha of Aiden with the impetuosity of despair. After a fierce struggle between the two knights, in which skill and vigor had for a long time kept death suspended above their heads, Djourneyd, lifting his club to strike without minding lest he might be stricken, felled with the blow the Pasha of Aiden motionless at his horse's feet.

At this prodigy of might in the arm of an old man, the two armies applauded without distinction of cause as a decree of heaven, and the hostile army acknowledged Djourneyd as thenceforth Prince of Aiden. The provinces of Smyrna, Ephesus, Phoea, Tyra, Magnesia, and Aiden, fell by this exploit into the hands of Djourneyd. The independence of so vast a territory in a house so ambitious and so perfidious almost menaced the Sultan with a rival empire in the heart of Asia.

XXIII.

Amurath II. hastened, as soon as his power was consolidated at Adrianople, to send an army to check this ambition, and to re-establish the imperial authority in the provinces usurped during his absence. He sought among his generals the person who had most personal grievances to avenge in the blood of Djourneyd. Ibrahim, the grand vizier, advised the command to be given to Khalil-Pasha. Khalil had espoused the sister of the unfortunate Bayezid-Pasha, cruelly executed by Djourneyd before the walls of Gallipoli. This sister, loved and honored by the Sultan, had inspired her husband Khalil with implacable resentment against the murderer of her brother.

Forty thousand soldiers, of the best troops of Amurath, followed Khalil into Asia and advanced by the valley of Magnesia towards the narrow gorges of Tyra, which open upon Aiden and Smyrna. Djourneyd awaited, in this Thermopylæ of his possessions, the Ottoman army. His brother Hamza and his son Kourd, detaching themselves at night from his camp of Tyra and clambering through the gloomy and steep forests of the mountain chain which forms a background to the city, fell, at daybreak, precipitately on the Turkish army. But, surprised themselves by a reserve of Khalil, left in the rear to watch these woods, Hamza and Kourd, wounded and made prisoners, fell into the irons of Khalil.

Djourneyd, at the intelligence of this disaster to his son and brother, abandoned the gorges, the valleys of Tyra and the plains of the Caister to the Ottomans, and shut himself up precipitately, with a small band of trusty warriors, in an almost inaccessible fortress, of which the ruins are still to-day suspended like an eagle's eyry on the cliffs of Mount

Hypsila in view of the sea, and fronting the mountainous island of Samos. There, lamenting in advance the death of his son and of his brother, despatched in chains to Adrianople, he prepared to at least illustrate his death by vengeance upon Khalil.

Soon, however, learning that the Sultan sent to enjoy his punishment that brother of Bayezid-Pasha whom he had spared at Gallipoli, Djouneyd, who had still the sea open before him, left his last defenders in the fortress of Mount Hypsila and fled upon a bark into Caramania.

After enrolling some thousands of cavalry, he returned through the valleys of the Taurus upon Tyra and Ephesus, made his way sword in hand through the army of Khalil, and fortifying himself anew upon Mount Hypsila, he by his attitude forced the Ottomans to treat with him.

Khalil accorded him an honorable and secure capitulation, and received him as a guest in his tents. But Hamza, the brother of Bayezid, who had not pledged his word, and who spied the hour of vengeance in Ephesus, sent four assassins in the night time to the tents of Djouneyd with orders to bring him the head of the murderer of his brother. The executioners, introduced noiselessly into his tent, feared to fail in their design against this old man should he awake, and cut off his head while he slept.

Hamza sent this head, as full of perfidy as of heroism, to Adrianople, where the heads, already severed, of Kourid his son, and of his brother Hamza, were awaiting it exposed at the gates of the seraglio.

Meet end of a traitor who had sacrificed every thing to the fortune of a family extinct before himself, and who by his treacheries had taught his enemies to make a sport of human truth.

XXIV.

Elias-Beg, who, by seducing and betraying the sons of Mahomet I. came to found, like Djouneyd, his fortune upon perfidy, received also by execution the reward merited by his misdeeds. His two sons, Ouweis and Ahmed, shut up by order of the Sultan in the prisons of Tokat, escaped, the one hidden in a wagon of hay, the other in a sack of oats.

Ouweis, discovered at the city gates, was decapitated; Ahmed succeeded in taking refuge in Persia.

The Prince of Caramania, Mahomet-Beg, roused to insurrection anew his populations; but being slain by a cannon ball from the ramparts of Satalia, his eldest son, prince Ibrahim, abandoned the siege to bring home the body of his father to Caramania. Two other sons of the deceased prince, vanquished and made prisoners before the walls of the besieged city, were led to the Sultan to Adrianople. Amurath treated them as allies, not as enemies; he gave to each of them the hand of one of his sisters, and sent to Ibrahim-Beg, the eldest, the investiture of the paternal principality of Caramania.

XXV.

But the generals of the Sultan in Asia did not imitate the generosity or the good faith of their master. Corrupted by their intercourse with the Greek refugees, who taught them perfidy as the art of politics, and retaining the native ferocity of the Tartars, they spared neither wile nor blood, in order to subdue rebellion to their government.

One of these political crimes related to four Turcoman brothers, whom Yourkedj-Pasha, the governor of Armenia, could not reduce by force. He invited them to treat with him, received and lodged them in his palace, and winning their confidence at a festival, intoxicated them with wine, and caused them to sleep. Before the dawn dispelled the resulting stupefaction, the assassins posted by Yourkedj-Pasha, fell upon his four guests dispersed in different apartments, disarmed and gagged them, and flung them into an old cistern, under the ramparts, which the Pasha had walled in above their heads, after causing to be kindled before the air-hole left open, a pyre, of which the smoke was to smother them. Pending their slow agony, of which the faint moanings were heard beneath their feet by the people of Amasia, the Pasha, mounting his horse, rushed at the head of his troops upon the tribes of the victims left without defence, and exterminated them to the last infant. On his return to Amasia, seven days after the execution, a poor woman flung herself at his feet, and proved to him that her innocent son had been gagged and stifled by mistake. She conjured him to order this living sepulchre to be reopened for her, to assure herself if her son might not be still alive, and to bury him at least in the land of his fathers, with the just of his tribe. Your-

kedj-Pasha, affected, had the vault demolished for this woman. She entered, and sought slowly the body of her son among the other corpses. She found him swooned, but living still; the air and light restored him to consciousness. The tomb that witnessed these slow agonies was closed over upon the others.

The wars of Italy narrated by Machiavel reveal not more perfidies, more wiles or more ferocities under the Borgias, than the Turks of Yourkedj-Pasha displayed to conquer or to surprise the fortresses and principalities of Armenia.

XXVI.

The Prince of Kermian, no less powerful than the princes of Caramania, convinced he could bequeath only wars and eternal ravages to his people after him by disputing a mere remnant of independence with the Turks, presented himself of his own accord at Adrianople with his family, was received as a sovereign, and received his principality from the Sultan. All was pacified on the Mediterranean by the lieutenants of Amurath II. The banks of the Danube alone were somewhat agitated, and called for negotiation or arms.

An insult offered by the Hungarians to a city ceded by the King of Servia to the Ottomans, occasioned the first war between Sigismund, King of Hungary, and Amurath. The Hungarians, who had crossed the Danube, were thrown back into it by the Turks. The King Sigismund, almost overtaken in the rout by the spahis of Amurath, owed his safety only to the generous devotedness of a brother soldier, Zavissa de Garbow, who, putting on the insignia of royalty and turning his horse against the pursuers, retarded their speed by getting himself immolated for his king and his friend.

XXVII.

Peace being for a moment established by this victory of the Danube, Amurath II. led his army of Europe upon Salonica, ordering his lieutenant in Asia, Hamza, murderer of Djouneyd, to conduct likewise against this capital the army of Asia. The court of Byzantium claimed in favor of Salonica the treaties by which Amurath guaranteed to it its territories and cities. Amurath replied with reason, to the envoys of John Paleologus, "that Salonica had ceased

to be a Greek city, since John Paleologus had delivered it to the Venetians, then enemies of the Ottomans, and that he could respect the treaties concluded with the Greeks but in cases where he found the Greeks to respect them themselves."

Staying some days at Sérès on the route to Salonica, to await Hamza and the army of Asia, Amurath II. forgot himself in the luxuries of the harem, the only vice of his youth. He followed his armies but slowly after Hamza, his general, had invested Salonica with such a multitude of combatants, that the walls alone of the place could shield the Venetians and the Greeks from the torrent of Asiatics and Europeans. The presence of Amurath fired the spirit of his soldiers. The assault was announced for the 28th February. Amurath promised in advance pillage to all his soldiers. The inhabitants of Salonica heard with shuddering the Turkish heralds devote their riches, their families, their liberty, and their lives to the barbarians. They ran to the churches, instead of running to arms. The relics of Saint Demetrius, patron of the superstitious Greeks, from which flowed, they said, a miraculous oil, appeared to them the sole palladium of their liberty. The Venetians, too few in number to cover alone the immense ramparts of the city, distributed themselves on the battlements and the towers. But the clouds of arrows that filled the air above their heads, permitted the Ottomans to descend into the trenches and apply scaling-ladders to the walls. Amurath on horseback, in the front rank of his Janissaries, coursed along the exterior walls, directing with voice and gesture the escalading. Rocks rolled from aloft the battlements crushed in vain the assailants; others mounted on the bodies of their comrades and riveted themselves with the hands as if by clamps to the battlements. The Venetians could not chop off the number of hands which were raised by the Turks towards their breaches. A Turkish soldier, having got at last to the summit of one of the towers, defended in the midst of twenty corpses by a single Venetian, engaged hand to hand with this hero in the view of the two armies on the platform, upset the Venetian, cut off his head and hurled it into the city among the Greeks in consternation.

The Greeks, at this sight, suppose the ramparts gained by the Turks, and rush down into the city spreading terror and despair. The Venetians themselves abandon the city to its cowardice, fall back upon the port, interdict its approach to

the inhabitants, launch some in boats, some by swimming towards their galleys which take them off, and hear afar from the gulf the long continuous cry of the massacred city.

"The pillage and the carnage," relates the Greek Anagnosta, an eye-witness of this disastrous night, "transcended the hopes of the Turks and the terror of the Greeks. No family escaped the swords, the chains, the flames, the outrages of the Asiatics fierce for their prey. At the close of the day, each soldier drove like a herd before him, through the streets of Salonica, troops of women, of young girls, of children, of caloyers and anchorites, of monks of all the monasteries. Priests were chained with virgins, children with old men, mothers with their sons, in derision of age, of profession, of sex, which added a barbarous irony to nudity and death itself."

Twenty thousand slaves, besides the thousands of dead that lay scattered through the houses, in the temples and the streets, came forth from the gates of Salonica to go bewail their liberty, their honor and their chastity in the camp of the victors.

Amurath II., more voluptuous than cruel, regretting the word that he had pledged to the army, moved to a distance from the city during this shameful day in order not to hear the cry of this people sacrificed to his vengeance. He had his tent struck on the green and flowery banks of the Gallicus, a stream that winds down from the mountains through the orchards of Salonica. Horror and remorse pursued him into this retreat. He could not withstand the spectacle of this agony of an innocent people. He sent orders to stop the sack of the city; forbade that a single captive should be put to death; restored their liberty to all those who by the laws of war fell to the lot of the Sultan. He reserved also for his part of the conquest all the monuments and public edifices of Salonica which the fury of the assault had spared. He even restored to the inhabitants, who ransomed themselves in large numbers, their houses and the property which they enjoyed before the war against the Venetians. In fine, to repeople this magnificent capital left half empty, he poured into it the populations of some neighboring Greek towns who had submitted without resistance to his army. Not one among those populations had to save his life by changing his religion. Islamism made itself room sword in hand in Europe and Asia, but it left their place to the other religions.

The Koran and policy ordained zeal, but without authorizing persecution.

XXVIII.

Thus changed for long to come the ownership of Salonica, that key of the sea, of Thessaly and of Greece, that rival of Smyrna and of Constantinople, that colony of Macedon, to which Thessalonica, sister of Alexander the Great, had given name. The Romans, after Alexander, foresaw the importance of a maritime capital seat at the bottom of the last gulf of the Mediterranean, a harbor for their vessels, and a depot for their land armies between Byzantium and Athens, between the East and the West. The Emperors, jealous of attaching their memory to its monuments, had embellished it with triumphal arches and Corinthian colonnades, which bore upon their platforms the master works of Attic sculpture. Constantine, on embracing the religion of the Christians, had mutilated, but not entirely destroyed, these works of antique art. The traveller admires to-day the marble ruins of three religions overturned and prostrated in the dust by one another.

The Emperor Theodosius, by a vengeance worthy of barbarians, to punish an excitement of the people of Salonica in favor of a circus rider, had the inhabitants invited to the scene of their sedition, under pretext of public games, and caused the massacre of twelve thousand spectators of both sexes and all ages by his soldiers. The Normans, too, profaned, ensanguined and fired it in their conquests, by pillage, by ravishment, by butcheries, which equalled the atrocities of Theodosius. In fine, Amurath II. and the Venetians now quite demolished in disputing it.

The strength, the commodiousness, and the delights of its situation still retained or soon attracted to it a population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—Greeks, Epirotes, Jews, Ottomans, exercising there in peace, under the tolerance of the sultans, their worship, their usages, their commerce, their agriculture. Salonica is still erect in our day, stretching forth its two arms around its ports, as if to embrace the sea to which it is indebted for its wealth; resting on a range of hillocks backed by the sombre mountains of Thessaly, surrounded with cypresses, which seem to weep above so many generations of tombs, and surmounted

by its citadel of seven dismantled towers—a sign of ruin rather than of strength when the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, the Normans, the Byzantines, the Macedonians and the Turks have by turns hurled each other from off the ramparts, to lose or conquer this enslaved queen of the fairest gulf of the Mediterranean.

Salonica became, after the conquest of Amurath II., the rival of Broussa and of Adrianople, and the grand halt for the Turks towards their final conquest of Greece, of the Peloponnesus and the coveted shores of the Adriatic.

XXIX.

Already these provinces, detached from the empire of Byzantium by the partition which the Emperor Manuel had made of them among his seven sons, and by the conquests which the Ragusans, the Venetians, the Genoese, had distributed amongst them in large fiefs, were incapable of compact resistance to the vanquishers of Salonica. The large islands of Negropont and of Candia were held by the Venetians; the charming isles of Chio and of Lesbos, by the Genoese; Athens, Thebes, Acarnania, Epirus, Etolia, by the sons of a Sicilian adventurer, who disputed in arms with each other their inheritances, and called in by turns the Turks to arbitrate in their dissensions.

The city of Janina, seated like that of Cashmere on the margin of its lake, in a fertile and inaccessible basin of Albania, had offered and ceded itself voluntarily to Amurath II., to escape these lacerations of its provinces and those vicissitudes of domination, too feeble to be of any defense to it. Amurath, conformably to his treaty with the people of this opulent city, sent there the sons of some of the chief families of Adrianople to conduct the government in his name, and to compel the ambitious neighbors of Janina to respect an Ottoman possession. The beauty of the young Christian women of Epirus seduced the eyes of the young officers of Amurath. They demanded the maidens in marriage from their families. The difference of religion having been objected by the Epirotes, the young warriors posted themselves of a Sunday at the church gate, and took off by concerted violence eighteen of the most beautiful Albanian damsels from the arms of their mothers. No blood was spilt in this rape; and the parents consented to leave their daugh-

ters in the arms of their ravishers. Hence the multiplication in Albania of families half Turkish, half Christian, who, in confounding the two races, confounded also often the two religions.

XXX.

A pestilence and an earthquake suspended for several months of the year 1430 the definite irruption of Amurath II. into Greece. The plague took off three brothers of Amurath who lived sequestered in the palace of Adrianople, and his able vizier, Ibrahim Tschendereli, son, grandson and father of viziers of the same name equally happy in their faithful administration of the empire. Amurath wept for his vizier as he would have wept for a father. The taste of pleasure, of meditation, and the voluptuous pleasures of the harem, which obtained mastery of him whenever he was not spurred by necessity, made him give up to his new vizier, Khalil-Tschendereli the policy almost hereditary of the divan. It is thus we see Louis XIV. in France, and even the Kings and parliaments in England, transmit the premier-ship from sire to son in the family of the Louvois, the Colberts, the Pitts, wherein the spirit of the government was become a domestic tradition, so to speak.

XXXI.

But the agitations of the Danube in Europe and of Carmania in Asia, left no long leisure to Amurath II. nor to his minister. The Despot of Transylvania, Brankovich, menaced his frontiers; then, menaced himself by the Venetians and the Germans, he implored the peace and alliance of Amurath. His daughter Mara, still a child, was sent by Brankovich to the Sultan, betrothed to the Sultan, and brought up with great care in the seraglio to the age of nubility. Her precocious beauty, which was soon to agitate the empire, made Amurath impatient for the hour of proclaiming her his second spouse.

Sigismund, King of Hungary, having provoked anew the Ottomans on the Danube, Amurath II. sent across the river his general Ali, son of Evrenos, formed to war under his father, as his vizier Khalil had been formed to politics by Ibrahim-Tschendereli. Ali-Evrenos inundated Transylva-

nia in debouching like a torrent from the Iron Gates with fifty thousand Ottomans. Sixty thousand prisoners brought back by him into slavery, and innumerable herds of cattle, were the indemnity of this campaign, which Amurath had not commenced. A young German student, among the number of the captives, was destined to undergo twenty years of slavery in the tents and the palaces of the sultans, and bring back to his country the most intimate history of the manners and the events of that court.

XXXII.

The father-in-law of the Sultan, father of young Mara, who had again armed against Amurath II. during the Hungarian expedition, besieged and captured in Semendria by Evrenos, was condemned to lose his eyes and to languish till his death in the prison of Tokat in the depths of Cilicia. Two sons of Timourtasch, hereditary chiefs, like Evrenos, of the armies of the Sultan, ravaged anew the plains of Hungary, and brought back with them to Nicopolis such multitudes of slaves, that one of the most beautiful Hungarian maidens, put up for sale in the market of Nicopolis, was bought for a pair of sandals from the soldier who owned her.

The Sultan, far from priding himself on these melancholy spoils, negotiated, in the midst of his triumphs, to acquire pacific alliances on the other side of the Danube. The Poles, sometimes allies, sometimes rivals of the Hungarians, appeared to him the nation fittest to counterbalance by a Turkish alliance the growing power of the Hungarians, whose affinities were rather with the Germans. He sent the ambassadors with costly presents to the King of Poland, Ladislas.

The Poles, one of those tribes emigrating in the night of pre-historic times from the table-lands of Tartary into the steppes almost as wild of Sarmatia, bare with the Russians, the Servians, the Transylvanians, the Slaves, the Croats, the generic name of Slaves, a name importing the *Criers of War*. This name described their genius; an equestrian people, lovers of unrestrained liberty, incapable of repose or stability, alike ready to cede its independence to a master through factious spirit, and to recover it from the oppressor by heroism, changing their government by mere fickleness of passion—republic, hereditary monarchy, elective

monarchy, resembling in its contradictory forms the instability of the national character. History owes them alternately pity and admiration. But they are a nation who preserve, in the midst of their political failings, that last of virtues, courage, which makes men respectable even in servitude.

Such was the people to whom Amurath II. sent to offer his alliance to curb conjointly the Hungarians.

XXXIII.

Ladislav, raised to the throne at the age of ten years to be buffeted by the fluctuations of opposite factions, the only politics of the Poles, would have easily acceded to the alliance with the Ottomans through antipathy to the Hungarians. But the hero of the Hungarians, Huniade Corvinus, of whom we have related the illegitimate issue from the amours of Sigismund and a favorite concealed in the forests around his capital, reigned by the splendor of his exploits and the popularity of his name over the brave and wise patriots of the Hungarians.

The Hungarians, a race equally heroic, descended of the Huns, possessed the virtues of the Poles without their excesses; in them good sense was allied with courage and patriotism with liberty. Capable of self-restraint as well as of devotedness, they listened to the wise counsels of Huniade. Huniade, at this time waywode or military chief of Transylvania, might aspire to the throne then elective. Esteem and victory would have voted him the position. He preferred the part of saviour of his country to his own ambition; he feared to disturb by pretensions to the empire a defensive confederacy of the Christian States of the Danube against the Ottomans. He conjured the Hungarians to offer their crown to Ladislav, already King of Poland and Bohemia, and to forget himself in order to fuse themselves into a single monarchy with the Poles.

The messages and presents of the envoys of Amurath II. were foiled by the able and patriotic policy of the hero and counsellor of the Hungarians. Huniade aspired from infancy to be the Godfrey de Bouillon of a crusade of Germany against those new Saracens, who threatened to cross the Danube and the Save, as they had crossed the Oxus, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. Race, religion, country, glory,

chivalry, the noble ambition which aspires to glory rather than to power, and which would be prouder of being the Machabeus of Christianity than the founder of an Hungarian dynasty, made the Hungarian hero the most formidable enemy of Amurath. Young, comely, intrepid, eloquent, illegitimate son of an emperor then master of Germany, Huniad had grown up and grown old in combating the Turks; he vowed to die in the endeavor to throw them back into Asia. The terror which crept gradually through entire Christendom at the fall of Salonica, the invasion of Greece, the possession of Janina, the double ravage of Hungary by the sons of Timourtasch, rallied in a compact union, offensive and defensive, all the thrones and all the populations contiguous with the Ottomans from Moscow to Vienna and from Vienna to Venice. The Pope through his legates—a sort of sacred ambassadors bearing either benedictions or the thunders of heaven to the courts of the North and of the South—stimulated the zeal of the princes and the populations. A new crusade, but this time political and military, was organized against Amurath II. Religion was its soul, patriotism its reason; Huniad was at the same time its counsellor and hero.

XXXIV.

The evasive reply of the young King of Poland, become at the moment King of Hungary through the disinterestedness of Huniad, left Amurath no illusions on the subject of peace. He ordered Ali-Beg, son of Evrenos, to lay siege to Belgrade, a fortress of Servia, which Brancovich, before his defeat and captivity, had given in guard to the Hungarians. This city, conquered and reconquered subsequently in so many wars between Europe and the Turks, was the key at once of Servia, of Turkey and of Hungary. Built at the issue of the defiles of the Balkans, on the verge of the impenetrable forests of those mountains, on a plateau of gentle declivity, which overlooks the broad confluence of the Save and the Danube, these two rivers united into one at the foot of its ramparts with a semi-cincture of rapid water more like the arm of the sea than a river. From this plateau levelled naturally in successive stages which defy scaling, the eye embraces all the evolutions by the hostile armies in the boundless prairies wherein is lost the flat hori-

zon of Hungary. On the land side, hillocks and mamelons, intersected by deep gorges and shaded by oaks scarce touched by the axe of the Servians, form around its massive ramparts so many defensive bastions which cover the city against the assault of the besiegers. The Save and the Drave, open, bring unceasingly to the besieged, provisions, arms, combatants, to repair the consumption and the losses of the siege.

Such was Belgrade when the son of Evrenos had the difficult task of conquering it for his master. Six months of siege were not able to triumph over the strength of the position and the genius of Huniad. Ali-Beg was constrained to draw off his army, decimated by the cannon of the Hungarians, leaving the banks of the Drave and the gorges of Servia infected with the bodies of his soldiers.

XXXV.

The Turkish army, repulsed by the strength of Belgrade, threw itself upon Transylvania to fight in open field and upon his own territory the Transylvanian hero who had foiled it upon the Danube. Mezid-Beg, former chief of the Turcomans of Siwas, who had once struggled against Timour himself in Asia, and whose sixty years warfare had not fatigued his old age, received from Amurath the command of the army of Transylvania, spread conflagration through the country, depopulated the villages, beheaded the chiefs, the bishops, the priests, chained the women and children to be sent into Turkey, and laid siege to Hermanstadt, the capital of Transylvania. Huniad, leading an army of Poles, of Hungarians, of Bohemians, Germans, Styrians, and Transylvanian patriots, rallied at his call to save their own people, rushed upon the ferocious old Turcoman before the walls of Hermanstadt. The old warrior, knowing that the tie of this confederacy was Huniad, and that the heart of this hero was the heart of Hungary, felt that the death of the leader would be the death of the army. He thought then less of vanquishing the army than their Yanko—the barbarous and popular name by which the terrible Huniad was known in the Turkish camp. Mezid-Beg formed a column of three thousand spahis selected for their intrepidity and the fleetness of their horses, to surround and to slay Huniad alone.

This column overthrew all before it and swept like a tor-

rent through the ranks of the Hungarians to reach the mamelon on which the waywode of Transylvania was with soul and gesture directing the battle. His spies apprised him in time of the intention of the charge; his officers conjured him to save in himself the genius of Hungary. Simon de Kemeny, his most intrepid lieutenant, tore from him the cuirass, the helmet, the plume, and the chestnut horse with dark mane which pointed him out to the blows of the Ottomans. He put on the armor, mounted the horse, precipitated himself on the front of the spahis, deceived by this generous artifice, and fell a voluntary victim with three thousand of his Hungarians beneath the sabre of the Turks.

XXXVI.

During this diversion, Huniad, in the armor of Kemeny, falling upon one side of the Ottoman camp, while the defenders of Hermanstadt rushed upon it from the rear in a preconcerted sally, took the besiegers between two armies, and slaughtered twenty thousand of them between the ramparts and the circumvallation which they themselves had raised behind their own camp. He desired to leave no one the glory and the vengeance of encountering and slaying the old Turcoman, the scourge of his country. Mezd-Beg and his son both fell by the club of Huniad; he re-entered Hermanstadt covered with their blood. During the banquet which the delivered inhabitants gave that night to their liberator, the Hungarians, as ferocious as the Turks, led by bands their disarmed prisoners into this mournful festive hall, and massacred them before the eyes of Huniad, intoxicated with blood. He himself, with a barbarity that dishonored the sanctity of his cause and the heroism of his arm, had brought to him the next day the spoils of the tents of Mezd-Beg and of his son. He loaded a wagon drawn by six horses with these spoils, and throwing on the top a mass of human bodies and mutilated limbs, he crowned the triumphal pyramid with the heads of the old Pasha, his son and his generals, and sent this chariot as a present to the Despot of Servia, his ally.

XXXVII.

Schehabeddin, despatched with a third army by Amurath II. to avenge Mezd-Beg, found Huniad in the plain of

Vasag, reinforced by the renown of two victories and by the veteran soldiers of Germany. Schehabeddin left on this plain ten thousand dead, eight thousand prisoners, all his generals, and the body of Othman-Beg, the most valiant of the sons of Timourtasch. Himself, made prisoner of Huniad and led in chains to Ladislas, brought to Buda, the capital of Hungary, the news of his defeat.

Huniad, without leaving the Ottomans to breathe, launched with three armies swollen by victory along to the heart of Turkish Servia, to the gates of Nissa, a large city which shuts the gorges of the Morawa. He there encountered a fourth Turkish army formed hastily of the reserves of the entire empire, and commanded by the princes and the beys of all the provinces of Europe and of all the principalities of Asia, called by the extremity of the danger to the relief of the empire. Their number exceeded by one hundred thousand combatants the number of the confederates of Huniad. But Huniad had a name and inspired a fanaticism which of themselves were equal to a whole people.

The brother of the grand vizier Khalil, second son of Ibrahim-Tschendereli, commanded the Ottomans. Resting in the rear upon Nissa, on the right upon the impassable bed of the Morawa, covered on the left by steep cliffs, inaccessible to the artillery and cavalry of the Christians, Amurath II. instead of drawing Huniad into an open space where the force of numbers would have submerged genius, attacked him in this defile, where victory must be disputed hand to hand. The three columns sent by Amurath successively to the assault, were shattered against the artillery, and the palisades of the Hungarians. Huniad, forming in person his army into a single column, traversed Nissa on the traces of the discouraged Ottomans, and, dispersing them to the right and to the left in the plain, which widened out on issuing from the city, threw one half of the army of Amurath to the left between his infantry and the Morawa, the other half to the right between his cavalry and the mountains, taking thus by a double haul a mass of prisoners without number obliged to choose between captivity and death. Amurath, with the centre alone, cut off from his army, fell back vanquished, but still fighting, upon Sophia. Huniad entered it upon his rear and prepared to march thence upon Philippopolis, the last city which protected Adrianople.

XXXVIII.

But winter, which already covered Mount Hemus with snow, saved the capital of the empire. Amurath II., intrenched in a defile which bears the name of the *Gates of Trajan*, because this Emperor had shut the gorge with a gate against the Barbarians, intrenched also in the defile of Soulouderbend—so called from the waters that defend it by artificial inundation, awaited Huniad upon these sole breaches of the continuous wall of the Balkans. Amurath, in sight of the Hungarian cavalry ready to escalate the defile, threw open upon the rapid steep of the Hemus the sluices wherein he had accumulated water frozen only on the surface. These waters, in rolling down in thin sheets over the paths which were to be ascended by the cavalry of Huniad, covered them during the night with a flake of solid ice, of which the inclination doubled the danger to the horses. Huniad and his army retired before this frost. The gates of Trajan, obstructed by Amurath with rocks rolled from the peaks of the Balkan, forced him to seek another passage. The less inaccessible defile of Isladi at last opened them Mount Hemus, after an assault wherein rocks, snows, blocks of ice, combated in vain for the Ottomans. Huniad, as the Hannibal of the Germans, had vowed to vanquish even nature to reach his enemies in the heart of the empire. A last battle waged by him in the plain of Yalowaz, at the foot of the Balkan, made him master of the delicious valley of Philippopolis and presently of the fertile basins of Adrianople.

XXXIX.

Whether it was the dissensions, which dissolve all confederacies after victories rather than after reverses, that hindered the Hungarian hero from pursuing his idea to the annihilation of the Turks in their capital without defence, or that the sudden return of Amurath, recalled from Asia, where he was also at war, by the dangers of Adrianople, intimidated the Hungarians, or rather that the young King of Poland and of Hungary, Ladislas, swayed by his council, wherein Huniad had enemies, was unwilling to give so much glory to a single man, Huniad came to a stop upon the southern peak of the Balkans, and leaving his army to fortify itself at Sophia and at Nissa, repassed himself precipi-

tately the Danube with Ladislas. The king and the general came to triumph in their capital. He meditated for the ensuing spring another campaign.

XL.

The weariness of so many wars, and the wisdom of the grand vizier Khalil, counselled Amurath II. to repair his forces in a long peace. The reverses of his generals in his absence were misfortunes and not personal humiliations to himself. The pacification of Asia, the conquest of Salonica and of Epirus, doubled the strength of the empire in the east. He resolved to make in the west, upon the Danube, all the sacrifices compatible with the security of the Ottomans in Europe. The happiness of his people was in his eyes the first of glories. He himself had, as has been seen, a passion for leisure and for love, the natural genius of peace. He despatched then fresh envoys to offer terms of arrangement to the different Christian princes, whose union formed the strength of Huniad, and to the King of Hungary himself. To Drakul, Prince of Wallachia, he restored his dominions; to the Despot of Servia, his kingdom and his two sons prisoners at Tokat, with their blind uncle; to Ladislas and the assembly of the Hungarians, mutual inviolability of their frontiers. Ladislas, encouraged by the recent wars of Huniad, hesitated; but the confederates, from whom he was expecting in spring contingents promised for the new campaign, being disinterested by Amurath, left the Hungarians to themselves. This retirement of the confederates forced Ladislas and the diet to peace.

Assemblies have not the constancy and love of glory of heroes. Huniad surrendered to the will of his country. The peace of Szegedin was signed between the Hungarians and the Turks, the 12th July, 1444. The two sovereigns ratified it, one by an oath on the Gospel, the other by an oath upon the Koran, thus taking, each, their God as witness and avenger of the sworn faith. A ransom of sixty thousand ducats, paid by Amurath to Ladislas, restored to the sister of the Sultan the husband whom she wept. Amurath thought of repose, a contemplative life and love—those chief ambitions of his life.

XLI.

The death of his eldest son, Alaeddin, whom he cherished as the fruit of his first loves with the princess of Sinope, and for whom he destined the throne after having confirmed it, threw him into that melancholy peculiar to the happy of this world, whose felicity is saddened by the reflection of its own fragility. His other son, who afterward became Mahomet II., was still in infancy. This prince did not give signs in his boyish years of the impetuous virility which afterward signalized his reign. He derived from his mother, Helen, princess of Servia, second wife of Amurath, the feminine beauty, the timorous grace, and the deference, somewhat servile, to the will of his father and his teachers, which, in the women of the Slavonic race, reveals the habits of their antique slavery. Amurath did not think himself destined to a long life. He feared that the throne might take his son unprepared in the discipline of arms and of government. He desired to exercise him in these arts while there was yet time, and to set him to govern under his eyes that he might repair the faults he committed, and come to his aid if fortune should doom him to adversities. To give up the government to a youth confided to able and faithful ministers whom he himself had formed, to remove to a distance from the capital, and to occupy himself, still living, with the meditation of things eternal,—to witness from a distance a posthumous reign, to counsel it in case of error, to sustain it in case of danger, and to reign, so to say, twice, while putting off still young the governmental burden that irked his languor,—such was the idea of Amurath, an idea of foresight for his son, of solicitude for the empire, of voluptuous philosophy for himself. Diocletian had the same lassitude in similar circumstances. Charles the Fifth accomplished it in Spain. Tiberius simulated it at Rome. Amurath II. renewed it in Turkey. The more worthy men are of reigning, the more they are tempted to abdicate a position which by its nothingness deceives no less the great in soul, than its exterior deceives the multitude who are possessed and scorned by the lords of empire.

XLII.

Amurath II. had, no doubt, less trouble in forming this

heroic resolution than in getting it accepted by the three ambitious and rival princesses, all still young, whom he had married, and who strove for the ascendant over his heart and his policy. If we may trust to contemporary historians, German, Ottoman or Greek, witnesses more or less initiated in the mysteries of the seraglio, these three princesses, equally beautiful, and worthy of enjoying exclusively the heart of their joint husband—the princess of Sinope, the princess Helen of Servia, and the young princess Mara, daughter of the Waywode of Transylvania—agitated by their jealousies, their intrigues, and their hatreds, not only the court, but the ministry, the armies, the policy of Amurath.

A false idea is formed in Europe, on the faith of ill-informed writers, as to the lot of the princesses, Ottoman or Christian, espoused by the Emperors of Broussa, Adrianople or Constantinople. The notion is, that the seraglio, abandoned to polygamy, is but a park for odalisques doomed to serve disdainfully a master's passions. Neither religion, nor law, nor usage, nor history degrades in this manner the marriage or the condition of the wives, Mussulman or Christian, of the sultans, of the princes, of the powerful of the empire. There have been already seen, in the reigns of the first Amurath and of Bajazet-Ilderim, examples of marriages between the sultans and the princesses, daughters, sisters, nieces of the Emperors of Byzantium, or the Christian princesses of Servia, surrounded in the palace of Broussa with all the respect, all the honors, and all the liberties of worship accorded to the rank of empresses. They have been seen even to take with them their regular chaplain, and practise openly the Christian religion in the palace of their husband. We shall presently see even women who were not born princesses, reign, and even perpetuate during several reigns their dominion in the seraglio, with as much sway as Theodora over Justinian in the palace of Byzantium. This seraglio, which imagination represents as a prison, the abode of the sighs and the humiliations of the sultanas, although interdicted by Eastern manners to the eyes of men, contains not the less, in the shade of the vast enclosures of the harem, all the pomps, all the delights, and all the pleasures of Western palaces.

XLIII.

Marriage, in the law of Mahomet, although combined,

by a concession to the usages of Arabia, with the tolerance of a plurality of wives, is an act at once religious and civil, which imposes on the husband the greatest respect for the title and sacred rights of the wife. Polygamy is permitted but to Ottomans in circumstances to support and lodge separately, and equip suitably, several wives. The law alone sanctions the marriage, the priest blesses it. The nuptials are celebrated during four days with a publicity and a festivity of which we have seen the splendor in the marriage of the sons of Timour and of Mahomet I.; the two families conduct with an imposing cortege the bride to the house of the husband. Repudiation, allowed at the request of the wife as well as of the husband, is subjected to conditions quite favorable to the rights, to the liberty, and to the dignity of the wife. The man who, having married a freewoman, should take a slave for second wife, would thereby forfeit his right to the first. The wives have all an equal right to perfect equality of treatment, of attention, on the part of the common husband. The husband cannot force the wife to receive in her house the children of another bed. He must assign to each of the consorts slaves or servants of her own. If the wife complains of infraction of the laws of the harem, the magistrate hears the case and renders justice to the complainant. Marriages between Mussulmans and Christians are legal, provided the children be brought up in the religion of the father. The least insult or a mere menace of repudiation from the husband to the wife dissolves the marriage and authorizes the latter to recover her independence. The rights of maternity are guaranteed to the wife; nothing can deprive her of the right of keeping her children of either sex in her house and her dependence. This filial tenderness in her regard is not only in the nature and the manners of the Orientals, but also in their laws. The duty of providing for all the wants of their mother is not only enjoined imperatively upon the sons and the daughters, but on the brother, the sister, the nephew, the niece, along to the extreme limits of consanguinity.

XLIV.

The sultans are not excepted from any of these religious laws of marriage. The omnipotence of the sovereigns and the Oriental luxury of their court, while augmenting in the

case of some of them the number of favorites not wives, with whom cohabitation is lawful as it was in the tents of the Patriarchs, affects in no wise the religious privileges or the domestic authority of the legitimate wives of the sultans or the princesses of the imperial household. These wives or these princesses occupy in the enclosures, always immense, of the winter palace, in the capital, or the summer palace in the country, isolated palaces in the middle of the garden—palaces in which they are each served by a court of attendants, of eunuchs, of slaves attached to the household. Their luxury equals that of the Sultan, their master, who visits by turns, according to duty or affection, these different colonies of his family. The occupations, the rivalries, the intrigues, the manners and the amusements of these princesses may be divulged by them with entire freedom within the precincts of the family circle.

XLV.

It may be conceived how naturally this cloister life of the East, which concentrates loose thoughts, pleasures, passions and rivalries in the narrow precincts of a seraglio, must tend to give fertility, but at the same time intensity and ferocity, to the jealousies, the ambitions, the intrigues of a seraglio inhabited by princesses, the wives of the same husband, mothers of rival children, of whom the fortune or the failure will bring them one day glory or grief.

It is to satisfy by turns the passions of the three princesses of Sinope, of Servia and of Transylvania, his consorts, partaking from the depths of their seraglio in the ambitions of their three families, and jealous of humbling each other reciprocally by the arms of the Sultan, that Amurath II. had gained or lost so many battles on the Danube and the Black Sea. He had the heart, but also the weaknesses of heroes. It is thought that repentance of these foibles for the three princesses, and more especially for Mara, the youngest and most seductive of them, and the desire of guarding himself against omnipotence placed at the service of love, were among the secret causes of his abdication. Age had not yet deadened in him either his vices or his virtues. He was but forty when he descended from the throne.

Before quitting his palace of Adrianople, he formed

round his son, Mahomet II., a council of government composed of jurists and of warriors, who had given him, during his conquests and his reverses, the most unequivocal evidences of attachment, of talents and of virtue. His grand vizier Khalil-Pasha remained the eye and arm of this divan. The Molla Kesrew, an old man consummate in jurisprudence, was made grand judge of the army, a living discipline of which the authority allowed no weakness nor partiality.

After thus providing calmly for the destiny of the empire, he turned attention to his own, and to guard himself against the ingratitude of his son and his ministers, he reserved to himself for life the sovereignty and revenues of three of the finest pastoral provinces of his empire in Asia: the province of Montescha, that of Saroukhan, that of Aiden, on which depended Caria, Meonia, Ionia, the valleys, the coasts, the gulfs of Smyrna, and, in fine, the Asiatic *Tempé*, the incomparable valley of Magnesia, whose edifices, gardens, mosques, fountains, cypresses, detaching at this day their cupolas, their aqueducts, their foliage, upon a sky of sapphire, reminds the traveller or the historian of this other Salona of another Diocletian.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

I.

SCARCELY had Amurath II. retired into his glory and his repose beneath the cypresses of the ruined palace of Magnesia, with his wives, his harem, his pages, and some high officials of his court more attached to the man than to the monarch, than the Pope, the Hungarians, the Poles, the Transylvanians, the Servians, the Germans of Sigismund, seeing the throne occupied by a child and the empire at the mercy of chance, bestirred themselves at the call of the implacable Huniad, and renewed the league of the Christian princes so ably dissolved by the generous policy of Amurath.

It must be said to the glory of the Ottomans and to the shame of the Italian and German policy of this epoch, it was honorable to Amurath to have believed in the good faith of Christendom, it was infamous in Christendom to have deceived the good faith of the Turks. All historians, without exception, who have had to treat of this page of history, even those who have the most avowed partiality for Huniad and the policy of the Court of Rome, such as the Abbé Mignot and M. de Salabery, stigmatize the disloyalty and condemn the perjury of the confederates absolved from the violation of their plighted faith and concluded truce by a brief of the Pope.

"Pope Eugenius IV.," says the Abbé Mignot in his annals, "sent Cardinal Julian Cæsarini legate to Hungary, to quiet the scruples of King Ladislas, and to explain to him that an oath, however sacred it might be, does not bind towards infidels, and that it would be doing a work agreeable to God to perjure one's self with a view to exterminate those who

offend him. In fine, a brief of absolution of Eugenius IV., the sophisms of his legate ambassador Cæsarini, the love of vainglory, false zeal, superstition, stifled in the heart of Ladislas the cry of conscience and the sentiment of equity."

II.

To sanction this sacred Machiavelism of the Court of Rome, the legate Cæsarini, the Venetian sub-legate, and an envoy of the Duke of Burgundy promised to Huniad the Kingdom of Bulgaria for his part of the spoils. The conscience of the Hungarian hero, a moment shocked, gave way before ambition. He carried with him the young King Ladislas, his ward, with a Hungarian army, as if to shelter his own perjury behind that of his king. The chief of the Wallachians, Drakul, after long hesitation, joined the confederates. The allied army, commanded by Huniad, rallied and fortified by the Wallachians, crossed the Danube upon two raft bridges, which seemed to transport the whole population from one bank of the river to the other. Ten thousand chariots followed the army. "It seemed," relates Chalcondyle, "as if each combatant was carrying his house, his family, and his flocks in his train."

The junction of this army and of the Wallachians of Drakul was effected in the plain of Nicopolis. The predictions of a Bulgarian prophetess, and an earthquake that shook the banks of the Danube beneath the feet of this host, astonished and suspended for a moment the army. Drakul, impressed with a sinister presentiment, beheld in it a declaration of Heaven against the perjury of the confederates. A violent quarrel arose in the council of war between him and Huniad, who wished to brave, in order to gratify his hatred, at once justice and the elements. Drakul drew his sabre and challenged to single combat the chief of the confederates. He was disarmed, and the two warriors were forced to swear oblivion of this offence.

The army following slowly the right bank of the river, for fear of missing its way in the narrow defiles of Servia, rounded the Balkans, fired indifferently, on the way, the Greek and Ottoman villages, considering as the Pope's enemies as well the heretic Christians of Bulgaria as the Mussulmans. Huniad, who went before them at the head of three thousand Hungarian cavalry, the flower of this cru-

sade, debouched at last on the border of the Black Sea at Varna. He encamped the entire army at the bottom of this gulf formed by two capes advanced into the sea, of which the one bears Varna, the other Gallata or Kalliacré. A broad and deep marsh separates in the basin of the gulf these two Greek towns. Huniad, after having reposed his army at that extremity of the Balkans which dips and disappears into the sea, hoped to follow still the coast along to the mouth of the Bosphorus, to leave Constantinople on the left, to penetrate into Thrace by the Greek defiles of Belgrade, to fall upon Adrianople, to efface it from the map of Europe, to sweep the Turks from Gallipoli, from Salonica, from Epirus, and return victor and King of Bulgaria, his sway confounded with Hungary and Poland. The absence of Amurath II. had given him this audacity; the unexpected presence of the Ottoman hero dispelled it.

III.

Amurath II., informed by his vizier, Khalil, of the league formed against the empire by the Pope and by Huniad, of the passage of the Danube, and of the peril of his son, had not hesitated to resume, not the empire, but the command of the army which was to carry the empire in its ranks. As prompt as Ilderim his ancestor, and also more fortunate, he had assembled in a few days in the plains of Nicomedia, by forced marches, all the troops disseminated throughout Asia, and all the garrisons of Salonica, of Thrace, and of Adrianople. One hundred thousand combatants, well disciplined, and devoted to death to save the empire, were assembled round his tents at Nicomedia. Having small confidence in the honesty of the Greeks of Constantinople, he preferred trusting himself to the Genoese of the Euxine to transport his army across the Bosphorus, which separated him from Huniad.

The Genoese, happy to serve the Turks against their enemies the Venetians leagued with Huniad, sent all their vessels and all their boats to the extremity of the Asiatic Bosphorus, and transported in a few days across this narrow sea the one hundred thousand men of the Sultan to the side of Europe. Amurath II., once landed upon the beach which Huniad must follow to avoid the inaccessible steepes of the Balkans, marched to meet the crusaders in order to

forestall them at the narrow turning of the Danube and the Balkan upon the sea. He placed his camp upon a site from where his eye, experienced in fields of battle, could see all the conditions of victory.

His right was covered by the sea, his left by the steep declivities of Hemus, his centre by a broad and deep trench which defied the impetuosity of the Hungarian or Sarmatian cavalry. He had planted on the elevated reverse of this trench a lance, at the point of which floated in reproach of the perjury of the Christians and in sign of the justice of his cause, the torn treaty and forsworn oath of Szegedin. Forgetful of past crimes, provided the guilty redeemed his faults by exploits, he called from the prisons of Tokat his faithless vizier Tourakhan, who had formerly conspired against him on his accession to the throne, and gave him the command of the right wing. The left was commanded by Karadja, a warrior trained in the defence of the defiles of the Hemus. Amurath reserved to himself the command of the Ottoman centre as more exposed to the attack of the enemy. His Janissaries fought in this division.

IV

Huniad, though for a moment disconcerted by the appearance of an Ottoman army upon the route which he thought open to his confederates, did not doubt of the victory. He covered the left of his army with the marsh of Varna and the ten thousand wagons of his baggage; at the centre he surrounded the King Ladislas, the Pope's legate Caesarini, the Venetian ambassadors, with forty thousand Germans, Poles, Wallachians, Servians, exercised in the Turkish tactics and long habituated to victory. Placing himself on the right at the head of the Hungarian cavalry, impetuous and irresistible in its first onset, he showed by a gesture to his squadrons the European infantry of Karadja as the rampart which must be crossed at any cost, to make a breach in the lines of Amurath II., and after to surround, by wheeling toward the sea, the Ottoman army.

Quick as his glance and gesture he launched himself with all the speed of his horse, attended by the most daring of his cavalry, upon Karadja, cleft like a whirlwind of dust the Turkish infantry, and galloping beyond their broken and scattered lines into the plain in pursuit of the flying Otto-

mans, made the Janissaries raise a cry of discomfiture. Amurath himself, attacked in front by the forty thousand combatants of Ladislas, uncovered on his fainting left, almost cut off on his right by the ten thousand Hungarian horse of Huniad, became agitated, turned pale, looked behind him, and turning his horse's head to the side of the sea, seemed to examine what space there remained for flight.

But, at the moment, old Karadja, who ran up covered with dust and blood after rising from the field of battle where the Hungarian cavalry had passed over his body, threw himself upon the reins of his master's horse, and scolding with the authority of despair, said to him: "That a Sultan, if he must die, ought to die in charging the enemy."

At this movement of Karadja, one of the officers of the Janissaries, supposing that it was an outrage or a violence to his master, raised his sabre to sever the hand of the beglerbeg that held the horse; but before the sabre of the officer had time to fall upon Karadja's arm, a Hungarian trooper of Huniad, swept by the impetuosity of his steed into the *mêlée*, cleft the head of the Janissary, whose body rolled at the feet of the Sultan. Amurath, somewhat steadied by the coolness of Karadja, fought like a soldier on the breach of the intrenchment, and seizing in his right hand the lance that bore the perjured treaty of the Christians, waved it as if a rallying flag to the eyes of the Janissaries, and rushed across the trench piled up with dead into the midst of the confederates.

V.

The Janissaries, become all heroes by the presence and the heroism of their Sultan, broke the shock of the forty thousand confederates of the centre, from which were absent the skill and the courage of Huniad, then separated by the rally of the Turks. The young King Ladislas fell upset by his horse, which was slain by a blow of an axe. A veteran of the Janissaries, named Khizr, rushed upon the body, cut off the head, and hoisted it on the point of his sabre. "Hungarians," cried he to those who were fighting still, "for whom do you fight? Look, here is the head of your king."

This cry, the bleeding head the countenance of the

young King, recognized by the flowing curls of his hair, completed the rout by discouragement and by horror in the ranks of the crusaders. Huniad, retracing his steps too late, saw with his own eyes that bloody trophy planted in the earth upon a lance by the side of the lance that bore the torn treaty of Szegedin. He threw himself three times with fresh troops of cavalry into the ranks of the Turks to seize and bring off at least the body of the child whom he had conducted to destruction; three times he was obliged to retire from the conflict under cover of his cavalry, and to leave the Turks the body of the King. The Hungarians forced him off in the rout and the night. The left wing of the confederates, cut off from the centre, remained till the day following unmoved and mute behind its palisades, its wagons, and its marshes. At the dawn, Amurath, who had surrounded them in the dark, had the head of Ladislas thrown in over the palisades to convince them that there was no hope for resistance. He entered freely the enclosure where the courtiers of Ladislas, the Pope's legate, Cæsarini, the Venetian sub-legate, the Bishops of Erlau and of Groswardein, counsellors and victims of this crusade, fell into the chains of the Ottomans. A just chastisement inflicted by a Providence who dispenses no creed from the first virtue among mankind, namely, truth upon the lips and good faith in the heart.

VI.

Amurath II., who had discomfited and discouraged in a single day all the enemies of his empire and of his son at the same time, rode next day over the field of battle to pick up the wounded and bury the dead. "Is it not wonderful," said he to the aged Azab-Beg, his groom, "that you see but young faces among those dead Christians, and not a single aged head?"—"No," replied Azab-Beg, "it is not wonderful, for if there had been among these confederates a single head grown gray with wisdom, they would not have attempted an enterprise so unjust and so insensate."

The wagons of the Wallachians, the Hungarians, and the Poles, served to transport to Adrianople the rich spoils of the Christian camp. Amurath sent by Azab-Beg the cuirasses of the German cavalry as a present to the Sultan of Egypt, and had embalmed in honey and spices the sev-

ered head of the unfortunate Ladislas, and sent it to Broussa as a triumphal homage to the justice of his cause and to the fortunes of the Ottomans. The inhabitants of Broussa ran in crowds to meet this spoil, laved the head in the torrent of the Nilufer, and planting it anew, as the Parthians had done that of Crassus, on the end of a pike, they paraded for three days through the sections of the capital. The Christians of Broussa at length received and buried it in a chapel of Mount Olympus.

Amurath II., satisfied with having saved his son and his people, disdained to go in triumph to Broussa or Adrianople. He delivered the army, the prisoners, the spoils, the entire victory to the beglerbeks of the young Emperor, and repassing the Dardanelles upon a Genoese bark, he returned like a discharged soldier to his solitude of Magnesia.

The tombs of two and twenty odalisques and of the numerous companions of his pleasures, which are shown beneath the cypresses of Magnesia, the baths, the gardens, the marble kiosks, the minarets, whose whiteness contrasts with the dark verdure of laurels and primeval orange-trees, the murmuring fountains, attest, like the Ottoman traditions, that voluptuousness and contemplation divided the hours of the Sultan, disgusted, not of enjoying, but of reigning, and that this Solomon of the Turks combined, like the first Solomon, the hero, the sage, and the voluptuary.

But politics seemed jealous of his indolence.

VII.

The peace, so happily re-established, had corrupted at Adrianople, at the same time, the sovereign, still a boy, and the army, made insolent by victory. The Janissaries, no longer feeling the firm hand of a master whom they were accustomed to love and to fear, wished to govern at their caprice the capital which they had saved by their arms. Conflagration, that mute and anonymous murmur by which this subordinate soldiery has so often since intimated its desires to the divan, devoured a considerable portion of Adrianople. They pursued to the very threshold of the young Sultan the chief of the eunuchs, become an object of their wrath because he refused yielding to their sway his master. Furious to find the sanctuary of the palace save him from their vengeance, they turned to pillage the apartments of the

houses of the officers of the court and of all the mallas reputed inimical to them in Adrianople. They trailed in the streets the mutilated bodies of the inhabitants. Going out after these atrocities from the city, which was disputed with them by the spahis and the bostandjis, they retired seditiously, as formerly the Roman plebs upon Mount Aventine, upon the hills of Bautschoul, whence they menaced the city with a new and more terrible invasion. All trembled at Adrianople, from the Sultan to the populace. Khalil-Pasha, the grand vizier, temporized wisely but laboriously with them. They demanded, arms in hand, an augmentation of pay by an asper per day; it was the first exaction of this soldiery, who served but on condition of ruling. Mahomet, besieged in his palace and fearful of being dethroned by the military demagogues who incited the revolt, accorded the augmentation of pay. The Janissaries, feigning a complete satisfaction of their grievances, returned in an orderly manner to the capital. But their apparent submission was but an oppression disguised under the forms of respect. They sought soon after to force upon the Sultan the dismissal, the banishment, and the murder of his ministers; the government was passing bodily into the conclave of their ortas. Adrianople, like a conquered city, trembled anew before its masters. Mahomet reigned no longer but on condition of pleasing and obeying his soldiers.

. VIII.

The grand vizier Khalil, the beglerbeg or generalissimo of the army of Europe, Ouzghour-Pasha and Ishak-Pasha, the advisers most menaced by the Janissaries, withdrew from the divan to allay the incessant seditions which muttered against them, and to avoid fresh atrocities. The rebels affected to take against these tutors of Mahomet the part of the young Sultan. They represented to him the humiliation of reigning under ministers imposed by his father. They intoxicated him with flattery. They succeeded in inflating the heart of a sovereign of fifteen years with a pride and jealousy which made their master their accomplice. The empire, indignant, was going to ruin in the hand of a child at the mercy of an anarchical soldiery and of a harem governed by odalisques and eunuchs. The people of Adrianople were looking round them for some source of safety.

This almost unanimous revolt of public opinion against the excesses of the Janissaries and the weakness of the phantom sovereign, the complacent tool of their tyranny, encouraged Khalil to the sole act which could save at once the people and the reign. He convoked secretly at his house Ouzghour-Pasha, and Ishak-Pasha, and the principal viziers or generals removed by the Janissaries, the Mufti of Adrianople, the Cadi of the city, the high judge of the army, and the imams whose preaching in the mosques had most authority with the people. It was decided to send in secret a deputy of this sacred conspiracy to Magnesia, to conjure Amurath II. to reascend the throne and save the empire from anarchy after having saved it from conquest. Sarudje-Pasha, a confidential, bold and eloquent man, who had during the two first reigns of Amurath the full confidence of the Sultan, and who on this account inspired the more distrust in the new court, was selected for the mission. He mounted horse in the night under pretence of going to his government of Salonica, rapidly crossed Thrace and presented himself at Magnesia to his old master. The portraiture of the excesses of the Janissaries, of the disorders of the seraglio, of the decomposition of the empire, drawn in the letters of Khalil, and the recitals of Sarudje-Pasha, brought tears from the eyes of Amurath. Between the delights of his retreat and the perils of a third reign more stormy than the two others, he did not hesitate an instant. Indignation at the Janissaries, pity for his son, the salvation of his people, the glory of once more rescuing at home the house of Othman which he had saved abroad, decided him to fly to the succor of his deluded and perhaps ungrateful son. Filial respect, a virtue innate in the Ottomans, did not let him doubt of the obedience of his son when he should see the father demand back the empire for his own safety and that of his people. But he feared with reason that the Janissaries, masters of the government, the officers, and the treasury, under this semblance of a Sultan, might at his approach set up throne against throne, and constrain the father to make war upon the son. He resolved, then, to at once surprise and strike the soldiery, and to wrest from it his son before they should have time to corrupt and to arm him against his father.

IX.

A dervish, privy to the measures insintuated to the viziers who conspired to secure the safety of the empire, traversed, by his orders, the Bosphorus, and delivered to Khalil the plan and the hour of the restoration. In his letter, Amurath announced to Khalil that he would arrive by night at the gates of Adrianople, to crush the Janissaries or to fall beneath their blows; but he desired them to remove by some contrivance his son from the capital, while he was entering it himself, lest in resuming the sceptre he should have the pain of appearing to wrest it from his son.

Khalil and the conspirators had no difficulty in alluring, through their agents in the palace, a young man eager for pleasure into an absence from the capital. Under pretext of a hunt in the forests of Mount Rhodope, the harem confidants of Khalil led off for some days Mahomet from Adrianople.

During these manœuvres, Amurath II., in the disguise of a Turcoman shepherd driving his flocks for sale to the capital, approached the city, and encamped in the black tent of the shepherds of Asia. Sarudje-Pasha and some pages, disguised in the same costume, accompanied him, carrying their arms concealed beneath their coarse cloaks.

Khalil had informed Amurath of the removal of his son. Saganos-Pasha, grand vizier, favorite of young Mahomet, and servile instrument of the Janissaries, slept in indolent security. The court was without suspicion, the Janissaries without fear, the city alone agitated covertly by the imams, was fomenting with discontent at its masters. The mosques resounded with ominous preachings, the coffee houses with murmurs, the bazars with imprecations against the government of a boy enslaved to a soldiery. Khalil had distributed in all these public places popular orators charged to descant on the eclipsed glory of the Ottomans, the order, the happiness, and grandeur of the empire, passed away to Magnesia with Amurath. His name, blessed and regretted, was brooding in all hearts; oppression alone prevented its breaking out.

At this moment and at the hour when the people issued in crowds from the mosques, after the mid-day prayer, Amurath and his friends, quitting their tent, saddling their horses, and putting off their coarse mantles to assume the costume

and the arms of imperial solemnities, enter on horseback Adrianople, are recognized, acclaimed, smothered with embraces by the people, who rush in multitudes from the mosques, the coffee houses, the shops, the private dwellings to contemplate their liberator, and to conduct him in triumph to the palace, calling the Janissaries to repentance and fidelity. The sole presence of Amurath, their old companion of war and glory, his irritated looks, his severe but paternal reproaches, laid them prostrate at the feet of his horse. This body, who began to get weary of its seditions, punished by its own anarchy and the contempt of the public, seized themselves their agitators and led them chained before this hero of Varna. Amurath scolded and pardoned; but he thought it well to make his turbulent prætorians purchase this pardon by exploits of utility to the grandeur of the empire. No shed blood sullied this paternal revolution, accomplished by a father who came to rescue and chastise his son. Amurath contented himself with exiling Saganos, the vizier and corrupter of Mahomet, into his domains of Asia, and sending his own son to await in his palace, at Magnesia, till the lessons of experienced statesmen and the example of his father should render him more capable of reigning.

Khalil, who had conceived, prepared and accomplished this patriotic restoration of his old master, resumed his functions of grand vizier, which he retained until the death of Amurath.

X.

Long seditions in armies are healed only by war. Amurath II., to take off his from the sway of factions, led it, without leaving time to get corrupted anew, to Sérès, to pour it over the Peloponnesus. The isthmus of Corinth, cut across by a ditch and shut in by a high and massive wall, the remnant of that which Julius Cæsar, Caligula and Nero, had built to shelter the Morea against the northern barbarians, was defended by Constantine Paleologus and Constantine, son of Manuel, heir to the Morea, who was soon to inherit Constantinople and to die on the same day with his empire.

Constantine displayed upon the walls of Corinth the same bravery as he did upon the ramparts of Byzantium. This availed only to illustrate his name. The fourth day after the assemblage of the Ottoman forces at the foot of

the Isthmus wall, Amurath ordered numerous pyres to be kindled in front of his camp, to throw light upon the general assault. At the shout of *Allah*, at the sound of the trumpets, at the noise of the Tartar drums, the army was launched, beneath a shower of arrows, of bullets and of Greek fire from the walls. The bodies of the Janissaries filled up the ditch. The same veteran who had cut off the head of Ladislas at Varna was the first to gain the summit of the wall, and to plant on it the standard surmounted by the crescent: it was the Servian Khizr.

The ditch was carried. Two hundred thousand Turks inundated the Morea. Corinth itself, a city sanctified by its antiquity, by its gods, by its arts, by the beauty of its women, by its fountains, its cypresses, its very ruins themselves, whence its unrivalled situation had always restored it, fell anew buried in its flames by the hand of Tourakhan, that ancient and ambitious vizier of Amurath. Its flames were seen from Athens, from Egina, from Lepanto, from Cytheron, from Pindus. The inhabitants, as also those of Patras, were led into slavery in Asia, to the number of sixty thousand.

Constantine, after his generous but bloody efforts to preserve the Peloponnesus free to his family, submitted to a tribute and became vassal of Amurath. On this condition the Turks evacuated the Morea without molesting the religion or the property of the inhabitants, and marched in a body upon Albania, one of their provinces which a great man had just incited to liberty. This great man was Scander-Beg, the Huniad of the Albanians.

XI.

Albania, in the most extended acceptation of the name, is that long and lofty chain of mountains, intersected by deep valleys and by fertile basins, which ramifies from the summits of Epirus and the eternal snows of Pindus along to the extremity of the Gulf of Venice, where it comes to knot itself almost perpendicularly with the Germanic Alps. One of the flanks of this chain looks upon Turkey of Europe, the plains of Adrianople, the valleys of Bulgaria, the virgin forests of Servia, the plains of Hungary and of Transylvania; the other flank, more steep and more calcined by the sun, looks upon the Adriatic, the Ionian Isles and the distant

coasts of Italy. All this seaboard, from the Gulf of Lepanto to where terminates Greece properly so called, is indented with creeks, with roadsteads, with ravines more or less deep, where the sea insinuates itself between precipitous cliffs. Strips of plain, sheltered, sultry, fertile as gardens exposed to the sun, bestrew here and there the margin of the waters along these coves. They present to the sea a town, a citadel, a port, sails painted with ochre like those of the ancient Greek mariners, orchards surrounding the crenelated walls, towers in ruins upon the shoals in front; then those plains disappear by gradual narrowing and elevation into gorges excavated by the torrents that descend from the snows or from the lakes of the mountains.

The robust knot which seems to colligate all the divergent ramifications of this Alpine chain into a common trunk is Epirus or lower Albania and Macedon, this kingdom of Philip and of Alexander, which seems to lean over Greece as if to master it, and over Turkey of Europe to use by turns or to menace its possessors.

Bosnia, Dalmatia, Croatia, the very heights of Bulgaria and of Servia, are but superposed stages of upper Albania. Snows, pasture-lands, forests, lakes, torrents and inaccessible precipices, basins enchased in the roots of mountains, plains enriched by alluvial deposits, villages suspended on the sides of cliffs, interior and maritime towns, citadels, harbors, isles, are distributed to them equally. They form but a single people under a diversity of names. Their origin is misty as their mountains. Their tongue, according to its etymology, varies insensibly in its dialects from the popular Greek of Attica to the Turkish of Thrace, and from the corrupt Italian of the isles to the savage German of Croatia. Their religion, also changed by vicinity, by invasion, and by the colonization of their lowlands, floats from Mahometanism to Christianity, and from the Greek schism to Roman Catholicism, according to the races with whom they carry on by turns trade and war. They change with an astonishing facility their creeds, or they adulterate them with a barbarous promiscuousness which associates the rites of one with the superstitions of the other. This promiscuity of creeds renders them fit to serve indifferently the Christians against the Mussulmans and the Mussulmans against the Christians, at the whim of their adventurous spirit and of their romantic intrepidity. The only thing unchangeable among the Alba-

nians is, the passion for independence and for glory. This passion for glory is the dominant trait of their character and the source of their heroism; theirs has been a land of heroes in all times. Their heroism is sometimes mistaken in its object and takes pillage for ambition. It is but natural that Homer should have found there his Achilles, Greece her Alexander, the Turks Scander-Beg, a man of the same race, of the same blood, and of the same genius.

XII.

It is not known from what human stock the Albanians are descended. They are found under the name of Illyrians in their native mountain strongholds before the Greeks, the Hungarians, the Germans, the Venetians, the Turks. Some historians think they recognize in their traditions and in their tongue an Italic colony of shepherds from Alba, emigrated with their flocks from Latium, and transported, it is not conceived how, into this Illyria from which they were separated by the Adriatic. Others derive their name from the whiteness with which the snows crown, a great part of the year, the summits of their mountains. It is certain that a city of Alba had been built by them before the Greek times, on the confines of the mountain which separates them from Servia. It is more probable they take their name from *Alb*, permuted from *Alp*, which in almost all primitive idioms signifies high pasturages, and from the site has been extended to the inhabitants.

Their beauty, masculine in the men, majestic and virile in even the women, is celebrated in the East. These are the Circassian men and women of the Adriatic.

The Caucasus in Asia, Albania in Europe, seemed to correspond geographically and morally at the bottom of the two gulfs of the Mediterranean, which confound their waters, through the current of the Bosphorus, at Constantinople. The Albanians are the Circassians of Europe, the Circassians are the Albanians of Asia. These two groups of mountains seem to have generated the same men, the same women, and the same manners. It is from these two fountains, as from the snows of their hills, that descends for five centuries back, by constant mixture of the three races, the beauty and the intrepidity that repair the race and vigor of the Ottomans. They love arms, battles, adventures, journeys by land and

sea, perilous piracies, fields of battle without care for causes, military engagements in the camps of the Sultans of Egypt, of Syria, of Constantinople. The too regular discipline of European armies is irksome to them; they prefer the *éclat* of individual exploits, the license of the Ottoman camps, the combat hand to hand upon impetuous horses of Arabia or of Transylvania, the civilization which allows slaves to mount, at the caprice of a master, from servitude to the rank of vizier or of pasha, the religion which gives harems and slaves to heroes.

Their spirit is poetic like their manners. Their popular songs, especially those of their heroic epoch under their countryman Scander-Beg, recall the Homeric rhapsodies rather than the spiritless ballads of modern Greece. They mingle, like Achilles, poetry, music and dance, with war. In the leisure of their mode of life, by turns somnolent and feverish, they are seen carelessly lying in the sun, upon the beach or on the terraces of their houses, chanting to the accompaniment of the sounds of a rustic lyre, their own exploits, or dancing, like women, to the airs by turns warlike or effeminate of their instruments.

The government of the Albanians was feudal like all the governments of the East, formed by nature on the type of the patriarchal family; a government favorable at once to liberty and to servitude, wherein the father is chief, the family is tribe, the servants are slaves; wherein power, designated as it were divinely by birth and by primogeniture, is sacred and incontestable as paternity, and where the movable and transient confederation of the tribes among themselves constitutes the State; sometimes coalesced together for a national war against other races, sometimes severed into independent groups for the greater liberty of the whole. Each city, each province, each village recognizes a prince, a lord, a beg, who governs despotically according to tradition and manners. This subjection of the cities, the provinces, the villages, to feudal masters or princes, diminishes nothing of the sentiment of general liberty and the passion of patriotism which is an instinct of the Albanians.

XIII.

It has been seen that, under the first sultans of Adrianople, partly by incursions into Epirus, partly by voluntary

infeoffment as in the case of Janina, partly by armed conquest such as that of Troia after the possession of Thessalonica, Albania was all over become Ottoman. Islamism and Christianity were there commingled without a contest by the mutual tolerance of the two religions, among a people where the same family was usually divided between the two worships. The conformity of warlike and pastoral manners had easily united the two races. Consciences were free; the Albanians suffered only in their national pride from the dominion and the tribute imposed by the Turkish governors.

Such was the state of lower Albania or Epirus, when Amurath II., after the siege of Corinth and by the submission of the Morea, enveloped, so to say, through the conquered coast of the Adriatic, this country which he approached also on the north by Adrianople and the valley of the Heber or the Maritza. The conquering policy of the three last Sultans tended evidently to occupy those high places, natural citadels of Germany, which extend from the summit of Pindus along to the Gulf of the Adriatic at Venice, thence to descend by the Styrian Alps into Germany, and thus embrace, by the Black Sea on one side and by the Mediterranean on the other, the entire of that Germany which they had but a glimpse of, from the banks of the Danube. Vast and grassy plains have always been the irresistible ambition of shepherd peoples. Races like rivers have their currents from the mountains and settle only in the broad basins of the earth.

XIV.

An instinctive presentiment of this complete subjugation of Albania, and the sentiment of a nationality on the verge of being absorbed in another, began to agitate Epirus, when the victory of Varna by Amurath II. put to silence for a moment this first movement of independence, under the impression of a triumph which assured to the Turks an irresistible superiority and a long peace.

But, at the close of the year 1448, Huniad, whom defeat and the death of Ladislas had not depopularized in Hungary, was appointed regent of the kingdom during the minority of an infant, called anew entire military Hungary into arms to avenge the death of their King and their nobility, and crossed the Danube at the bridge of Trajan. Amu-

rath ran to meet him with sixty thousand of his veterans of Varna. He offered, before the engagement, peace to Huniad. Huniad, whom his defeat rendered intractable, refused. An old woman of Kossova, consulted by him, predicted in vain his discomfiture.

The battle, hard fought and full of vicissitudes, lasted without interruption for three days and a night. It still fluctuated undecided, when the Wallachians drawn reluctantly into this crusade, and indignant at the bad faith of Huniad, who wasted their blood for his personal glory, passed in a body to the camp of the Turks. Huniad fled a second time leaving twenty thousand Hungarians and Poles, the flower of the Germanic chivalry, on the field of battle.

At the moment when Huniad, fallen from his glory by two reverses, was flying with a handful of cavalry through the forests of Servia towards Belgrade, the hero of the Albanians, Scander-Beg, appeared upon the brow of the mountains which cast their shadow upon the plain of Kossova at the head of a cloud of mountaineers. He was leading them to succor Huniad; but Huniad had had the haughtiness not to wait the aid of Scander-Beg after having solicited it.

The Albanian chief, seeing from aloft the plain covered with the bodies of the Hungarians, and the river rolling the carcasses of horses and of men, cursed the haughty temerity of Huniad and re-entered his forests to spy another occasion of falling upon the Turks. It was too late; Huniad, abandoned by even his servants, wandered alone with his sword in the forests of Bulgaria. Encountered and attacked by two brigands, he despoiled himself of his gold chain. While they were disputing for it, he snatched up his sabre, of which he had been disarmed, slew one of the bandits, terrified the other, and resumed his route towards Hungary.

Let us now sketch this other Huniad, more barbarous, but greater than the Hungarian hero, who, without other support than himself, and without other allies than his patriotic mountaineers, counterbalanced during two reigns and a quarter of a century the fortune and the forces of the Ottoman empire. This great man was Scander-Beg.

XV.

At the period when Amurath II. had conquered Epirus by his lieutenants detached from the army of Salonica, an

hereditary chieftain of the Albanians, prince or beg of Moghlena (the ancient principality of Emathia), named John Castriot, had preserved his principality on condition of paying tribute to the Ottomans and of sending four of his sons to the court of Amurath to be brought up in fidelity to the Sultan and in the religion of the Prophet. Amurath, who valued highly the aptitude and bravery of the Albanian race, desired to naturalize those children of the noble Albanian families at his court, in his schools, in his armies. Their presence at Broussa and at Adrianople also guaranteed the submission of the fathers. Their natural intelligence and heroism prepared him generals for his campaigns. He had them formed to all the liberal studies and all the military exercises proper to make them, in their maturity, the strength and glory of his empire.

The wife of the Prince of Emathia, mother of nine children, but who had remaining but these four sons, wept bitterly their lot on delivering them to the officials of Amurath. She was one of those superior women who instil with their blood a virile soul in their sons, and of whom are ordinarily born men of genius or of heroism. The father supervised them carefully and gave them servants of tried fidelity to teach them their paternal tongue, and to keep alive in them the love of their race and of their country among strangers.

Amurath II., as gentle in the interior of his seraglio as he was intrepid in the camp, received these boys as a father rather than as a conqueror. He committed them to the tutors of his own sons. The three youngest of the boys, removed from home at an age too tender, died during the first years of their exile. George, the eldest, who was after Prince Alexander or *Scander-Beg*, survived alone of the brothers. Nature had given him at once the body and the soul of a hero. He combined the beauty of his mother, celebrated in Albania, with the frame at once robust and elastic of his race. He had at the same time that quick, facile and universal aptitude of the Greek genius which seems to open the intellect to the interior light with the same effortless spontaneity which opens the external gaze to the brilliant day of an Ionian heaven. But underneath this beauty, somewhat effeminate, of young Greeks, was found, say his Byzantine panegyrists themselves, in the features, in the eyes, as in the character, an indescribable savage mobility

which betrayed the barbarian as capable of heroism as of perfidy and of ferocity.

"Young Scander-Beg," say they, "was tall and lithe, narrow-waisted, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, light-limbed, proud, stately, and theatrical in his gait, the neck was full and long, the head small, the forehead high, the face oval. The eyes were dark and veined with fire, the features fresh and graceful as a woman's, the hair black and curled naturally down the neck; the complexion was fair and colored with the pure blood of his native mountains; the look was mild and bold without impudence, but somewhat treacherous; the voice rang to a great distance like that of the shepherds of his country, who converse from valley to valley athwart the roaring of their cascades. He spoke Albanian, Greek, Turkish, Arabic, Italian to perfection. He composed verses and sang them in all these languages, accompanying himself on the lyre of the Epirotes.

"He managed the horse, the sabre, the djereed, and the bow of the Turcomans with a vigor and a grace that had made him terrible and celebrated before the age of mature strength among the pages of Amurath. The martial vanity of his countrymen broke out on all occasions of competing with the other warriors of the court. Amurath treated him as a favorite, almost a son; he was supposed even to entertain for this Albanian more affection than is meet in one man to another. Those depraved friendships, common in antiquity to the Greeks and the Tartars, and of which Sparta sought to make a virtue in her unnatural institutions, incriminated often then, in Albania as in Turkey, the favoritism of courts and of camps."

But these vague and unauthentic rumors of the Greek chronicles of Byzantium, appear unworthy of the virtue of Amurath and contradictory with his passion for Mara, for Helen, and for the Princess of Sinope, who reigned by turns over his heart.

XVI.

Amurath II., resolved to adopt the young Albanian Prince into his household, taught him himself the exercises and the maxims of war, the religion of the Turks, had him circumcised, and raised him rapidly from grade to grade to the command of five thousand cavalry. He besides gave

him, to uphold his rank, a *sandjak* or hereditary principality in Asia, in the valley of Tmolus, and the title of beg or prince. It is from this day that George Castriot became known among the Ottomans by the name of Scander-Beg or Prince Alexander. The reminiscence of his natal religion seemed so extinct or renounced in his soul, that no Ottoman warrior equalled him in exploits against the Hungarians, the Servians, the Christians, in the wars of Transylvania, of Servia, at the battle of Varna and of Kossova, and that the Sultan, after this last battle, gave him the command of forty thousand Asiatic Ottomans sent to subdue or to punish Albania. "He signalized himself in this expedition," say the chronicles of the times, "by a merciless devotedness to Amurath, hoping to merit thereby of the Turks the investiture of the principality of Albania, after the death of his father, John Castriot."

The Christian chroniclers of this war, forced to avow the ferocities of the renegade favorite of Amurath against his brethren, praise Scander-Beg for his excesses against themselves, by a versatile partiality of all times, which transmutes crimes into virtues when those crimes become useful to the cause we celebrate. "He acted," say they, "with a consummate artifice, to the end of inspiring the Turks with the most absolute confidence, and thus the better to deceive them after to the profit of the Christians."

Meanwhile, John Castriot, having died without other male heir than his son George, become Scander-Beg, Amurath II., who wished to remove the young Albanian princes from their country, so that the power augmented by his patronage might not strike root in their native soil, refused to Scander-Beg his paternal inheritance. By the counsel of Khalil, he sent other governors into Albania. Scander-Beg, deceived in his long-cherished hope, felt, but dissembled the impression of the outrage.

He had lost his youth, his blood, his exploits, his religion in the service of the Ottomans, to earn from them the kingdom of his ancestors, and at the moment when the reward came into the hand of Amurath, the Sultan degraded him of his hopes, imposed servitude upon his country, and gave foreign masters to his compatriots. Resentment and vengeance became the sole passions of his life. The magnitude of the benefits which he had received from the Sultan appeared thenceforth but the measure of the enormity of his

ingratitude. He vowed to himself, and to his nephew Hamza, a sister's son, whom he had adopted and educated in his household, to cost the Ottomans as much blood as he had gained them of triumphs.

He prepared his partisans and accomplices in Albania, through the clients of his family. He disseminated the grievances, the murmurs, the despair of deceived patriotism. He diffused, through the agency of his sisters and nephews, the smouldering fire of ancient independence. He affected hatred of the worship he had been forced to embrace, and the secret fanaticism of a Christian repentant of his apostasy, who wished to redeem his compatriots by arms, and his God by martyrdom. These ferments of insurrection adroitly fomented, and his name sent as a hope through all the mountains of the country, he spied the opportunity, he combined the artifice, he waited the hour; it was offered him.

It was the moment when Huniad, succeeding a third time in reconstructing the league of the Christian princes, was re-entering Servia by Belgrade and awaiting, with an army already victorious, Amurath II. in the "plain of larks" at Kossova.

The fortune of the Turks seemed to totter. An unforeseen defection concerted with Huniad might ruin them for ever in Europe. The Danube was crossed, Servia delivered, the Balkans menaced. Amurath, taken by surprise in his security, had been able to muster hastily but fifty thousand men to cover the empire against the hundred thousand confederates of the Hungarian hero.

Amurath encamped behind the Morawa, uncertain if he should venture to cross, or if he should wait in his fortified camp the assault of the Hungarians. The hour appeared decisive to Scander-Beg, who was encamped with six thousand Asiatic spahis not far from the tents of Amurath, and by the side of those of his viziers.

The night of the 10th November, 1443, during the thickest of the darkness, Scander-Beg, attended only by his nephew Hamza, and five thousand Albanians of his household, devoted even for crime to their chief, took his arms, mounted horse, and presented himself in silence at the tent of the *reis-effendi*, principal vizier of Amurath, who attended the army with the seal of the empire to ratify the orders of the Sultan.

The chiaoux, who were encamped without suspicion

beneath their tents, around the tent of the vizier, took no special notice of this cavalcade of the prince in the night time. They thought that Scander-Beg came to communicate to the minister an order or an information of the Sultan; they opened the passage to the Albanian cavalry. Scander-Beg and his nephew alone entered the tent. "The Sultan," said Scander-Beg to the vizier, "directs you to sign and seal instantly this order to the governor of Croïa, capital and citadel of Epirus; to the effect of delivering to me the city and the fortress of which I have been given the government as the chief most capable of defending them against the enemy. Here is the written order; set the seal of the empire to it."

XVII.

At this nocturnal apparition, and this order, which had not been drawn up in the usual forms nor discussed according to custom in the divan; at the name, too, of Scander-Beg, already for some time suspected by Amurath and by his ministers, the vizier conceived suspicions, discussed, hesitated, and at last refused to sign before consulting his master: he called his guards. Scander-Beg, who saw the plot on the verge of exploding, drew his poniard, and plunged it in the heart of the vizier whose death smothered his voice. Two of the servants, who ran up at the noise of the altercation, were also immolated by Scander-Beg and by his nephew lest they should reveal the plot before it was consummated. The seal of the empire concealed in the cushion of the minister, sealed the supposititious order of Amurath. Scander-Beg and Hamza remounted, bespattered with blood, and clambering at a gallop the familiar bypaths of the Rhodope, arrived before the rumor of the crime, and seven days after, having deserted the camp of the Ottomans, under the walls of Croïa, in the heart of Albania.

Three hundred Epirotes on horseback and in arms, apprised of the designs of the Albanian chief, had been awaiting him from distance to distance upon the way, and formed for him the first nucleus of an army on the banks of the Drina, a river that runs through the interior of Albania. A thousand Albanians, from the lofty mountains of the Dibra, which they had traversed and raised in arms in pass-

ing, also joined him on the steep banks of the Drina to second his artifice or his assault upon their capital.

Scander-Beg, who meant to employ force but upon failure of stratagem, concealed his three hundred horse and his thousand mountaineers in the woods that covered the declivities of the basin of Croia, and presented himself alone with Hamza and his servants at the gates of the city. Conducted to the palace of the Ottoman governor in the fortress, he presented his order for succeeding the pasha in his command. The pasha, having no suspicion, obeyed without a murmur. The keys of the city and of the citadel were delivered to him. He ordered to their barracks the Turkish garrison adroitly disarmed, and called next night, by a concerted signal, his Albanians posted in the woods. Introduced in the dark into the city and the fortress, the Albanians of Scander-Beg surprised and massacred, as they slept, the six thousand confiding and disarmed Turks. A few only of them who sought mercy at his feet were spared at the price of apostasy. At the dawn, the corpses of the Ottomans alone occupied the citadel of Albania. The towns and villages of this basin, called to liberty by the example of the capital, and by the exploit of Scander-Beg, ran to arms, forced the citadels, slaughtered the Turks, and set torrents of blood between them and servitude.

Master of the capital of Albania by this double butchery, Scander-Beg set out anew for the warlike highlands of northern Albania; he roused them to insurrection, he rallied them, he rolled them down in torrents to the aid of the menaced Albanians of the plain. He returned to Croia with an army of twenty thousand patriots, glowing to meet under such a chieftain the oppressors of their country.

This general rising of entire Albania, from the Pindus to Cattaro, became the sole source of safety of this people; for while Scander-Beg was urging them to the massacre of all the Turks, in order to be free to second Huniad, Amurath II. had vanquished in the "field of Larks" the Hungarians. Huniad was flying the last time to die soon after of despondency in his royal palace of Transylvania; the Morawa was rolling the dead bodies of sixty thousand Hungarians, and the Sultan, thenceforth free in his movements and his vengeance, was advancing with a hundred thousand men towards the gorges of Epirus, to punish the perfidy of his favorite, to

avenge the murder of his vizier, and to conquer the bulwark of the empire on the Adriatic.

XVIII.

But Scander-Beg was not merely a sanguinary conspirator, a perfidious refugee, a nocturnal assassin; he was a hero and a statesman. He saw the tempest which he had brought upon his country, and he made his people swear to expiate his crime by completing it. A few thousand Albanians, the most inured to war, were placed by him, as anciently the Greeks at Thermopylæ, to shut against the Ottoman army the narrow and deep gorge which leads up from Macedonia into Epirus. He convoked at Croïa his five sisters, married to other Albanian chiefs of the neighboring provinces, his brothers-in-law, his nephews, his kindred, the friends and the clients of his house; in short, all the chiefs of towns, villages, tribes of the mountains, united by the spirit of race and by the cry of blood. Twelve thousand Albanian men and women, of every rank and of all ages rushed, arms in hand, and religion or liberty in heart, to this grand council of the nation at Croïa.

The name of Scander-Beg, his youth, his aspect, his eloquence, his rank in Albania, his elevation in the Turkish armies, which he would know the better how to vanquish from having astonished them with his audacity, the prestige of his defection, the blood of the vizier slain by his hand, the bodies of ten thousand Ottomans flung in defiance to the forces of Amurath II.—all this fired that popular assembly with a heroism which was carried back next day by the women, the old men, the children, to the uttermost cliffs of Albania. With a unanimous voice the mover of the insurrection was proclaimed its chief. Albania recognized no more any other prince of the nation than he who was restoring to it its nationality and its religion: treasures, weapons, arms, hearts, life and death, all were his. Scander-Beg became in a day not only the king, but the name of the Albanians.

XIX.

All the citadels of Epirus capitulated to his nephew Hamza or his other lieutenants. Petrella, a city reputed to be impregnable, at the summit of a perpendicular rock, at

three miles' distance from Croia; Petralba, another eyry of the Ottomans in the same basin; Steleusia, which was encinctured by a foaming river; Scutari, Arta, Alessio, Durazzo, Petra, surrendered at the news of the general defection.

All the princes, the beys, the chieftains of those countries, equally humbled by their dependence, joined the gathering at Croia, proclaimed Scander-Beg dictator of their unanimous confederation, offered voluntarily the men and tributes necessary to the common emancipation of their mountains, and poured into the treasury of the league an annual revenue of three hundred thousand ducats, the fund of liberty.

XX.

Meanwhile Ali-Pasha, lieutenant of Amurath II., was advancing with a vanguard of forty thousand men, the vanquishers of Huniad. All fled before them and sought a shelter up among the snows. Scander-Beg, who might have longer held against them the gorges of Macedon, drew back, without engagement, his advanced posts, and appeared to open them, through terror at their number, the interior plain of Croia. This plain, vast and rounded, like the emptied bed of an ancient sea, is bordered round by steep declivities, of which the lower hillocks are alone cultivated and bear villages at the outlets of the defiles. Higher up, these flattened hills rise by stages above stages, robed alternately with gloomy forests and the grassy verdure of smiling pasturages, with at last a crown of cliffs like the towers and battlements of a vast fortress. The torrents which descend from them on the thaw of the snows, foam athwart the foliage of elms and of sycamores, and sink to rest in a tranquil river that meanders through the basin.

At the centre of this basin, a spacious mound of graded terraces swells at first with a gentle acclivity; then darts up into a cone of almost pointed acuteness, around which seems to wind spirally the capital of Epirus, like a serpent around a rock to warm its folds in the rising sun. Its ramparts, its flat roofs, its citadel, its streets formed of steps or of naked rock become slippery from the mule and horse shoes, its minarets, its steeples, marked by rain, calcined by sun, resemble those inaccessible precipices of mid-air in which

the eagles of Macedon build their nests. Between the city and the plain, a road cut from the living rock, intersected from distance to distance by massive towers, barred by draw-bridges and surmounted by terraces bordered with fig-trees, defies the assault of an entire army. Artifice alone could have opened it to Scander-Beg; but patriotism defended it sufficiently against Ali-Pasha. Scander-Beg confided it to its site and its inhabitants.

XXI.

He came forth with thirty thousand disciplined Albanians, and, leaving the plain empty as if an open list to the Ottomans, he split his army into two wings separated by the entire amplitude of the basin of Croïa. The Turks, in descending from the gorges into the plain, saw no other obstacle before them than the mamelon of Croïa. The defiles, the hills, the forests, the cliffs of the vast environs concealed the soldiers of Scander-Beg. But scarce had they descended and developed themselves in the plain, than the Albanians, deploying at a signal, closed on the Ottomans from all sides, unmasked the batteries prepared on the natural bastions of the hills around, rushed upon them through the breeches opened in their rear by the grape-shot, and, stifling them on the one side against the fulminating ramparts of Croïa and on the other by the charges of their cavalry, and on the two flanks by their field batteries, slaughtered or annihilated twenty thousand Turks on this field of carnage, disarmed the rest, bore off the standards, the tents, the treasures, the horses of the entire army, and let escape but a few horse of the guard of Ali-Pasha, to bear the terror and the shame of this disaster to Adrianople.

XXII.

The triumphant insurrection of Scander-Beg, coinciding with the second abdication of Amurath, did not, however, appear to the viziers of the young Sultan, Mahomet, sufficiently menacing to lead the forces of the Empire against Albania. The insubordination of the Janissaries, the effeminacy of the young monarch; in fine, the habitual sloth of the Turks in repressing rebellions in their provinces, of which they patiently await the subsidence through time, an-

archy and the rivalries of faction,—all these circumstances left to Scander-Beg the time to unite entire Albania, and to fortify himself, no longer as a rebel, but as a sovereign. Firouz-Pasha and Mustapha-Pasha, despatched successively with two armies to Epirus, only left there, like Ali, the bodies of their soldiers, and the sentiment of the impotence of their arms against the strength of the localities and the energy of liberty.

Scander-Beg availed himself of these delays to implore the aid and the alliance of the Christian Princes, and above all of the Pope. The renown of his exploits had crossed the sea; Christendom beheld in him the avenger of Varna, the shoal of Islamism on the cliffs of Albania. A large number of adventurers from Sicily, Spain, Calabria, Germany, sped to Croïa to fight beneath his banners.

His cause, however, was less religious than national; for, intent above all on extending and consolidating his dominion over the plateau of Illyria, he warred with the Bosniacs, more Christian than he, and with the Venetians, who disputed with him the fortress of Dayna. Hamza, his nephew and pupil, for whom he destined his inheritance, having failed against the Venetians before the ramparts of Dayna, concluded peace with them, and turned against a third Turkish army which had profited by this almost civil war to enter Epirus and to succor the Venetians, faithful allies of Amurath. The pasha who commanded this army left it crushed in the defile of Dayna. All perished by the sword or beneath the rocks rolled down from the sides of the mountain. The pasha and sixty of his officers alone obtained life at the cost of their liberty. Their ransom of twenty thousand ducats, paid to Hamza by Amurath, replenished the treasury of the Prince of Albania.

XXIII.

Amurath II. had just ascended a third time the throne of Adrianople. The humiliation of his arms, and personal resentment against his former favorite become his rival in Europe, tore him from his delights of the seraglio. He marched himself with the two armies of Europe and Asia against Epirus, resolved to dry up the insurrection at its source. He awaited the summer of the year 1449 to climb the heights almost inaccessible of upper Albania, the focus

of independence, and to descend thence into the basins, where number would easily overwhelm courage.

Amurath II., dividing his army into two great bodies, laid siege at once to Stetigrad and Dibra, two strongholds in the heart of Highland Albania. Scander-Beg, confiding in their defenders and their ramparts, ambushed, according to his habitual tactics, with his bravest patriots, invisible and unseizable, behind the Ottomans and on their flanks. No less intrepid as soldier than astute as leader, he fell with ten thousand Albanians on the forty thousand Ottomans who pressed the walls of Stetigrad. Firouz-Pasha, general of the besieging army,—the same who owed his life to the rapidity of his horse at Croia,—reached by Scander-Beg in the conflict, turned in vain his charger to cover himself with his sword; Scander-Beg cleft his shoulder along to the heart with his battle-axe. The body of the pasha, quite dead, and carried off by the horse, continued to oscillate for some time like a drunken man, upon the saddle, and rolled into the dust, but in the midst of his confounded soldiers.

But the intrenchments raised around the camp of the besiegers arrested the cavalry of Scander-Beg. He returned to his forests without being able to relieve Stetigrad; the city capitulated upon honorable terms.

The citadel of Dibra, invincible to the cannon and assaults of the enemy, yielded at last, but to thirst. A single well, deep and copious, supplied the Albanians shut up within their walls of rocks. The inhabitants were almost all Mussulmans, and partook of the horror of the Turks for the canonical impurities enumerated in the Koran and reputed to be crimes against religion. The body of a dead dog thrown by a Christian into the well, appeared to them a decree of heaven which commanded them to open their gates to the enemy rather than render themselves guilty of an impurity. In vain the lieutenant of Scander-Beg, commander of Dibra, and Mussulman himself, represented to his soldiers that the necessity absolved from the sin, and drank himself before their eyes of the sullied water of the well, superstition prevailed over patriotism, and Dibra capitulated like Stetigrad.

XXIV.

Amurath II., master of the heights and fortresses of Albania, descended through all the gorges at once, with over

a hundred thousand men, into the basin of Croia, and invested on all sides the capital of Scander-Beg. The Albanian Prince, whose principal force lay in himself, made haste to leave in order to remain free and be present every where at once. He left it in command of an Albanian chief of his family, whose heart and blood were as devoted to him as his own.

Amurath tried in vain the fidelity of the commandant by the offer of two hundred thousand aspers and an independent principality in Asia. Corruption failed no less than menace.

The balls of the weight of two hundred pounds, launched against the ramparts of Croia by the cannon of Amurath, fell harmless upon the place, making breaches but in the cliffs, and filling but with empty noise and smoke the plain of Croia. Scander-Beg, fighting on the borders less as a general than as a chief of invisible adventurers, besieged Amurath every night in his own camp; descending from the cliffs now by a ravine, anon by the bed of a torrent, with his thirty thousand mountaineers, he used to tear down the palisades with which the Turks fenced round their tents, slip into the camp, massacre the soldiers asleep, hough the horses, spread terror and death at all points simultaneously, and getting his Albanians to put on white overalls like those of the Asiatics, left, in the dark, the Ottomans doubtful between their comrades and their enemies. On a single one of these nights, eight thousand Turks fell assassinated in their own tents by the Albanians.

The Turks sought in vain by day to avenge the massacre of the night; Scander-Beg, remounting before the dawn the inaccessible heights which border the basin of Croia, disappeared behind the forests and the cliffs, to reappear through another ravine the following night. His nocturnal excursions, concerted by signals with the sallies of the commandant of Croia, his faithful Uracontes, were decimating the army of the Sultan. The terror mingled with admiration which his name inspired in the Janissaries, old companions of the Albanian warrior, were become a superstition in the camp of Amurath. Invisible and invincible, this terror fought for him in the souls of his enemies.

XXV.

Amurath himself, who desired to negotiate with so formidable a rebel, was unable to get him approached by his Janissaries, to offer him a truce and his terms. Yousouf-Pasha, sent as parleyman to Scander-Beg, sought him vainly in the forests of Mount Tumenistos, his ordinary retreat, and in the deep basin of the Ismos, where his Albanians concealed themselves in precipices overhanging the bed of the torrent. Scander-Beg, informed of the search of Yousouf, met him at last in the hollow of a dried lake called the Red Plain. The Albanians were present at the interview. Amurath offered him the hereditary sovereignty of all Albania, on the sole condition of paying a slight tribute to the empire, recognizing its sovereignty. Scander-Beg refused to sell the independence of his Albanians for a sovereignty purchased by any other means than his blood. Amurath, on this refusal, drew off shamefully the wrecks of his two armies towards the defiles leading to Adrianople. Scander-Beg, re-entering immediately his delivered capital, did not spare the Sultan the shame of this retreat. He hung upon his decimated rear-guard to the brow of Rhodope. Adrianople, from the height of its minarets, beheld the fires of a chief of mountaineers insult the very heart of the empire.

Shame and grief seized the heart of Amurath, accustomed to vanquish kings and leagues, and vanquished in all his might by a chief of Albanian brigands. A few days after his return, humiliated, at Adrianople, he fell dead in the arms of the Princess Mara, his youngest wife, in the midst of a festival which she had given him to console him, in an island of the lake of Adrianople—a rural scene, of which he loved the solitude, and which reminded him of Magnesia.

Amurath II. was still but forty-nine years old. He had passed five of them at Magnesia in his different abdications, and twenty-five in the camp or on the throne. War, love, and philosophic melancholy, the main basis of his character, had divided his life. Empire, which he disdained in proportion as he was more worthy of it, was to him but a burden. The sadness of being unable to abdicate conveniently for his people, and honorably to himself a last time, accelerated his death. Forced to reign, with the tastes of private life, forced to war with pacific instincts, his destiny, although glorious,

was in perpetual conflict with his character. He triumphed over all these contradictions of his destiny and even over his own repugnance to reign. He left, in dying, to the empire no other enemy erect but Scander-Beg.

XXVI.

The monuments of his reign, besides the magnificent mosque of Adrianople, which recalls the majesty of St. Peter's at Rome, with less of mass and more of grace in the sacred architecture, are the roads, the canals, the aqueducts, the bridges, with which he decorated Asia and Europe. The organization and discipline of the court and of the army were monuments no less memorable. He gave to the empire the majesty of the Persian and Grecian courts, which the Ottomans had not hitherto attempted to rival. This majesty appeared to him one of the requisites of power to keep at a distance the dazzled eyes of the multitude, as it gives a sort of divinity to the sovereigns of Asia. He showed sufficiently by his three voluntary retreats to Magnesia, that this luxury was not for him, but that it was a usage he wished to leave to the empire.

XXVII.

It was also from Amurath II. that the definitive institution of the title and prerogatives of the grand vizier take date. This institution seems admirably adapted to the nature of oriental governments. There the sovereign is sacred, and despotism without other counterweights than religion and manners. Meanwhile the liberty of the subjects must have its part of murmur and even of opposition to the governments, without allowing this murmur and this opposition, often seditious, to ascend to the person of the sovereign. The grand vizier is interposed to cover the responsibility and the head of the sovereign against the outbreak of the people. Such is evidently the spirit of this institution. It would appear in Europe an abusive degradation of the authority of the sovereign. It has been nowhere better defined in its attributions than by the learned publicist, Mouradja of Ohsson. The history of the Ottoman government could not be fully comprehended without this knowledge of the functions and the titles of the grand viziers. We shall cite, then, the description of Mouradja of Ohsson.

XXVIII.

"The name of vizier or vezier signifies in Arabic *coadjutor*; vizir-azem signifies grand vizier. There have been one hundred and seventy-eight of them since the year 1370 down to 1789, the epoch of the accession of Selim III.

"Formerly this eminent post was conferred but on one of the principal members of the divan; it was usually the second *coubbé-vizir* that filled the place of prime minister; but since the suppression of the *coubbés-vizirs*, which occurred in the reign of Achmed III., the Sultan promotes to this dignity either the governor of a province or one of the high officers resident at Constantinople, such as the high admiral, the high treasurer, the *Kehaya-beg*, the agha of the Janissaries, and the *silihdar-agma*. It is rare that he selects an individual of an inferior grade. When this is the case, before receiving the imperial ring, he is promoted to the dignity of pasha. The choice of the sovereign is usually directed by his favorites. Confined to his palace, he knows by scarcely more than name the most distinguished of his subjects for merit. Intrigue, accident, caprice, dispose of the reins of the government. Fresh intrigues and the jealous policy of the seraglio do not suffer the depositary of so great a power to hold it long. He relapses into nothingness from the moment when a court officer comes to ask him for the imperial ring (the seal). If he be not put to death he is sent into exile. Often his property is confiscated, and he deems himself happy in obtaining the government of a province.

"Anciently, the imperial ring was delivered to the new grand vizier, at his hotel, by an officer of the palace. Since the reign of Achmed I. he receives it, as has been said, from the hands of the Sultan, and then returns from the palace to the Porte, escorted by a detachment of body-guards. When there is a divan at the seraglio, most of the officers of the court are ranged in line to receive him. The agha and the general officers of the Janissaries make him a visit of etiquette, on Wednesdays and also on Fridays, on coming from mosque; this latter day, the high admiral, the two head grooms and the grand chamberlain pay him also their respects. He gives public audience once a month. The eve as well as the day of the festivals of the Beïram, he receives the compliments of the civil and the military authorities.

All the *grandeos* of the empire, excepting the mufti, must kiss his robe ; but ordinarily he does not permit it and presents his hand.

"When he appears in public, his officers salute him aloud with prayers. Their leader cries : *Hail to thee and divine clemency* ; and the *tchavouschs* respond chorally : *May fortune be propitious to thee ; may God be thy aid ; may the Omnipotent protect the life of our sovereign and of the pasha, our master ; may he long live happy !*

"All the public functionaries, excepting the mufti, receive from the grand vizier the investiture of their offices. They are invested in his presence, according to their rank, with a *caftan* or a *pelisse* of sable fur. The prime minister and the head of the law, the mufti, are those alone who receive investment from the Sultan himself, and who are understood to be appointed for life.

"The grand vizier often makes rounds in the interior of the city, attended by the officers of his household, to examine the state of the police, especially as relates to the prices of provisions and the weights of the dealers. Formerly he was accompanied by the agha of the Janissaries and by the first judge of Constantinople. Now he most usually makes the round incognito, on Mondays and Fridays, which are vacation days of the *divan*. It is then he visits the mufti to confer with him upon the most important public business, a mark of attention prescribed by a prudent policy. The high admiral and the generals of the first corps of infantry make also rounds, each in his district and often even by night.

"When the dismissal of the grand vizier is decided, an officer of the palace presents himself incognito at the Porte with an autograph letter from the Sultan. He hands it to the grand vizier, who, having kissed respectfully this *Khatisharif*, delivers him instantly the imperial seal, rises from his sofa, quits his hotel without being permitted to see his family, and departs forthwith under conduct of the same officer to his place of exile ; for a dismissed grand vizier cannot remain at Constantinople. If he is to be arrested it is the *hostandji-baschi* who is charged with this duty.

"This principal ministry is divided into three departments, of which the heads are : the *kehaya-beg*, the *reis-effendi*, and the *tchavousch-baschi*."

XXIX.

Khalil-Pasha, grand vizier, was, at the death of Amurath II., son and grandson of a vizier by right of practice and capacity, but not by right of inheritance. Amurath, however, established the hereditariness of certain high dignitaries, such as that of general of the akindjis, guides of the Sultan, the grand equerry and grand cup-bearer in the families already illustrious of Mikhal-Oghli, of Samsama and of Elvan-Beg.

The Turkish tongue, philosophy, history, poetry, the arts, the industries, with the exception of architecture, of which the triple-staired minaret of Adrianople is at once the play and the masterpiece, made little progress under the agitated and interrupted reign of Amurath II. A single eminent poet, Amadeddin, author of the Turkish Divan, survives through his misfortunes rather than his book or his works. Amadeddin would have the Koran to be a simple revelation of the unity and the universality of God to the human reason, through the voice of a sage or a prophet more inspired or more rational than the rest of the Arabs. He confounded in his rationalistic commentary of the Koran God and his works, and pretended that entire nature could say without blasphemy: "I am God, I emanate from God, and am absorbed into God, as a drop of water is into the ocean." This doctrine scandalized the imans and the believers. They accused him of degrading God and Mahomet, in making the latter a philosopher instead of a privileged confidant. Religions must have exceptional miracles, instead of the perpetual miracles of nature and of reason—those two real high-priests of the Divinity. The oulemas and doctors of the law, cited, judged, and flayed him alive at Broussa, without extorting from the martyr a disavowal of his faith.

BOOK TWELFTH.

I.

THE intelligence of the death of Amurath II. found his son, Mahomet II., at Magnesia, weary of his retirement, humiliated by his inactivity, impatient for the throne. "Let those who love me follow me," cried he as he leapt on horseback, without giving his court time to prepare for the departure. By means of the fleetest horses kept always saddled from distance to distance on the route from Asia to Europe, he crossed the mountains that border on the north the plain of Magnesia, and galloped night and day towards Moudania, a port of the Propontis overagainst Gallipoli.

This Prince, who had already twice essayed the sceptre, was still in the precocious flower of his youth; he was only twenty years. His portrait, taken somewhat later by the most finished Venetian painters, and among others by Bellini, whom he had called to his court, depicts him in all the energy of a sanguine constitution wherein imperious will boiled in the veins with the blood. His stature was short and massive, the legs bowed from the habit of the saddle and the divan, the shoulders broad, the nape muscular like that of the bull and the lion, the neck short, the beard dark and heavy, the lip severe, though with a dimple of humor at the angles of the mouth, the cheeks prominent, plump and purpled with impetuous blood, the ball of the eyes round, vivid, with a glance denoting promptitude to anger, the eyebrows naturally or artificially arched to a remarkable elevation above the eyes, a sign of superiority of race, the forehead fair, broad and smooth, like that of one who has never struggled either with himself or others. His caftan red, edged with gold and trimmed with ermine: his silver-hilted pon-

iard, incrustated with rubies; his turban surmounted with a yellow aigrette which rises like a flower springing from the brow, attest the refined taste of dress and of majesty in a man who means not only to command, but wishes also to dazzle. On the whole his physiognomy instils more terror than attraction. It speaks a man who is not cruel by temperament, but whom the impetuosity of his first impulses might sweep from softness to crime.

II.

Mahomet II., without taking a moment's repose on the way, trembling lest the throne should escape him a third time, crossed the Hellespont in a skiff, and arrived in two days from his exile of Magnesia in his fortress of Gallipoli. Once his foot in Europe, he stopped for two days to give time to the magistrates and the populations of Thrace and of Adrianople to prepare for him the reception of a sovereign.

The letters of his father's viziers, which he found at Gallipoli, assured him of his advent without obstacle to the empire. He then relaxed his pace, awaited the corteges sent from Adrianople to meet him, and received every where upon the route the respects and the obeisances due the majesty of a Sultan. The people had forgotten his faults and remembered but his youth. Fair hopes were had of a prince brought up by a father alternately severe and indulgent, corrected by two necessary lessons, matured by some years of retreat, married recently to a Turcoman princess of a rank and beauty calculated to fix his inconstancies, and who had learned, in losing twice the throne, the art of now keeping it on recovery.

III.

The viziers, the pashas, the generals, the oulemas, the army and the people, awaited him a league in advance of Adrianople. All who were mounted, on perceiving the Sultan, descended from their horses and prostrated themselves in the dust. As soon as Mahomet II. had received these homages, the cortege, the people and the army advanced slowly towards the gate of the city, halting from distance to distance to give vent to boisterous sobbings. Upon each of these outbursts, signs of grief and homage to the memory of

Amurath II., Mahomet dismounted, and, passing the back of his hand over his eyes, wept, or affected to weep, with the people for his father. At the gate of the city, the grief and sobbing ceased; cries of joy filled the air, and the Sultan, conducted to his palace by the crowd, found there but solitude, uncertainty and terror, between the reign which ends and the reign that is commencing. The ministers of the father, ignorant if they were destined for favor or for resentment in the eyes of the son, abstained from following the monarch into the interior of the seraglio.

Mahomet II. left them trembling the whole night. The following day, which usage designates for the public inauguration to the supreme rank, he mounted the throne in presence of all the dignitaries of the empire, the Janissaries, the oulemas, and the people, crowded in the apartments and the courts of the seraglio. The aged Ibrahim, formerly grand vizier, and the chief of the eunuchs, served alone at this inauguration, the one emboldened by his years and his retirement from public life, the other by necessity of his office as head chamberlain of the palace.

"Where is Khalil?" said with an affected astonishment the Sultan to Ibrahim, his father. "Go tell him to take by my throne the rank that belongs to him, and from which I have not dismissed him; let him continue to govern under the son as he has governed under the father. As to my second vizier, Ishak-Pasha, I charge him to conduct the body and the funeral of my father to the tomb of our ancestors in the green mosque at Broussa."

The grand vizier Khalil was expecting his disgrace and even death for having allured, some years previous, Mahomet from Adrianople under a false pretext, and restored the father to the throne of the same son who was now crowned. Such services to Amurath II. and to the empire, might appear unpardonable injuries to the son. The magnanimity of Mahomet II. astonished without assuring him completely; favors in those courts being often but vengeance postponed. But Khalil flattered himself with soon effacing the remembrance of the offence by the magnitude of his services. He resumed the functions of vizir-azem, and the empire did not change hands.

IV.

But the harem of Amurath II. had changed its master. This Prince left in dying several children, male and female, born of odalisques of servile condition, who inspired no umbrage in Mahomet II., son of a Princess of Sinope. This Princess had died, during the first abdication of Amurath, at Magnesia. The second wife of Amurath, Helen of Servia, daughter of the royal house of this nation, had no son who might dispute the throne with his step-brother. But the young Princess of Transylvania, Mara, third wife and adored to his death by the late Sultan, had by Amurath a son, still at the breast, whom the death of the father left exposed in its cradle to the umbrageous prudence of Mahomet. This son, born like himself of a Princess, of the Mussulman faith, might appear one day to the Ottomans a more legitimate heir to the throne than the son of a Christian Princess. Although the age of the infant placed the danger in a remote future, Mahomet II., forestalling it by the precipitance of crime, did not leave himself a day for hesitation or for pity. He merely wished to hide the hand that should perpetrate the crime, so that an empire, in doubt as to the circumstances of the murder, might ascribe it to the zeal of an officious servitor, and acquit himself of all complicity on seeing him punish his accomplice.

He chose for this murder Ali, son of Evrenos-Beg, that general defeated by both Huniad and Scander-Beg, who had ransomed his shameful reverses in war by still more shameful services in the seraglio. He ordered him to drown in its bath the infant of the Sultana Mara; and in order that the cries and the resistance of the young mother, who was suckling her son at her own breast, might be prevented by the promptitude and silence of the deed, he gave a long audience to the mourning widow of his father, while his agent was assassinating her son.

The despair and lamentations of the Sultana on re-entering the harem and finding her child a corpse, gave publicity to the crime. Adrianople trembled with horror; a reign commencing by an odious fratricide appeared to be marked with blood. A murmur of indignation arose along the seraglio. Mahomet II., to stifle it, took the expedient of turning it against the secret executioner of his own crime. He feigned ignorance, regret, horror, and had Evrenos be-

headed in the court of the palace to smother at the same time all possibility of revelation. But the day following, as if destined to betray himself, lest the favorite consort of his father should bear another fruit of love in her loins, he compelled her, in spite of tears, to espouse a slave of the seraglio, named Ishak—thus stigmatizing in advance by a servile marriage, all remembrances of his father, which it might recall to the Ottomans.

V.

Whether it was that the unfortunate Sultana Mara had inspired him, during the life of his father, with more animosity on account of her beauty and her favor, or that he dreaded less to outrage in her a Princess who no longer had a father or a people to avenge her wrongs, Mahomet II. affected to respect himself and his father's memory in his conduct towards his other step-mother, the Princess Helen of Servia. He assigned her a rich dowry upon the public treasury of Turkey, and sent her into Servia to her father with the retinue and honors of an empress.

By a strange vicissitude of fortune, the widow of a Sultan, the enemy of Greeks and Christians, wrung by victory from the court of Servia to become the wife of her father's vanquisher, then widow of an Ottoman Prince, was sought soon after her widowhood in marriage by Constantine, the last Greek Emperor of Constantinople; and, although already verging on her fiftieth year, her charms and her virtues made Constantine regret the obstacles that opposed the union.

VI.

By a no less providential concatenation of human events, the hour that rung the knell of Amurath II., knelled the ruin of Constantinople. That patient and politic Prince foresaw that the conquest of this capital would add but little to the real strength of the Ottomans, while it might excite against them new crusades and new wars which he wished to defer, to give his people and himself time to respire. His vizier Khalil, who used to be called, from his partiality to the Christians, "the friend of the Giaours" or the infidels, kept Amurath II. in this mood of patience towards the

Paleologues, and was inspiring Mahomet II. with the same policy of adjournment. "We shall be always in good time to take," he used to say, "what cannot escape us." Although Mahomet, persuaded of the sagacity of the vizier, repressed within his breast his impatience of conquest, he distrusted somewhat Khalil, attributing, with the vulgar, his partiality for the Greeks to the secret subsidies which Paleologus was paying, it was said, to the vizier, for assuaging the bellicose humor of his new master.

Such was the state of things at Adrianople, when an untimely temerity of the court of Constantinople came to explode the cloud which Khalil labored to avert in the soul of Mahomet II.

Greek ambassadors, sent to Adrianople by the new Emperor of Byzantium, summoned Mahomet to pay to a Turcoman emir of Asia the subsidy which had been allowed him by the late Sultan, adding that in case of refusal they would lend their vessels to this rebel to obtain justice, by force of arms, for the Ottomans.

Khalil himself was indignant at so much audacity and such weakness. "O rash Romeliotēs!" replied he to them in open divan, in an apostrophe reported by the Greek ambassador himself; "I have penetrated this long time back your deceitful and tricky projects. My late lord and master, Mourad II., of upright conscience and affable manners, wished you well, but it is not so with Mahomet II., my new padischah. If Constantinople can escape his enterprises, I will admit that God is pleased to pardon still your intrigues and your artifices. O insensate men! the treaty is scarce signed, when you come into Asia to frighten us with your habitual blustering. But we are not children without experience and without force. If you can do any thing, do it then; proclaim Orkhan sovereign of Thrace, call in the Hungarians, resume the provinces which we have wrested from you; but know that you will succeed in nothing, and that at last you will be stripped of all. At the same time I will instruct my master of all this, and what he decides will be accomplished."

From this day forth Khalil abandoned the Greeks to their unhappy lot, and prepared in secret to serve the passion which he divined in his master's soul. Never were the circumstances more propitious to the ambition of the Ottomans or more fatal to the policy of the Greeks. The last stone of

the Greek empire must crumble at the first shock. Let us trace back a few years the course of the decline of this empire, and re-enter a moment the palace of the Blakernes, forgotten for the tents of the Sultans.

VII.

The aged Manuel Paleologus II., whose expectant and servile policy overcame an empire without force, had died, leaving all he could leave, the shadow of a throne at Constantinople and some principalities distributed in Greece among his sons. John Paleologus III., his heir, had reigned from 1425 to 1448, but in peace, through the timid and constrained neutrality which he maintained between the Hungarian crusaders of Huniad and the Turks.

By a strange but constant contradiction between avidity of the throne and the degradation of the throne thus desired, the factions of an empire are never more ardent, more rife, and more rancorous, than in the decadence of the empire. This was seen at the death of John Paleologus III. The precipitation and mystery with which he was buried, as if to hide the traces of poison on his body, suggested crime as the occasion of his premature death. His brother, Demetrius Paleologus, a prince, ambitious, turbulent, plotting, who had agitated the close of the reign of John by religious factions and palace intrigues, to which he appealed by turns for the favor of the people to hoist him to the throne, excited a tumult of the populace over the coffin of John, trying to forestall the rightful successor to the throne. He pretended that being the first-born of the sons since his father came to reign, his claims ought to prevail over those of the brothers born before him, but also born before their father was Emperor. The Empress-mother, the senates, the clergy, the people of the city, denied, with also the army, this capricious right of primogeniture. They defended the title of Constantine, eldest son of Manuel, and possessor of the Morea. Thomas, a younger brother of Constantine, who was then at Constantinople, recognized likewise the rights of Constantine. The empire in suspense awaited a master. Constantine, apprized by his mother and by Thomas, crowned at Sparta, escaped the Turkish vessels that blockaded the Morea to impose on him conditions for the occupation of the throne. Landed a fugitive in Constantinople, he was received as an

Emperor. His brothers, Demetrius and Thomas, reconciled by the Empress-mother, embraced each other in his presence to seal a perfidious peace, and went to reign in his place in Greece, beneath the suzerainship of the Ottomans.

VIII.

Constantine XII. was one of those men whom Providence, exhausted of fruitless favors, reserves sometimes for decaying empires, not to retrieve their ruin, but to illustrate their fall. Born of a father who was a just and a good man; brought up by a high officer of the palace, Cantacuzene, accomplished in literature and politics; nursed by a persecuted and heroic mother, who had given him, with her milk, the patience that makes sages and the despair that makes heroes; exercised for years back in exploits and reverses by the wars of the Morea against Amurath II.; vanquished, but not degraded in them; sensible of the cowardice of his superstitious capital; indignant at the intrigues of the palace of the Blakernes, which the Byzantine Greeks termed policy, he possessed all that was requisite for a sovereign to entertain, for that corrupt nation, of contempt, of compassion, and of devotedness.

He tried to secure in sounder and more warlike races auxiliaries against the day of danger which he foresaw for his country. He despatched Phranza, proto-vestiary or grand master of the ceremonies, on an embassy to Trebizond, to ask in marriage the daughter of the King of Georgia. The Georgians or Iberians, a Christian race of the steeps of the Caucasus, were then what they are still, a people of soldiers, in whom the military spirit flows with the blood of the veins. They could offer Constantine Paleologus, with a princess of their royal house, troops capable of coping with the Ottomans. Phranza, who describes himself (in his Notes, become a treasure of history), the last years and the latest ruins of his country, set out for Georgia with an oriental suite of nobles, monks, physicians, musicians and women, which the Greek decline paraded still for want of force to the surrounding nations. The proto-vestiary, after having succeeded in his negotiation, returned to Constantinople. He found Constantine discouraged by the obstacles, the vices, the pusillanimities of his new court. His words to his con-

fidant are the presentiments, broken by tears, of a prince who is great but to measure better his people's meanness.

"Since I have lost my mother and Cantacuzene, who alone gave me disinterested counsels, I am surrounded," said the sovereign of Byzantium, "with men to whom I can accord neither friendship, nor confidence, nor esteem. You know Lucas Notaras, the high admiral; obstinately attached to his own opinions, he gives out every where that he directs at his will my thoughts and actions. The rest of the courtiers are actuated but by party spirit or personal interest. Must I then consult monks upon schemes of policy and marriage? I will again need your zeal and your activity. In spring you will procure my brother to go to solicit in person the aid of the powers of the West. From the Morea you will go to Cyprus to execute a secret commission, and thence you will pass into Georgia, to bring home the future Empress."

IX.

The Emperor and the better class of citizens renewed their efforts to effect a fusion of the Greek and the Roman churches, in the hope that the same faith would league together all the members of Christendom for the common safety of the adorers of Christ. The metaphysical cavilling which formed the whole schism was no rational motive for eternal dissension between two evangelical families. Twice the mutual wisdom of statesmen and of enlightened pontiffs of Rome and of Constantinople had stifled in principle this dissension by reciprocal concessions and by a common symbol. But the people of Constantinople had not ratified these pacts of concord. Discussion of preternatural dogmas seems one of the wants of the human mind. This Greek people, who constructed in theology an oriental Christianity, amid the clashing of imaginations and of factions, had corrupted it with their vices, and believed they had alone the right to interpret it at the caprice of their obstinacy. They wished neither peace nor truce with Rome. Greece had transmitted to Rome its dogmas, and Rome now sent them back to Greece, imposed by a pontifical sovereignty which humbled the Byzantine patriarchate. It has been seen above how the people of Constantinople forced the Emperor Manuel and his clerical negotiators of the religious peace of Florence

to tear the treaty, to disavow the negotiation, and to re-establish the schism dear to Greek fanaticism.

Since these abortive negotiations, the metaphysical procession of the Holy Ghost from one or from two persons of the Divine Trinity, and the bread with or without leaven in the mystery of the Eucharist, had divided with more virulence than ever the Greeks and Latins. The unfortunate Constantine, who judged of these dissensions as a patriot rather than a theologian, tried in vain to smother beneath the urgency of an argument which alone could save the capital of Christianity in the East. He found in the fanaticism of the monks, that leprosy of the East, and in the prejudices of the multitude infatuated with the monks, an invincible obstacle. He sent, however, half unknown to them, ambassadors to Rome, imploring the assistance of the head of the Western Church, promising an early reconciliation of the two communions, and soliciting at least the despatch of a Pope's legate to Constantinople to cement the union. Pope Nicholas V., full of resentment at the obstinacy of the Greeks, fulminated against them, instead of giving them aid, and showed in the Turks the instruments of divine vengeance against the schismatics who were reading the Gospel. However, Rome sent to Constantinople a legate, the Russian cardinal Isidore, charged to get the Emperor's signature to the acts of the council of Florence. At this price, the Pope promised to call Catholic Christendom to arms.

Isidore arrived; the Emperor signed; a mass celebrated in accordance with the Greek and Roman rites, as agreed upon by the council of Florence, brought together the legate of the Pope and the Greek patriarch before the people in the church of St. Sophia. But the unusual aspect of the vestments of the Roman priest who was celebrating the mysteries, the leavened bread consecrated instead of unleavened, the cold water instead of tepid, poured by the priest in the chalice, so scandalized the monks and the people that the Latin mass appeared an abominable sacrilege to the Greeks. In vain the Emperor, the patriarchs, the patriots, the statesmen, tried to calm the sedition of prejudice. A monk venerated by the populace, named Gennadius, fulminated from his cell against the "Latin abomination." The women and the girls who filled the convents, cried with horror, put on mourning, filled the city with lamentations, and seditious processions at the voice of Gennadius. The populace and

the sailors of the port diffused, after these processions, in the taverns, got drunk with wine paid for by the monks; they belched forth imprecations against the Emperor and the cowards who begged at the cost of the religion of their fathers, the succor of the reprobate of the West; they drank to the Virgin, the protectress of Byzantium, swearing that they wanted no other alliance than that of the mother of God against the enemies of her son. The church of St. Sophia, contaminated in their eyes by the celebration of the mysteries with unleavened bread, was deserted by all the faithful, and the very door-keepers of the temple, refusing their services to the Latin priests, abandoned the edifice which had been profaned by the sacrilege. Miracles were not wanting to credulity, and monks, venerated by the multitude, diffused every where predictions of supernatural protection for the sanctified city of Constantine, which diverted the people from all other co-operation towards its own safety than its fanaticism.

The Emperor, depopularized by his negotiation with Rome, had to count but on his own courage and on the small number of intrepid soldiers whom he had brought with him from Sparta, or whom he was expecting from Georgia.

X.

During this agony of the Greek empire and this disarming of Constantine by his own subjects, Khalil was recruiting in silence the two armies of Europe and Asia, to present them at the decisive moment to his master. The Janissaries alone, accustomed to impose upon Mahomet II. their exigencies during his first reign, were again reviving their agitations. But they found no longer in the same man the same master. Mahomet had grown up in courage as well as years.

In a residence of some months which the Prince made at Broussa to render funeral honors to his father, and to allay the troubles of Caramania, the Janissaries mutinied in order to extort a donative which they imposed upon accession to the throne of each new Sultan. He flung them ten purses of gold with repugnance and indignation. But the next day he slapped with his own hand on the face their chief, in repression of the sedition of his soldiers. He incorporated among them seven thousand gamekeepers and falconers of his household, to change the spirit of the body, and

appointed agha of the Janissaries Mustapha-Beg, the most devoted and most inflexible of his generals.

XI.

Shut up, after this act of severity in the seraglio of Broussa to manifest his discontent to these insubordinate soldiers he deprived them with disdain of his presence. This long seclusion of the Sultan excited a sedition more tumultuous. The rumor ran among the Janissaries that the Sultan, relaxed by women and infatuated with the preternatural love of a young Syrian slave of extraordinary beauty, was languishing under the influence of philters, and consuming himself in a dastardly and a distempered voluptuousness. The Janissaries, anxious for the life and glory of their master, assembled, forced the gates, diffused themselves tumultuously in the courts of the seraglio, and demanded with loud cries their master.

Mahomet II. made his appearance with a severe countenance and reproached them with their venality; they prostrated themselves at his feet, imploring his pardon. The most contiguous and the most confident of them told him the motive of their anxiety and their insurrection. Mahomet II., without replying to them, ordered the chief of the eunuchs to have the head cut off the beautiful slave whom they accused him of loving too much for his glory, and to throw it in the midst of the excited soldiers, to show them how contemptuously light he made of love. The Janissaries, convinced and appeased by this horrible proof, retired, admiring the Sultan who could sacrifice his own feelings so easily for the sake of the empire. They shuddered, were silent, and for the rest of the reign kept through terror to duty.

XII.

Some other acts as prompt and sanguinary signalized the presence of the Sultan in Asia.

A poor village woman of the environs of Broussa, having complained of a larceny by some pages of the palace, who had stolen her melons, and these having refused to designate the guilty among them, Mahomet had the abdomen of several of those youths opened until he found proof of the lar-

cey in their stomach. But this barbarity, related only by Greek historians devoid of sincerity and of criticism, is related by the Ottomans and by the Italians of the court of Mahomet among the number of those fables by which the vanquished slander the victors.

These same historians, however, Greek, Venetian or Genoese, are unanimous in celebrating the love of Mahomet II. for the most liberal studies during his sojourn at Magnesia and Broussa. The Arabic, the Persian, the Chaldee, the Hebrew, the Latin and the Greek were familiar to him in order to converse with his subjects who spoke all these different idioms. He used to read the Latin poems composed by Venetians and Genoese in his praise. He lived familiarly with the painters and musicians of Italy, called to his court by his munificence. All agree in saying that his religious toleration touched rather upon skepticism than fanaticism; that he observed externally the worship of his people; but that in private he spoke with great intellectual freedom of the founder of Islamism. He read assiduously Plutarch, and studied, it was said, to imitate Alexander, Cæsar and the great conquerors of whom this historian narrates the lives. He caused the biographies of illustrious men to be translated into Turkish, to give to his people or to himself the emulation of glory. The Orientals could not yet understand the emulation of liberty.

XIII.

On his return to Adrianople, this thirst of glory and of conquest devoured him as it had devoured his ancient models. He coveted Constantinople with a consuming avidity that often woke him with a bound in his sleep.

The Ottomans, who possessed two empires, possessed in reality no capital. Broussa was too remote at the extremity of Asia Minor, Adrianople too much sequestered between Rodope and Hemus in an avenue of Europe intersected by the Danube; Thessalonica too devious at the bottom of a gulf, at the foot of the gorges of Thessaly. Constantinople alone then seemed to have been predestined, by nature and by the Romans, to be the seat of a double or a triple empire, to which the avenues of the world, valleys, rivers, plains, straits, seas, converged in a centre, ruling twenty nationalized or enslaved peoples. The phantom of Constantinople be-

set by day and night the imagination of the young conqueror.

XIV.

He concealed his impatience for fear of notifying the Greeks and of exciting before the hour the emotion of the Christian West; but he could not restrain it. One night, as the Sultan could find no sleep amid the agitation of his thoughts, he had the grand vizier Khalil awakened by a message, unwonted at such an hour, to the effect of ordering him immediately to the palace. Khalil, at this unlooked-for order, got alarmed, trembled, recollected the just causes of anger which his devotedness to Amurath and his dethronement of Mahomet II. might have left in the vindictive soul of the Sultan; he resigned himself to a lot which had long been hanging over his head; he made his death-prayer, embraced as in a last farewell his wife and daughter, then, flattering himself still to be able to assuage his master by the abandonment of the treasure which he owed to his two ministries, he chose among the most precious a large antique cup of beaten gold, the spoil of the temples of Thessalonica or of Corinth, he filled it with sequins of Venice, with pearls, with diamonds, hid it under his pelisse, and went to the seraglio.

On entering the apartment of the Sultan, Khalil prostrated himself, as if to redeem his life by a ransom, and presented to Mahomet II. the golden cup. "Do not fear, my *lala* (a familiar name, signifying father or tutor, which the Sultans give the viziers grown old in their service), "do not fear, my *lala*, it is not thy gold nor thy life I want; what I want that thou shouldest give me, is Constantinople." Then showing him his eyes fatigued by sleeplessness, and his couch disordered from his contortions in search of rest, "I cannot sleep," added he, "unless you promise me what I dream of by night and day."

"You must have it, my master," responded Khalil, too happy to redeem his past offences and uncertain life by the immensity of such a service; "who could refuse you that which belongs to you by the grandeur of your views, by the omnipotence of your arms, and by the vile insolence of your enemies. I have divined this long time your desires beneath your silence; I have all prepared to satisfy, on an appointed day, your religion, your patriotism, your glory. Constantinople or my head is at your feet."

The Sultan gratefully dismissed Khalil to tranquillize his wife and daughter; he only recommended him to beware of the gold of the Greeks, adroit at corruption, and slept upon the promise of his able and provident vizier.

XV.

The next day he set out with Khalil for Gallipoli, and, advancing by interior Thrace along to the village formerly Greek, now Ottoman, of Dazomaton, situated on the European shore of the Bosphorus, at the point which formerly gave passage to the Persians of Darius, he ordered Khalil to construct there forthwith a fortress, in front of the Asiatic fortress of Guzel-Hissar, constructed *twenty* years before by his ancestor Bajazet-Ilderim.

The European promontory on the Bosphorus at a point where the channel is not wider than a river, and at only some miles distance from Constantinople, was admirably chosen to extend the limits of the conquest, to wall in Constantinople, and to smother it by terror before doing so by the hand of the Turks.

Named anciently the Hermean promontory, from a temple of Mercury which rose upon its summit; named subsequently the promontory of Cyon* from the analogy of the splashing of the waves against the rocks to the howlings of dogs in the night, the promontory of the fortress of Mahomet II. elevated empire against empire. The Sultan or his architect, whether through a superstitious purpose or a significative fantasy of art, gave the different compartments the form of the letters which compose in Arabic the name of the prophet and of the conqueror, so that the name of the prophet, written with the walls of a fortress on the soil of Europe, should stamp, as it were, the seal of Islamism and the empire on the last hillock that still sheltered the capital of the Christians. Hence the tortuous walls and bastions that astonish in these ruins the traveller; for, to make more like the prophet's cipher this monument of war, the architect has placed a colossal tower, of which the walls are thirty feet thick, at the points where the letter M, which occurs three times in the sacred name, forms in the Arabic caligraphy a circle like a tower. The construction of each of these three towers

* *Kyon*, dog.—*Translator*.

was committed, to make them rival in zeal and promptitude, to each of the three favorite viziers of the Sultan : Suridje-Pasha, Saganos-Pasha and Khalil.

The imposing and sinister ruins of this fortress of Mahomet II., become useless as a limit which the Turkish conquest has left far behind it, are now covered with vegetation, with myrtles, ivy, plum-trees, cypresses of which the sombre verdure stands out in contrast with the hoary planks of the dismantled walls. The Ottoman and Greek, wafted down in their caiques by the rapid current which always gurgles at the foot of these gloomy rocks, behold, as they pass by, with admiration or with terror, the one the monument of his force, the other the monument of his servitude.

XVI.

The Greek Emperor, alarmed at this menace uttered in blocks of stone upon the outskirts of his capital, demanded timid explanations, through his ambassadors, from the Sultan.

"Of what do you complain?" replied the Sultan to Constantine Dragoses, who was the spokesman of the Greeks; "I form no project against your city. To provide for the security of my dominions is not to infringe the treaties. Have you forgotten the extremity to which my father was reduced, when your Emperor, leagued against him with the Hungarians, sought to hinder him from passing into Europe? His galleys at that time barred the passage, and Mourad was obliged to claim the aid of the Genoese.

"I was at Adrianople, but very young as yet. The Mussulmans trembled with terror, and you insulted their misfortunes. My father vowed, at the battle of Varna, to construct a fortress on the European shore. This vow I fulfil. Have you the right or power to control in this manner what it pleases me to do upon my own territory? The two coasts are mine; that of Asia, because it is inhabited by Ottomans; that of Europe, because you are unable to defend it.

"Go tell your master that the reigning Sultan is not like his predecessors; that their wishes did not go as far as does to-day my power. I permit you to retire for this time; but I will have the skin flayed off the bodies of those who henceforth should have the insolence of calling me to an account for what I do in my own empire."

From this day Mahomet II., without pity for the Greek peasants who cultivated orchards, gardens, or fields on the plateau of Constantinople, let his foragers and mules ravage with impunity the mature crops. The peasants of a neighboring village, thus despoiled of their harvest, having slain, in self-defence, one of the foragers of Mahomet, the Sultan sent his headsmen to punish the village. The inhabitants fled; but the Bulgarian laborers, strangers to the quarrel, thinking that they might securely continue at their work, were massacred in their furrows.

Constantine, by way of reprisal, had the gates of Constantinople shut upon some young eunuchs of the seraglio who were come to enjoy the sights and the amusements of the city. These young slaves represented that their forced sojourn in the capital would be imputed as a crime, and punished with death on their return to the tents of the Sultan. Constantine, moved to pity, had the gates re-opened to them, and sent an escort with them to the camp of Mahomet. The message which he charged the eunuchs to bear on his part to their master was sad, noble, and resigned like his fate.

"If unmerited reverses menace the capital of the empire," said this message of Constantine to Mahomet, "the Omnipotent will be the refuge of the Emperor. I have had the gates shut upon Turkish subjects, but after the hostilities opened by you. The inhabitants will defend themselves by all the means which destiny leaves them, so long as God shall not have inspired the Sultan with thoughts of justice and of peace."

Mahomet II. replied to this adjuration of his justice but by a first cannon shot discharged from the fortress, already armed, at a Venetian vessel, wishing to try if the Bosphorus was still free. An enormous stone bullet, discharged from the battlements of the tower of Khalil, the most contiguous to the water, sunk the vessel and the crew. Mahomet gave the fortress the name of Boghaz-Kesen, that is to say, the tower shutting or cutting the gorge. Firouz-Aga and five hundred Janissaries were left there in garrison with a formidable artillery to guard this outpost of the Ottomans.

XVII.

The Sultan and Khalil returned, after this initiative circumvallation of Constantinople, to Adrianople, to prepare

the two hundred thousand men, the machines, the arms, and the munitions stored in secret for the siege. The refugees, who are always found in the camp of the victors, brought from Germany and Italy to Mahomet II. all the arts and the secrets of scientific warfare. A cannon-founder, Orban, an Hungarian in the service of Constantine, absconded from Constantinople, under pretext of refusal of pay proportioned to his talent. Mahomet deemed nothing dear in exchange for Constantinople; he lavished gold and honors on the refugee. "Can you," said he to him, "found me a piece sufficiently like the thunderbolt that a ball launched by it may shake the walls of Constantinople?" "I can found you one," replied the Hungarian, "that would overthrow the ramparts of even Babylon."

Orban, in fact, cast a cannon of bronze, of which the bullet, of twelve palms in circumference, weighed twelve hundred pounds. This gigantic specimen of human thunder required the force of a hundred oxen and seven hundred men to move it. Drawn in front of the esplanade of the seraglio at Adrianople, it was tried, after having notified the city and the villages, lest the fright of the detonation should abort the women in childbearing. The smoke covered Adrianople with a cloud, whence issued the flash and thunder. The ball traversed the whole plain of Adrianople and buried itself an ell deep in the rock flank of the opposite mountain. The experiment enhanced the confidence of the Sultan. Five hundred yoke of oxen and three thousand artillerists were charged to convey this cannon across the territory of Thrace to the banks of the Hellespont.

Two hundred thousand men from Asia, and two hundred thousand from Europe, assembled rapidly under their pashas, their beys, their emirs, in the vast plains that extend from Gallipoli to the gates of Constantinople. The Sultan, Khalil and his generals, were not tardy in presenting themselves in the midst of this prodigious congregation. The land and the sea supplied them in abundance, from Europe and from Asia, the cattle, harvests, and fodder necessary for the consumption of men and horses.

A fleet of one hundred and sixty vessels of war, constructed and armed in six months by the foresight of Khalil, and manned by practised refugees from Italy, Greece, and Sinope, cruised in view of the tents upon the sea of Marmora. The Greek vessels which might have fought it with

the advantage of skill and number, reserving themselves for the defence of the interior harbor of Constantinople, lay at anchor behind an iron chain stretched from the point of St. Sophia to the hill of Tophana. The Christian vessels, small in number, which were arming in the ports of the Archipelago, or of Rhodes, to succor the Greeks, did not dare to hazard the passage of the Dardanelles, before having grouped themselves into a squadron capable of coping with the Turkish fleet.

The Greeks, debased and resigned in their capital, showed no remnant of life but in their superstitious factions, or of patriotism but in the heart of Constantine. They appealed to miracles instead of appealing to heroism, this miracle of the human heart.

XVIII.

No capital had been more favored by nature than Constantinople for defence against the investment and the assault of an entire people. Geography had made it a citadel; a thousand years of power in its Emperors, and of art in its engineers, had completed the groundwork of nature. Anciently *Byzantium*, subsequently *city of Constantine*, then *Istamboul* or complement of Islam with the Mussulmans; *Farrouk* with the Arabs, that is to say, the city which separates two continents, and *Oummedunya* or *Mother of the World* with the Turks, Constantinople, at this day—it has over and over changed its name without changing its importance. It is the capital inscribed upon the soil by the hand of Providence, not for an empire, but for a hemisphere.

Politically, it knots together Europe and Asia beneath a splendid climate and upon four seas. Militarily, it is a fortified camp for attack, an island for defence. A slight survey will disclose its strength and its majesty.

XIX.

At the extremity of the vast gulf of the internal sea of Marmora—a gulf opened or shut at will by the straits of the Dardanelles, at the point where this sea of Marmora expands itself to sleep between the two continents on the last beach of the land of Europe, which seems extending forth its two arms to embrace Asia in front—the navigator follows with

the eye a vast and rolling plain which was formerly Thrace, the granary of the Byzantine empire. A small distance before disappearing into the sea, this plain emerges gently into a chain of seven hills, scarce recognizable at present beneath the mass of edifices which have levelled them, like the seven hills of Rome. Upon the summit and along the sides of these hills insensibly declivous, from the beach of the sea of Marmora along to that of the Golden Horn, extends Constantinople. The wall of enclosure with its foot in the waves, the terraces of the houses, the domes of the mosques, the spires of the minarets, the sharp and sombre heads of the cypresses, delineate it at this day to the eye in its entire length. The Pentapyrgion, or fortress of the Seven Towers, the Acropolis, or what is now the garden of the seraglio, the dome of Saint Sophia, the terraces and steeples of eight hundred monasteries, the gilded roofs of the palace of the Blakernes, the favorite abode of the Emperors, the monumental arches of the Cynegion or the amphitheatre for the combats of wild animals, the moles of the harbors of Theodosius and of Julian on the Propontis, the marble walls of the palace of Bucolion, of which a sculptured lion and ox wrote the name upon the portico; in fine, the obelisks, the columns, the aerial statues soaring from distance to distance, and detaching their graceful figures, amid palaces, temples, and private mansions, upon the open and azure heaven of the spacious public squares, would sketch, at that time, the profile to the eye of the mariner of the Propontis.

After winding along the walls, the seven monumental gates, the two artificial harbors of this beach, the sea of Marmora, which contracts itself all of a sudden at the point of the antique Acropolis or the modern seraglio, seems to shut the way to vessels, and leave Europe and Asia blended. But a few waves beyond, the illusion disappears, Asia and Europe separate, retiring materially some thousands of paces, and a spacious channel, resembling the confluence of three rivers, unfolds itself to round the promontory of Europe. At this point are seen to slope down with a gently gradual and green acclivity the cypress-begloomed gardens of the seraglio. It is there, too, that the Acropolis of Constantine Paleologus erected its bastions and its towers near the plane-trees.

At some oar-strokes from this confluence, is seen upon the right the Bosphorus of Thrace, incased like a river between

promontories strewed with towns, and flying meanderingly beneath precipices crowned with forests towards the Black Sea; and on the left is seen to excavate itself, between the quays of the ancient city and the small continuous towns of Tophana, Pera, and Galata, a harbor broad, immense, profound, which insinuates itself into the heart of this gulf, and in this way places Istamboul between two seas. The small river Syndicus, now called the "Fresh-water Stream" of Europe, descending from the hills of Thrace across the meadows of a valley, discharges itself into the gulf at the background of the landscape. It is this internal sea, curved in the manner of an ox's horn, to infold its promontories, that was then termed the Golden Horn: in allusion also to the horn of plenty wherewith the vessels from three seas furnished the harbor of Byzantium.

But at the period when Mahomet II. laid siege to Constantinople, the city did not pass the Syndicus to diffuse itself as at present on the hills of Galata, of Pera, of Tophana and of the Bosphorus. It occupied but the peninsula of the seven hills, shut in on the one side by the Golden Horn, and on the other by the sea of Marmora, which join their waves to cover the point of the seraglios. Thus, nature made it a peninsula, the sea a port-town, policy an island, the hills a fortress. The Greek empire, as if it had foreseen that one day it would fall, seemed to have meant to confine all its monuments, all its masterpieces, all its riches in an Acropolis at the extreme point of the continent of Europe, where it fled the barbarians to encounter the conquerors.

XXI.

The continuous wall on the side of Thrace, twenty ells in thickness, flanked with towers, bristled with battlements, gave ingress beneath monumental arches and bridges suspended above the gardens and orchards of the plain. Here issued by gates assigned to the different provinces the great commercial and military highways of Europe: the gate of the Bulgarians, the gate of Adrianople, named at that time Polyandria on account of the multitude that constantly circulated through its arches; the gate of Saint Romain, the most massive and ornamented of all, which the Turks now denominate Cannon Gate, in remembrance of the gigantic cannon of Orban which battered its towers; the Golden

Gate, in fine, through which passed the armies, and which the numerous bas-reliefs and the statues of gilt bronze transformed into arches of triumph. It was this gate that gave egress to Narses, vanquisher of the Goths; to Heraclius, champion of the empire already enervated, against the Persians; to John Zimisces and Nicephorus Phocas, triumphant over the Saracens; to Basil II., conqueror of Bulgaria. This gate, since the triumph last named, had been walled up, as if victory was turned off for evermore from the empire. A popular prophet announced that the Latin Christians would pass beneath its arches to enter Constantinople. This ill-omened gate inspires still among the Turks of our times the same terrors as it formerly inspired in the Greeks. It is still walled up.

A thousand rumors, springing from the fear, the idleness, and the superstition of the cloisters, intimidated or assured by turns the Greeks of Constantinople, the spot at all times of their chimerical imagination. Some said the Turks were penetrating into the city along to the place of the Bull, but that at this point the Greeks resuming courage and turning upon the vanquishers, reconquered the empire with the capital. Others announced that there had been found in the monastery of St. George certain miraculous tablets containing a long list of the names of the Emperors, but that after the name of Constantine, the tablet was broken, and that the absence of further names must mean the end of the empire. Others still related that Huniad, the hero of the Hungarians, had been accosted by an old man the night preceding the battle of Varna, like Brutus at Philippi, and that this prophetic old man had said to him: "There is no safety for the Christians so long as the Greek schismatics have not been exterminated by the Ottomans."

XXII.

While these sinister presentiments were weighing upon the effeminate souls of the Byzantines, presentiments of glory cheered, through the sole prophecy which they admit, the Koran, the heart of the soldiers of Mahomet II. "Know you the city," says the Koran, "of which two sides look upon the sea and one side upon the land? It will fall, not beneath the force of the enginery of war, but before the omnipotence of these words: *There is no other God but God,*

and God alone is great ! The greatest of princes, adds the Koran, is he who makes this conquest, and the greatest of armies will be his army."

Encouraged by these auguries, and by the spectacle of those countless tents that were covering the hills and the plain of Thrace, from the shore of the Propontis to the mouth of the Black Sea, as an animated circumvallation, the Ottoman army put its faith at once in miracle and number. Nevertheless, the strength, site, the depth of the trenches, the height of the walls, the thickness of the towers, the cincture of the waves, the impregnable renown of the city, even the history of the numerous and fruitless sieges which Constantinople had withstood, did not leave Mahomet and his generals at ease as to the result. Twenty-nine times, since its foundation, Constantinople had seen the enemy under its walls. Pausanias, Alcibiades, and Leon, general of Philip of Macedon; the Roman emperors Severus, Maximus, Constantine; Chosroes, King of the Persians; Baian, chief of the Avars; Crumus, the Cæsar of the Slavcs; Ascold, the Timour of the Russians; the Arabs and the Bulgarians; Dandolo, the general of the confederacy of the Latin Christians, crusaders against the Greeks quite as much as against the Khaliffs; Michael Paleologus and Comnenus in their civil wars for the throne; in fine Bajazet-Ilderim and Amurath II., the father of Mahomet himself, had all experienced the strength of its walls. Of the twenty-nine sieges, Constantinople triumphed in twenty-one. The succors of the Christian West, too, might relieve it through two seas. In this prospect, Mahomet II. was looking ceaselessly towards the sea, dreading to see debouch through the Dardanelles a cloud of Christian sails, bringing the courage and the skill of Europe to the battle-field of Christendom. In this fear, he had his fleet of Gallipoli to pass into the Thracian Bosphorus to place it under shelter of the batteries of the new fortress. Timber and other materials brought up from the Black Sea, enabled him to raise five hundred small galleys, the number of his vessels.

The harbors of Balta-Liman and of Beschiktasch had become his two arsenals of naval constructions. Little confident in the experience and the valor of the Ottomans upon the sea, he was unwilling to risk his vessels on the broad basin of the Propontis, where the manœuvring of the Christians would give their fleet too much advantage; he merely

sought to hinder them from entering the Golden Horn, and to oppose to their vessels a floating wall of galleys, leaning on one side, on the coast of Scutari, and on the other on the point of the seraglio of the Acropolis.

XXIII.

But thus far his anxieties were without grounds. The Christian powers, with the exception of some generous adventurers of war, whose religion was the honor of arms, rejoiced at the speedy downfall of the capital of the Greek schism, justly expiated, said the Latins, by the arms of the Turks. An envoy of Huniade, grown old himself and weary, brought at this moment to Mahomet II. a treaty to sign between the Ottomans and the Hungarians. This Hungarian envoy negotiated in the tents of Mahomet without interposing himself in the fate of the Greeks. On the contrary, he expressed himself openly against their city. He attended the councils of war of Mahomet, searching with him the weak points of the defence, and indicating to the Turks the spot where the cannon of Adrianople would open the widest breach to the Janissaries of the Sultan. All were betraying Constantine, even his ancient brethren in arms. "A Hungarian had founded the cannons," says history, "and it was a Hungarian who taught the Turks how to use them."

The city, although peopled by three hundred thousand souls, supplied the Emperor but a small number of real soldiers. The grand master of the ceremonies, this Phranzes, who kept the roll of them in the palace of his unfortunate master, Constantine, counts but five thousand Greeks under arms, and five or six thousand foreign auxiliaries, whom the prostator Justiniani, a Genoese noble, had recruited for the Emperor, to defend the capital. There should be added, a handful of Spartans and Albanians, brought from the Morea and Epirus by Constantine, their former general, to supply by their intrepidity the cowardice of his people. The servile court of the Emperors, the enervation of the nobility, the corruption of the clergy; the virulence of faction, which destroys the sentiment of patriotism; the incalculable multitude of monks and nuns, which dried up the population at its source; the spirit of the cloister, which left place in the public mind but for theological discussions and passions; the superstitions which emanated from these cloisters, amongst

the people, and which led them to look for safety to the miraculous virgin of the Acropolis, rather than the efforts of their Emperor, had decimated the forces of Constantine. He was going to fight for a people who would not fight for themselves. He heard the monks preach openly to the multitude, that the yoke of the Turks, after all, was better than the friendship and the aid of the Latins, and that, infidels for infidels, the preference should be given to the sectaries of Mahomet over those of the Pope.

The first of the Greeks after the Emperor, the high admiral, Notaras, declared, to flatter the monkish party, "that he would rather see in Constantinople the turban of the Turks than the hat of the Cardinal." Thus, theology, the first and the last passion of the Lower Empire, took off all force and all unity from patriotism. Constantine was, to the cloisters of Constantinople, not the saviour of his people, but the cowardly ally of the schismatics. The church was the ruin of the state.

XXIV.

A complete investment of the city was effected by the array of four hundred thousand Ottomans, on Friday, the 6th April, after Easter of the Greeks. Mahomet II. approached his tent to the walls, and sheltered it behind the elevation of a hillock, in front of the gate Caligaria, at equal distance from the fortress of the Seven Towers and from the Syndicus, the two fortified extremities of the walls of Constantinople on the side of the continent.

By the counsel of the Hungarian envoy of Huniad, the Sultan ordered to advance the colossal cannon of Adrianople, and some other pieces of almost equal calibre, upon an eminence in front of the gate Saint Romain. Eighteen batteries of smaller volume were mounted by Hungarian gunners from distance to distance, on a continuous line with the walls, from the hills of Galata along to the Propontis.

The fire opened from all these volcanoes on the 7th April, at the break of day; the ramparts replied by a fire which kept the assailants at a distance. The cloud of smoke, which the sea-breeze rolled back upon the walls and the camp, did not allow to judge of the shots that told the best upon the tents of the Ottomans, or damaged most the battlements upon the walls of the Greeks.

Mahomet II., impatient to open a breach to his army, was astonished next day to observe how few stones had been detached by his bullets from the walls. He sent for the Hungarian of Huniad, and asked him for the reason of the impotence of his batteries. The Christian told him that the balls which always struck the same point produced no breach which would bring down a plank of the wall; that the secret of the demolition of ramparts consisted in first battering over a large circumference the wall to be brought down, and then striking at the centre of this circumference already shaken, with some bullets of large calibre, which would not fail to have effect.*.

The artillerists received orders to observe this piece of tactic. When they had circled round with bullet shocks the rampart of the gate St. Romain, the cannon of Orban was charged with five hundred pounds of powder. The ball, like a mass of rock hurled from a crater on fire, made the very ground tremble beneath the walls. The entire facings of the towers and bastions crumbled into the trench. But Constantine, erect, now upon the breach, now behind the walls, with his intrepid auxiliary, Justiniani, aided personally in rolling, to fill up the breach, barrels filled with earth and stones, which he had kept prepared behind the second wall of the enclosure to replace the outer wall by an escarpment.

During ten days, Mahomet, keeping his soldiers behind the eminences of the ground, and uncovering only the embrasures of his batteries, saw breached in this way by the cannon of Orban the towers, the walls, the gates of Constantinople. Two hours, and tuns of oil, furnished by the Genoese of Galata, were scarce sufficient to cool the bronze, calcined by this mass of powder, and to introduce a fresh charge into its womb. It discharged but eight shots a day; but each of these rent the walls like an earthquake.

The tenth day, the piece, mined by this torrent of fire which was vomited from its loins upon the city, burst, and hurled the mutilated members of its inventor, Orban, over the walls of the city, as far as the place of the Hippodrome and along to the gate of the Golden Horn. The founder

* All this story of the instructions of the Hungarian envoy, which is adopted too naively by M. de Lamartine, has the air of a fabrication of genuine Greek texture, to shift the infamy of the defeat upon the Christians of the Latin Church.—*Translator.*

was blasted by his own work. Mahomet, disarmed of this thunder, but with twenty breaches ill masked before him, set to work upon the soil, beneath the trenches, a band of miners of Tokat and of Siwas, skilled in subterranean excavations, to the end of boring beneath the water and under the foundations those galleries supported by pillars of wood, which, being after set on fire, would leave the walls to sink ingulfed. He had constructed, at the same time, movable towers borne on massive wheels, crenelated and provided with grappling hooks of iron, to approach the ramparts, seize the battlements, cast the bridges across the trenches and grapple hand to hand with the defenders on their own platforms. These towers, covered with leather and moistened constantly with water to extinguish the fire of the besieged upon their sides, contained some hundreds of Janissaries invisible to the enemy.

XXV.

The appearance of some Christian sails of Rhodes, of Italy, of the Venetians, and of the Genoese, upon the Propontis, relaxed for some days the preparations for the assault. These sails, to the number of fourteen only,—a vain semblance of interest on the part of Europe,—brought, however, some terror into the camp of the Turks and hope into the soul of Constantine. His own fleet, shut in behind the chain of the Golden Horn, did not dare to come out to meet the Christian fleet; it feared to open the harbor to the too contiguous vessels of Mahomet.

The Sultan ordered his admiral, Balta-Oghli, to detach one hundred and fifty of his vessels from the fort of Balta-Liman, and to dispute the entry of the strait with the squadron of the Christians. Balta-Oghli obeyed tremblingly the order of his master. His hundred and fifty galleys were ranged between the point of the seraglio and Scutari, facing the fourteen vessels of the confederates. This wall of wood, of oars and sails, did not intimidate an instant those masters of the sea. They put on all sail, and fell down like a tempest upon the floating line of the Ottomans. The day was dawning, the sky was clear, the wind was light, the wave was gentle, the current which precipitates the waters of the Propontis in the morning into the Golden Horn, splashed against the base of the Seven Towers and of the Acropolis.

The Emperor of Constantinople, his soldiers and his people, were crowded on the terraces that overlook the Propontis as on the ranges of a nautical amphitheatre, making signals and sending blessings to the vessels of the Christians. Mahomet himself was present on horseback, on the beach of Tophana, to see the sure triumph of his admiral. The battle was not long in disappointing the hopes of number. The captains of the eighteen Christian vessels boarded prow to prow this swarm of galleys, which they dominated from the elevation of their decks. Bullets, rocks, Greek fire, were showered from those floating fortresses upon the flat galleys of the Turks. The weight of the vessels, which, with the current, crushed them like sea-shells beneath the robust flanks of the Venetian vessels, in fine, the superiority of the manœuvres and the courage of heroes of the sea, who wielded their helms and sails as the Turks did their horses, spread in a few moments death, disorder, and flight through the hundred and fifty galleys of Mahomet II. They strewed the two beaches of Asia and Europe with their wrecks, which burned as they drifted to the shore.

The Sultan partook with eye and heart in this engagement without being able to take part in it with the arm, and forgot at the sight the element that separated him from the combatants. He launched his horse to the breast in the sea, followed by his officers, who dared neither to continue with nor to abandon him. He drew his sabre against the Venetian vessel which was fighting a few yards from him in the mouth of the Bosphorus. His presence, his cries, his gestures, rallied for a moment his galleys. A second encounter shattered them anew. The Greeks struck down the iron chain that shut the Golden Horn, and the Christian fleet entered it with full sail amid the shouts of triumph of the soldiers of Constantine: the chain was drawn upon them. The Sultan, humiliated, returned to his tents, cursing the inexperience or the cowardice of his marine. His admiral, Balta-Oghli, brought in the evening before him and extended at his feet like a malefactor by four slaves, who held him by the feet and the arms, received from his own hand one hundred strokes of a club which covered him with blood and contusions. He besides owed his life only to the intercession of the Janissaries. "It is written," said these soldiers, "Allah has given the sea to the giaours and the land to the Ottomans; who can contravene the distribution of the gifts of Providence?"

XXVI.

Mahomet II., convinced that a complete investment by sea and by land was the condition of the conquest, resolved to invest the elements themselves. By means of those thousands of Bulgarian wood-cutters and Armenian miners who followed the army, he caused to be levelled and planked in a few weeks a road for his galleys across the hills and the valleys which form the advanced cape of Europe. After the example of the Spartans, at Pylos, of the crusaders at Cius, of the Venetians at the lake of Garda, a part of his fleet slid down by cables upon the levelled route, greased with ox fat, the sails set and filled with a favorable wind, passed to the channel of the Bosphorus in the interior harbor of Constantinople, and anchored in the same waters with the Greek fleet, under shelter of the whole Ottoman artillery. Two hundred Turkish galleys, the remnant of the routed fleet of Balta-Oghli, armed with guns and covered with twenty thousand archers, were thus posted face to face in the same harbor with the fourteen vessels, Greek, Venetian, Genoese, Rhodian, sequestered at the bottom of the gulf at the mouth of the Syndicus. Not content with this challenge to the Christian fleet, Mahomet employed next day one hundred thousand laborers in making from one bank to the other a bridge or causeway of sufficient breadth to give a solid passage to his men along to the walls of the city. This causeway, armed with batteries that covered the work as it advanced, soon attained with impunity the foot of the walls. Its prodigious breadth made it a veritable field of battle, whereon a hundred infantry could march abreast to storm the bastions of the port.

The able and intrepid Justiniani, that desperate volunteer of Christian Europe, who was fighting with Constantine for Constantinople, as if the exercise of arms had been his only avocation, tried in vain to fire the Ottoman fleet at anchor in the harbor. Betrayed by the Genoese of Galata, who affected neutrality to save their city and to sell their services at once to both parties, Justiniani found, on approaching in the night the Ottoman vessels, the Turkish army on the alert under arms. The batteries of Mahomet opened at once a full broadside upon the galleys of Justiniani. A ball of five hundred pounds, launched by a cannon of Orban, struck and sunk the vessel which he mounted.

Two hundred volunteers of the élite of the youth of Italy, who were fighting under this heroic adventurer, were carried off by the shot, or sunk with the galley. Justiniani, covered with heavy armor, owed his rescue but to a piece of mast which the current floated down with him to the bottom of the gulf, where he was taken up by a boat.

The Turkish vessels, emboldened by this success, crossed the harbor under shelter of their causeway, and came to anchor, prow to land, beneath the walls. They massacred, before the eyes of the Greeks, the prisoners whom the waves had thrown back to them during the night. Justiniani, by way of reprisal, ranged upon the summit of the walls, one hundred and fifty heads, cut from Ottomans taken in the sea-fight of the Propontis. During ten days cannonading, the Turkish artillery did little execution on this side.

XXVII.

But on the side of the continent, the colossal pieces of Orban, which had bombarded for seven weeks back the towers and bastions of the gate St. Romain, had at last opened four breaches upon the ruins of four towers. In vain did Constantine, always present behind the wrecks of his walls, repair by night the portions shattered down by day; these counterscarps of earth, of wood, of loose stones, could not replace the high and perpendicular walls of Justiniani. The ditches alone, of twelve ells broad and ten deep, protected against the assault of two hundred thousand men, the ten thousand combatants of Constantine, attenuated over a line of six thousand paces.

The city, surrounded on all sides, and agitated by faction and despair rather than courage, murmured against the hero who was illustrating its fall. Mahomet II. knew it; he wished to appeal to the cowardice of the Greeks from the courage of the Emperor. He sent with pomp Isfendiar-Beg, his kinsman, son of the Prince of Transylvania or of Sinope, to propose to the council of the Emperor certain terms, which to the eyes of the debased Greeks disguised servitude under generosity. Isfendiar, introduced into the city and the palace, with the honors due to an envoy of his rank, conjured Constantine, before the council composed of the clergy and the senate, in the name of the safety of the women, the children, and the aged, to deliver up the capital and himself

to the magnanimity of Mahomet. The Sultan, on this condition, guaranteed him the independent sovereignty of the Peloponnesus, and the property of the inhabitants of Constantinople, subject only to the tribute. A majority of the council leaned secretly to this capitulation of an empire. But Justiniani and some brave foreigners, more patriotic than the Greeks themselves, alone sustained the stoic Emperor, resolved to bury himself in the grave of his people. He replied with a sad and measured dignity to Isfendiar: "That he would give thanks to God if Mahomet really inclined, in according him a sure and honorable peace, to spare his nation the catastrophes that weighed upon it. He prayed him to remind the Sultan that Constantinople had brought misfortune to all the Ottoman Princes who had besieged it before him; that none of them, after this violation of an ancient possession, had reigned or lived long; that he was ready to discuss with the Sultan the conditions of a treaty as from Prince to Prince or from people to people, even the conditions of a tribute of war imposed by the strong upon the weak; but that no human force and no personal advantage would ever make him consent to give up to the enemy of the Christian name, an Empire and a capital, which he had sworn to his God, to his people, and to himself, not to deliver, but with his life."

XXVIII.

These noble words, too elevated for a people who had long lost all respect for itself, ill sounding to the ears of the Greeks and irritating to the impatient Mahomet, who would have Constantinople at any cost, decided, for the 29th of May, the general assault by land and sea. The Sultan had it proclaimed by heralds throughout the camp. The dervishes ran through the ranks haranguing the Mussulmans: "It was," they said, "the last step of Islam in Europe to sweep off the last focus of idolatry on the two continents. Their bows and their sabres were the thunderbolts of Allah, the true God. Those who vanquish in his name will possess the earth; those who fall will possess the houris, and the fountains of Paradise."

The four hundred thousand combatants, disciplined to the will of Mahomet, were fired with fresh fanaticism at these proclamations of the heralds and these exhortations of

the dervishes. The eve of the day preceding the assault, an illumination of joy lit of a sudden the camp of the Ottomans, from the hill of the Bosphorus of Asia and the Bosphorus of Europe along to those of St. Theodosius and along to the Sea of Marmora. Four hundred thousand torches of resinous pine and thousands of pyres burned all the night, reddened the firmament and the three contiguous seas with an anticipated reflection of the conflagration of the city.

Constantinople, lighted up by this terrible dawn of its final day, watched, prayed, wept throughout the night. Endless processions of priests, of monks, of nuns, of women, and of the multitude, chanting with a mournful voice: "*Kyrie eleison!* Lord, rise in our defence!" traversed all quarters of the city, on their way to the Acropolis to implore the miraculous Virgin, to whom this people preferred confiding themselves rather than to their own courage. The whole city ran to the altars; no one, except the Emperor and his few soldiers, ran to arms. Constantine, who in person kept guard upon the walls while the inhabitants deserted the gates to press into the churches, found the breaches abandoned to nocturnal surprises. He reprimanded the cowards and had them substituted on the ramparts. Justiniani, who was every where at his side, repaired the gates and towers with the rocks detached by the cannonade. He dug, in a single night, with his Italian soldiers, a second trench behind the first, which was now half filled by the demolition of the towers of the gate St. Romain. The high admiral of the Greeks, Notaras, having refused him guns to defend this second ditch, Justiniani abused the admiral, who in turn insulted the Italian general. Constantine, deploring these fatal dissensions between the last defenders of his ruins, threw himself between them and constrained them by his eloquence, to reconciliation in the presence of danger.

Justiniani and his eight or ten Italian knights, retained alone, in this desperate city, the coolness and the heroism of which Constantine gave in vain the example to his people. "Constantine," exclaimed several times Mahomet II., on seeing the Genoese adventurers command and combat, "is more fortunate in his weakness than I in my strength; what would I not give to have such a general in my Empire?"

XXIX.

The rest of the night was employed by Constantine and by Justiniani in covering with their fighting men the foot of the walls, the crenelated summit of the towers, the escarpment of the breaches. Each of these posts had, under its general command, a special chief, who answered for the space which was defended by his soldiers: the Russian cardinal, Isidore, for the gate of the amphitheatre of lions; Minotto, the Venetian envoy, for the section fronting the palace of the Blakernes; Notaras, the high admiral, for the walls opening on the harbor; Gabriel Trevisana, for that of the Acropolis on the Golden Horn; the Florentine, Juliani, for the palace of the Seven Towers: a single Greek officer, Theophilus Paleologus, celebrated for his writings as well as his courage, commanded one of the divisions of the vicinity of the gate Saint Romain. His brother, Demetrius Paleologus, of the imperial family, was at the head of a movable and select reserve, to carry aid to all the posts that might be forced or decimated during the storming. The number of the combatants did not exceed in all nine thousand, among whom had been enrolled some thousands of monks, more expert in superstition than in arms. The statue of the Virgin Hodegetria was, in their eyes, as in those of the people, nourished with the supernatural, the true palladium of the country. Constantine was to them but a soldier, who sought the safety of the people in a profane and presumptuous courage; whereas the true soldiers of Constantinople were the saints and saintesses of their cloisters, protectors of the orthodox church. They preached to the people a thousand absurd fables of a nature to divert them from providing for their safety.

"The Turks," said they, "will force to-morrow, despite the efforts of the Emperor and his Spartans, the gate Saint Romain; they will penetrate as far as the Hippodrome, the heart of the capital. But there an angel will descend from the clouds; he will place the exterminating sword in the hand of an old man seated at the foot of the column, and order him to chase the Turks from the city, from Europe, and even from Asia, along to the frontiers of Persia, and Constantinople will become anew the Queen of the world."

"The people," says a contemporary historian, Phranzes, in his Memoirs, "were so infatuated with the supernatural

and with theology, that if an angel were in fact to appear to them and offer them deliverance from the Turks on condition of being reconciled to the rites of the Latin Church, they would have preferred their ruin to their rescue upon such terms."

XXX.

The fanaticism of the Greeks was effeminate, like their souls; that of the Ottomans was virile, like their arms. Mahomet II. slept no more than did Constantine. But his four hundred thousand men, assembled at his voice against this handful of soldiers, abandoned to themselves in the midst of an ungrateful capital.

The dawn of the 29th May, found these four hundred thousand men ranged in order of battle, under their pashas and their emirs. Mahomet, like a skilful general, had abandoned to chance and the disorderly movement of a first onset but the two hundred thousand undisciplined volunteers, brought by their dervishes or sheiks to this religious crusade against the Christians. He crowded them like a worthless herd, abandoned to their impetuosity and their fanaticism, between the city and the camp, as a prey to the cannons of the bastions, to tire the small band of the defenders before the struggle, and to fill up the ditches with their bodies. As to the disciplined and veteran troops, he formed them into four columns, distributed at a certain distance from the walls, in the plain of Thrace, in the direction of the gates which each of these columns was to attack: the first, consisting of a hundred thousand men, near the sea, in front of the Golden Gate; the second, of fifty thousand, in the bed of the valley, through which winds the Syndicus, in front of the bottom of the harbor and of the palace of the Blakernes; the third, at the centre, a little behind the other two, to supply them in case of need with reinforcements and with spirit. He himself, in fine, at the heart and in the front of those two hundred thousand men, awaited with his twenty thousand Janissaries, the moment of dealing the decisive blow at the point where the fortune of the battle should present him the first breach.

Mounted on a Turcoman steed, which reminded the Turks of their original country, and made them proud of all the feats of their deserts, in Asia and in Europe, he rode up

and down the lines, haranguing in their native tongue, with a brief and virile eloquence, his battalions and his squadrons, amid the unanimous shout of *God is God!* The trumpets of Europe and the hoarse drums of Tartary were to sound, after this review, the signal of assault. Mahomet returned slowly to his tent amid his Janissaries.

XXXI.

During these arrangements of the Sultan, the unfortunate Constantine, who had passed part of the night in posting his handful of combatants upon the walls, and in haranguing vainly the people, to impart to them his own heroism, was preparing himself, not for triumph, but for death. A champion of his God as much as of his country, despite the indifference to their religious quarrels with which he was reproached by the superstitious Greeks, Constantine presented himself, attended by the grandees of his court, at the church of Saint Sophia, to deposit the homage of his life, and draw from the religion of his fathers the courage, and perhaps fortune, of saving its altars. He attended a short sacrifice, as if it were his own funeral service; he received communion from the hands of the patriarch; he made with tears a public confession of his sins, to offer to Heaven a pure victim; the sobbings of the people responded to this confession, and presaged him the pardon of God bought by his blood shed soon for his cause.

After this supreme station at Saint Sophia, Constantine returned a moment to the palace of the Blakernes, to take leave of the homestead of the Empire and of his family. In a harangue worthy of the rank, of the hour, of the grandeur, and of the sadness of the circumstances, he pronounced, says one of his auditors, the funeral oration of the Greek Empire. Then humbly requesting pardon for his outbursts of passion, or his negligences towards his high officers and the lowest of his servants, he shed and wrung tears from the whole palace. Mounting then on horseback in the costume of a private soldier, and having kept of his imperial costume but the shoes embroidered with a golden eagle and the purple mantle looped over his shoulder, he went for the last time to combat in the front rank.

XXXII.

Mahomet II., on his side, to excite all the passions of war simultaneously in the bosom of his troops, had just promised them, like Amurath, before the walls of Thessalonica, the entire city as spoils and the inhabitants as slaves. "The city is mine," said his proclamation to the army; "but I abandon to you the captives and the booty, the precious metals and the beautiful women: be rich and happy. The provinces of my Empire are numerous: the intrepid soldier who mounts the first the walls of Constantinople will be governor of the most delightful and most opulent among them; and such will be my gratitude, that he will obtain more wealth and honor than he could dream of."

There was heard, after the reading of this proclamation to the four armies, a murmur of impatience, like the beating of the heart of four hundred thousand men, before whom was displayed the prey they burned to devour. Mahomet, at the moment when the sun arose above the snows of Olympus, abandoned at length to their ardor the undisciplined masses that formed his immense vanguard. They precipitated themselves to the cry of *Allah* upon the reverse of the ditch one hundred feet broad, along the whole line of six thousand paces. The stones, the earth, the fascines, which this host of men threw into the trench were not sufficient to fill it. The cannons and the sharpshooters of Constantine, sheltered behind the battlements remaining still erect or behind the intrenchments thrown up during the night, strewed thousands of the Turks on the back of the exterior ditch. But the cloud of arrows that issued from the Tartar bows, and the smoke of the Greek artillery rolled back upon the combatants, formed presently such an obscurity between the ramparts and the plain, that the gunners and the archers of Constantine could take aim but by the noise against those masses of invisible assailants. In vain the bullets and the grape-shot filled the trenches with the Turks; these masses, pushed by their mere impetus, rushed headlong into the water, and formed before the gate Saint Romain, the especial centre of assault, a causeway of corpses which supplied a bridge for the battalions that pressed behind.

After this sacrifice of the scum of the army, thus put to death to secure victory, the three columns of the regular army, forming thus two hundred and sixty thousand men,

advanced in profound silence to the assault. The force of the fire of the nine thousand soldiers of Constantine was already exhausted by this struggle of two hours. They had now to separate them from the Ottomans but ditches half filled up with fascines, sacks of earth, dead bodies and the wrecks of walls crumbling upon their undermined foundations. Mahomet II., rushing by turns to the head of each of his three columns, pointed out to them the tottering tower of the gate Saint Romain as the centre which they must converge at to surmount at last the walls. The purple mantle of Constantine, which was perceived by moments at the most unguarded summit of the broad breach, served as a target to the Ottomans, as a standard to the Spartans and the Italians of the inside. This flux of two hundred thousand warriors rushing to dash against the foot of the wall to the din of their Tartar drums and to the continuous booming of their eighteen batteries, vomiting death upon the city from the interior harbor to the Seven Towers; their savage cries, their showers of arrows, their myriads of glistening sabres, throwing back the sunbeams from this sea of steel, did not shake the heart of Constantine, of Justiniani, of the Paleologuses, and of their brave companions. Strong in their walls, in their towers, in their artillery, in their despair, they repulsed during three hours the thousand assaults tried by these waves of men, by turns, on the whole line of the port and continent. Fifty thousand Ottomans, dead or wounded, rolled in the ditches or in the sea. The balls of Constantine, diving into those dense columns, carried off entire piles of the men; stones, rocks, beams, Greek fire, prepared during the night behind the breaches, crushed, burned, mutilated those who tried to scale those wrecks of towers. The three column heads halted, wavered and ebbd a moment towards the camp of Mahomet. A long shout of victory arose from behind the ramparts, with the chanting of hymns from the bosom of the city. Constantine, Justiniani, and the Paleologuses, running from gate to gate to encourage and congratulate their soldiers, contemplated with a gleam of hope, from the height of the ramparts, the hesitance and reflux of the Ottomans.

XXXIII.

Mahomet II. despaired of the day and appeared swept off in the retreat. In vain the headsmen of the army who
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surrounded him, to punish the cowardly, did their work to drive them back to the engagement; they could not re-establish order in this *mêlée* of fugitives. He deliberated a moment about abandoning the siege, and contenting himself with the tribute which was offered by the Greeks. But the aspect, the cries, the encouragements of his twenty thousand Janissaries, moveless thus far around his tents, and glowing to avenge alone the rebuff of the army, decided him to persist in the storming. He launched at their head with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, to the deserted centre of attack at the gate Saint Romain. The presence of the Sultan, brandishing his battle club, the shame of abandoning their sovereign, the reproaches of the Janissaries, the voice of the dervishes, rallied the shaken columns and brought them back to the ditch. Mahomet first precipitated into it his Janissaries. Constantine and Justiniani, brought back to the gate St. Romain by the presence of the Sultan and the return of the Ottomans, were commanding and fighting on the breach.

A dart shot from a group of Janissaries which surrounded the Sultan, pierced the cuirass of Justiniani. Whether the presence of Mahomet, returning to the assault with this ocean of men, made the Genoese hero at last despair of Constantinople, or that he sought a pretext to abandon without dishonor a cause which was thenceforth abandoned by fortune, or that there are bounds to human courage when this courage is inspired but by glory, and not country or virtue, it is certain that the heroism of Justiniani seemed to ooze out with the little blood that escaped from his wound. He came down from the breach, and after having the wound dressed by the surgeon of the Emperor at the foot of the inside wall, he demanded to withdraw to Galata, a neutral suburb of Constantinople, inhabited by his compatriots, the Genoese.

His companions in war were astonished at this pusillanimous retreat from the field of battle, in the midst of the action. • Constantine came down a moment with his general to assist the dressing, conjured him not to give the example of discouragement at the moment when his troops were most in need of supreme courage. He represented to him the panic which his absence or the rumor of his death would be sure to spread among the ranks of his warriors. Nothing could move the cowardly or the perfidious Justiniani,—“But your wound is slight,” said at last Constantine, “the

danger is extreme; your retreat is the death of the Empire; and besides, how are you to escape from a city surrounded on all sides by the enemy?" "I will escape," replied the wounded man shamelessly, insulting the disasters of the hero he was abandoning, and pointing to the breach opened by the Turkish cannon in the interior wall—"I will escape by the route which God himself has opened to the Turks." And as he said these words, he did in fact escape by passing through this breach, crossed the Golden Horn in a boat, and went to shelter his life and infamy in the neutral precincts of Galata.

XXXIV.

This flight was the rout of the besieged. The Italians, discouraged by the defection of their general, abandoned immediately the posts which he had confided to them. In vain the indefatigable Constantine remounted almost alone the breaches, and defended them by turns with his Spartans and with the Paleologuses, his last supporters. Mahomet II., seeing the ramparts half deserted, and promising a kingdom to govern to the first Janissary who would scale at length the wall, threw a frenzy of bravery into the bosom of his soldiers. They plunged amidst the fire and water into the ditch. A Bulgarian Janissary of athletic stature and of a heart capable of animating such a mass,—named by some Hassan of Ouloubad, by others a barbarian name of the north of Europe,—applying a scaling-ladder to the wall, covering himself by one hand with his buckler and brandishing in the other his long sabre, proportioned to the strength of his arm, mounted the first on the summit of the rampart, invulnerable to the stones and to the fire which crushed and scorched behind him eighteen of his companions. While he kept his ground by the sole means of the buckler in his left hand, he reached the right to twelve other Janissaries who replaced the dead upon the ladder. Upset at last by an enormous stone hurled upon him by one of the companions of Constantine, Hassan rolled back into the ditch, rose upon his knees to remount the ladder and fell back fainting, beneath a shower of stones.

But his twelve companions, soon joined by hundreds of others, fought with desperation upon the platform which Hassan opened to them, gaining, corpse by corpse, a larger space upon the breach, thenceforth portioned between the

assailants and assailed. In this conflict, was seen, at the foot of the ramparts, the intrepid Constantine fighting with the fury of a soldier; now advancing, now retiring amidst a group of his Moreans, elevating with his left hand his purple mantle towards the city to invoke the assistance of his last friends. Precipitated at last from the outer wall into the space interlying between it and the second upon a heap of the bodies of his faithful officers, he stripped off his imperial mantle, that his body, recognized, might not be mutilated after his death; and retaining but the uniform and the arms of a private soldier, he fought to the last breath upon the breach of the gate St. Romain, that the Turks might enter the imperial city but upon the body of its Emperor.

Abandoned by his soldiers, struggling almost alone with a handful of heroes behind the gate, wounded with a sabre gash on the face and stricken with the edge of a club on the nape, he fell, exclaiming, "Is there then no Christian to cut off my head and hide it from the barbarians?"

Some soldiers, in their flight, overheard these words without being able to render this mournful service to their Emperor. The Janissaries, ingulfed in the arches of the gate St. Romain, passed without recognizing Constantine, and heaps of dead thrown from the ramparts covered his body.

Thus died the stoic hero by the death which he had chosen and concealed, as if in order to put less to shame his Empire, in satisfying obscurely his own glory. Nature, country, and religion seemed to have reserved him to form, by his heroism and by his virtue, an eternal contrast and an eternal reproach to the dastardly degeneracy of his nation. History has not been hitherto sufficiently attentive to this great man.* It owes to truth to exalt him by so much the more in his glory as he has been the more abused and the more betrayed in his fortune.

* Our generous historian errs a little on the other side: Constantine was not a great man; at least he could be deemed so but as compared with the Byzantine Greeks. He had somewhat more energy and elevation of character; but he was nearly as shiftless and as superstitious as his fellow-citizens. His death and his misfortunes no doubt entitle him to honor. But this is not, as M. de Lamartine says, a debt of "truth;" it is simply a debt of *poetic justice*.—*Translator*.

XXXV.

All energy died with him in the army and the people. The Turks submerged in a moment the whole line of the walls, poured through all the breaches, entered in columns through all the gates. The city was so large and the cowardly indifference of the Greeks for those who fought day by day for fifty days back for their safety, was so vile, that the foremost columns of the Ottomans had already reached and pillaged the Hippodrome and the palace of the Blakernes, while the districts of the Acropolis, of St. Sophia, and of the Sea of Marmora, were as yet ignorant of their entrance and of the death of Constantine. The tumult of the Janissaries running in the streets, forcing their doors, the sword, the fire, the murder, the ravishment of their families, alone apprised them of the catastrophe of their country. Those who were aware in time of the extremity of the peril during the last conflict on the breaches, left their houses in crowds, with their wives, their aged parents, their young women, their treasures, and took refuge like a vile herd in the church of St. Sophia, with the multitude of priests, of monks, and nuns, flying their monasteries to shelter themselves in this sanctuary, which habit had taught them to suppose inviolable. Over one hundred thousand persons, pressed within the walls, in the porticoes, in the upper galleries and even to the roof of the dome, were stifling and barricading each other in this immense edifice. Some expected a capitulation from pity, and some salutary mitigation of the ferocity of the victor. The greater number expected, with a stupid credulity, the appearance of the angel announced by the popular prophets, to exterminate the Ottomans before they had crossed the column of the Hippodrome.

The axe-blows of the Turks upon the broken gates of St. Sophia, apprised them too late that nations had no other walls than patriotism. The sight of this trembling and unarmed multitude disarmed the soldiers of Mahomet II. Sure through the morning's proclamation of possessing legitimately their captives as slaves, and enriched in hope by the ransoms which the opulence of the Greeks led them to expect to be immense, they preferred riches and beauty to blood. The Greeks held out themselves their hands to the manacles of the soldiers. The Turks tied the hands of the men with the strings and the girths of their saddles; the

women and the girls with their own cinctures and their veils. They coupled them two by two, like sheep conducted to a market, the old men with the children, the prelates with their sextons, the senators with the slaves, the young noblemen with the nuns, who had "never seen," says the historian, Phranzes, "the light of heaven save through the bars of their cloisters, and whom the rigor of monastic discipline did not allow to look at even their fathers. The cries of the nuns, blushing for the nudity of their faces, the children torn from their mothers, the mothers separated from their children, was heart-rending. The Ottomans themselves were affected. Sixty thousand captives thus bound, came forth from St. Sophia, from the monasteries, from the palaces, and the private dwellings of the capital, and traversed for the last time the streets of their native city, to be shipped upon vessels of the fleet of Mahomet, and thence carried into slavery by their possessors into all the cities and all the tents of Asia."

XXXVI.

The Russian Cardinal, Isidore, who had fought like a soldier, left his purple hat near the dead body of a man, to lead the Turks to think that he had perished in the battle. The Turks cut the head off the corpse and paraded it coifed with the Cardinal's hat, while the Cardinal, disguised in the garb of a slave, was sold for a few aspers to a Turcoman, and conducted, to keep his flocks, to Satalia, whence he escaped to return safe and sound to Rome. The pillage, promised by Mahomet II. to his soldiers, lasted eight hours, without exhausting either their avidity or the riches of Constantinople, accumulated by so long an empire and by the commerce of the universe. The coined treasure found in private houses is alone valued at four million ducats. The uncoined gold, the silver, the diamonds, the pearls, the vases and ornaments of the palaces and the temples, represent an incalculable amount. The spoils of palaces and churches were rendered so common by their abundance, that the broken statues, the pictures, the precious manuscripts, the purple carpeting, the brocades, the furniture of odoriferous wood, of ivory and of mother of pearl, served as litter for the camels of the Asiatics. One hundred and twenty thousand volumes, collected since Constantine in the public libraries, warmed the baths

of the barbarians. The Genoese, however, purchased from the soldiers a small number of the books which contained the treasures of philosophy, of poetry, of ancient history. They had them sent into Italy, where these wrecks revived, at Venice and at Florence, the extinguished flame of Greek letters. The Christians had, in like manner, torn down the monuments and burned the libraries at Alexandria and at Athens. The crusaders, quite as barbarous as the Ottomans, had committed the same depredations, and the same violences against the human intellect, at Nice and at Constantinople, after the assault which they made, in passing, upon these Christian capitals. Man loves to destroy as much as to found, and thinks he never founds efficiently unless he builds on ruins.

XXXVII.

Mahomet II., who must keep his promise to his soldiers, did not wish, however, to authorize by his presence the devastation of a capital which he destined for his empire. At the close of the day, to restore order, he entered the city at the head of his viziers, of his princes, of his generals, of his Janissaries.

Although accustomed to Arabian magnificence at Broussa, the majesty of the monuments, of the domes, of the palaces, of the gardens, of the public squares, of the amphitheatres of Constantinople, dazzled him. To satisfy the fanaticism of the dervishes, and to install the God of Mahomet in his new conquest, before installing himself in the palace of Constantine, he directed his horse towards the church of St. Sophia, this Kaaba of the vanquished religion in the eyes of the Ottomans. His soldiers were completing the pillage of the edifice. One of these barbarians continuing, despite the presence of the Sultan, to mutilate a precious marble of the sanctuary, Mahomet struck him with his club and laid him prostrate at his feet: "Dost thou not know that I have abandoned you the slaves and the treasures," said he to him calmly, "but that the monuments belong to me alone?" The soldier was borne off dying from the church.

Mahomet, after having admired the grandeur of the edifice, the elevation of the dome—a second temple upheld in air by one hundred columns of porphyry, of rose-veined mar-

ble or serpentine, brought off from the temples of Egypt, of Baalbek, and of Ephesus—Mahomet mounted the altar and made there a Mussulman prayer, as if to purify it for ever from the idolatry with which the Turks reproached the Greek worship. He ordered that this monument, composed of wrecks from so many creeds, but the most majestic in its barbarism which Christianity had yet constructed, should become the first mosque of the conquerors of Constantinople. The muezzin, or the criers who invite from aloft the minarets the faithful to prayer, mounted by his order on the summit of the dome, and chanted for the first time to the desert streets of the metropolis of Christianity in the East, the well-known—"God is God! God is great; come to prayer." The cross was torn down, the temple was emptied of the numberless images of saints, male and female, objects of veneration and almost of adoration to the Greeks. The architects of Mahomet II. began in his presence to remove the mosaics of colored glass that formed the pictures of the ceiling. "Stop," said he to them, as if remembering the vicissitudes of empires related in the histories he read in Latin and in Persian; "confine yourselves to covering over these mosaics with a coat of lime so that they may not scandalize the believers, but do not tear from the ceiling these marvellous incrustations. Who knows but they may be uncovered at some future day in another change of fortune and of destination of this temple?"

The Italians and the Greeks of the court of this prince, who report these words, add, that the religion of Mahomet II., modified in him by a learned and cosmopolitan education, was at bottom as disdainful of the fanaticism of the dervishes as of the superstitions of the Greek Christianity.

Mahomet, on leaving St. Sophia, had himself conducted to the palace of the Blakernes, wherein to install himself with the Empire. The sadness and the solitude of this palace, which changed its master in less than a day, moved and affected the overjoyed but contemplative soul of the conqueror. The shade of Constantine, whose fate was as yet unknown, filled those empty porticoes, those halls, this throne. Some Persian verses of a melancholy cast recurred to the memory of Mahomet II. at the sight of this monument of human instabilities: "The spider," murmured he, as he set foot upon the threshold, "spins its web in the dwelling of

kings, and the night owl besaddens with its sinister cries the towers of Afraziab."

Scipio, on entering Carthage, had recited likewise a distich of Homer on the ruins of Troy. The poets are the interpreters of the heroes.

XXXVIII.

His first thought on entering the palace of the Blakernes was to have search made for the body of the unfortunate Constantine, whose heroism had enhanced to his eyes his own glory. The search was made among the heaps of dead that filled the avenue of the gate St. Romain. As the head had been cut off by the victors, the body was recognized but by the eagles of gold embroidered on his buskins. Two Janissaries disputed with one another the glory of having combated and slain him with their sabres. The Greeks, in chains, wept on seeing pass the body of their Emperor; the Turks themselves respected in him the majesty of misfortune and of heroism. Mahomet II. rendered him the honors of a Christian and imperial burial. If he was not able to save the Empire, he at least earned his tomb.

The pillage and disorder ceased with the night. Those of the inhabitants who were not led off by the soldiers on board the fleet were guaranteed against all outrages in their houses. The high dignitaries of the court and the senate, who fled for refuge to Galata, re-appeared. Mahomet had led before him the grand duke, admiral and first official of the Empire, Notaras, who governed almost imperially under the last Emperors, and whose riches equalled those of his sovereign. Notaras displayed before Mahomet the treasures of the Empire concealed in the palace of the Blakernes.

"And why," said to him in Greek the Sultan, "have you not employed this mass of gold in the service of your unfortunate master?"—"It belonged to you already in mind, and I was keeping it for you," replied the astute adulator; "God reserved it for you."—"If God reserved it for me," rejoined Mahomet, with the indignation of contempt, "how then have you had the audacity to keep it so long, and to resist him whom you believed to be its rightful owner?"

Notaras attributed the resistance of the city to the inflexible heroism of Constantine and the ascendant of the foreign troops over the city. Mahomet finding him too vile

to fear him, and wishing to give assurance in him to the nobles of the Empire, restored him to liberty and sent him back with an escort of honor to his palace. He purchased at the same time from his soldiers all the prisoners illustrious by their birth, their rank, their wealth in the capital, and covered them with his protection, as also members of the clergy and monks celebrated for their learning or their virtue.

The day following his triumphal entry he made a visit of respect to the wife of the grand duke Notaras. In passing on the place Augustion, he ordered, as the sole instance in which he offered violence to the statues of the Emperors, to take down an equestrian statue in silver of Justinian, holding the globe surmounted with a cross in his hand.

XXXIX.

But soon after, if we may believe the Greek historians, Mahomet II., imitating the orgies of Alexander at Persepolis, lost, during several days, in the festivities of his own victory, the magnanimity and the moderation which he had shown after the assault. Drunk with Greek wine, he sent, to gratify an odious brutality, for the youngest of the sons of the grand duke Notaras. Notaras, having refused indignantly to give up his child to the outrages of the vanquisher, was torn from his residence with Cantacuzene and his other sons, all condemned to die with him. Notaras, inspired with courage by despair, exhorted, himself, his sons to death, and ended with invoking the vengeance of a just God upon the head of the tyrant. The bodies of the executed were trailed ignominiously through the streets, and their heads, brought to the festive table, fed the drunken eyes of Mahomet. He spared the life of the youngest of the sons of the grand duke. The same night, at the request of a beautiful foreigner whom he loved, and who wished to take vengeance on the Greeks, he caused to be massacred at the foot of the column of Arcadius, all the nobles to whom he had accorded life the day preceding, as well as also the envoy of Venice, the envoy of Spain, and their sons.

But other contemporary historians, even among the Greeks, vindicate Mahomet II. from these enormities by avowing that Notaras and the nobles beheaded with him had conspired already, with those foreign envoys, a European

crusade against Mahomet, and by imputing the executions not to the frenzy of intoxication, but to the just resentment of the Sultan, recompensed for his generosity towards Notaras by perfidy and by ingratitude.

In truth, these orgies conflict too much with the prudence and the toleration of the policy of Mahomet to be believed upon the word of some exiles justly exasperated for the loss of their country and of their families. "Such testimonies," says M. de Salabery, "do not suffice to criminate the memory of a prince whose every act belies the crime of the death of Notaras. Notaras conspired; the clemency and the generosity of Mahomet, proceeding perhaps from his policy, are not to be contested."

The fifth day after the conquest, he consecrated by a formal act the liberty of conscience accorded by the Koran to the vanquished. He claimed for the Mussulmans but half the churches of Constantinople, leaving the rest to the Christians. Instead of persecuting, or even despising, a worship adverse to his own, but become the right of such of his subjects as wished to continue to practise it, he gave it, with a scrupulousness of respect no less just than politic, all the honors which he decreed to his own faith. The patriarch Gennadius, led in pomp to the palace of the Blakernes robed in his pontifical habiliments, and in the midst of a cortege of priests, received from him the investiture of the patriarchate. "It is my wish," said the Sultan to him, "to give the Christians and their pontiffs the same rights and the same protection as they enjoyed under your Emperors."

Seated on his throne, the Sultan delivered to the patriarch the crozier and the crown, those signs of his spiritual authority. After the ceremony of investiture, Mahomet, without regarding the murmurs of the dervishes, resumed towards Gennadius the attitude of deference, and almost of inferiority, of human authority to the divine. He reconducted the patriarch to the outer gate of the palace, presented him a horse caparisoned with gold and jewels, aided him in mounting, and made some steps in holding the reins of the horse. The viziers, the pashas, the agha of the Janissaries, and a numerous retinue of guards, escorted the patriarch along to the palace which the Sultan had prepared for him. The equal division of the mosques and churches was made by consent of the two religions. The Sultan attended in person at the pomps and ceremonies of the Christians, not

as believer, but as impartial sovereign of the two religions which henceforth divided his people.

The Greeks, astonished at a toleration which they had not towards each other, exalted to the skies the benedictions of Mahomet. Uneasy at the depopulation of the capital by the assaults, the enslavement, and the voluntary flights, he recalled by mingled threats and caresses the fugitives from all the provinces of Europe and of Asia. All those who had not fled so far as Italy in the Venetian vessels, or whom their masters did not retain in servitude, returned at the voice of a conqueror who restored them, not the Empire, but their religion and their country. In a few months, Constantinople counted more Greeks than Ottomans within its walls.

The Sultan meanwhile prepared for making it the focus of the Empire. By his orders, an army of miners, of architects, of laborers, levelled the space of eight stadia, occupied formerly by the Acropolis, at the extremity of the tongue of the main land which bears the seven hills which lose themselves gradually in the Bosphorus, and which is now named the point of the seraglio. It is on this space, slightly swollen in the middle, and shut in by a high wall on the side of the city to guarantee it against sudden seditions or tumults of a great capital, inclined with a gentle slope on three of its sides towards the Sea of Marmora, towards the mouth of the Bosphorus, in fine towards the Golden Horn, that Mahomet II. built his first palace, which forms the seraglio, that Versailles of the Ottomans.

No site in the world could be better adapted to become the seat of an imposing monarchy. With its back to the ancient capital of the Roman Empire, which it seemed to leave to lie contemptuously beneath its ruined monuments and vain walls; commanding from the height of its kiosks the horizon bounded by Olympus and by Asia Minor; having as avenues, the sparkling sea of the Propontis, the Dardanelles, the Thracian Channel, the Black Sea or the Euxine, these three seas uniting their waters in the deep and limpid bay of the Golden Horn as interior lake; the verdant hills of Europe shading it from the harsh winds of the north; the cliffs, the ruins, the forests, the fortresses of the Bosphorus, conducting by tortuous byways the eye from village to village, or from solitude to solitude, along to the gloomy inlet of the Black Sea, this other inland Mediterranean of the Ottomans; the plane-trees and majestic cypresses of the

gardens, intersecting with their shade the gleaming minarets of the mosques, and the half-veiled roofs of these palaces of mystery; the murmuring waters of the Syndicus or of the aqueducts of Justinian, led from fountain to fountain athwart the city which they supply, and along to the thousand marble basins of the parterres of the harem; then spreading into large sheets upon the velvety greenswards that carpet the advanced cape of the seraglio, to the murmur and the foam of the confluence of two seas by which the cape is eternally caressed—such was, and such is still the site of strength, of silence and of delight, where Mahomet II. changed his tents into a palace. These palaces, however, still retain a certain remnant of the grace, the lightness, and the instability of the tent. Almost entirely constructed of cedar-wood upon basements of stone; open to the breezes of the land and of the sea, like the curtains of the tent drawn on both sides of the doors; dressed rather than built in the midst of gardens and groups of trees which recall the pasture fields of Asia; terminated by multitudes of domes which imitate the folds of the tent covering; surrounded by galleries and gratings; festooned with arabesques, where-with are intertwined the flowers of the parasitic plants of all climates, you feel in these constructions the tent, the tribe, the pastoral life, scarce transformed by the succeeding warrior epoch; you feel in them also the despotism, the contemplation, and the voluptuousness of the manners of the East. Upon entering in our days the immense enclosure, preceded by a long avenue of courts, of barracks, of treasures, guarded by the silence and the terror of the place deserted during the two last reigns, one is bewildered in a labyrinth of palaces, kiosks, gardens, constructed separately for each Sultana, walled and barred like convents, where the balmy parterres of jasmines and jets of water with monotonous murmur, consoled in after days the eyes and enchanted the ears of the favorite odalisques of the successors of Mahomet II. A dense grove of firs planted between the harbor and the elevated walls of these interior precincts, projects its shades upon these invisible gardens.

Mahomet, after having re peopled the city and commenced those constructions of the seraglio, led back his army to Adrianople, laden with the spoils of the Roman Empire. The fleet bore off from Gallipoli, Moudania, and Thessalonica, the sixty thousand slaves of whom the ransom was to en-

rich the Tartar tribes of Armenia and Caramania. "Here," says one of these victims of the conquest, "was seen a soldier robed in sacerdotal costume; another carried dogs in a leash, coupled by the gilt cincture of a pontiff; a third drank his wine from a chalice; a fourth used as a plate the sacred patens; innumerable wagons were seen conveying through the provinces furniture, clothes, women, girls, children, to the conquered capital. Drove of men, chained two by two, were mingled with herds of camels, of oxen, and of horses, which the victors were driving slowly towards the mountains."

Thus ended, after a thousand years of splendor, the last capital of the Roman Empire, become the capital of a people of whom the Romans knew not even the name. The Empire was so exhausted before the annihilation of the city of Constantine, that the fall of Constantinople was scarcely noticed in Europe, and the Turks sacked one of the mother cities of the Christian world without affecting the Christian world with either horror or pity. The Romans had wearied the admiration, the degenerate Greeks the contempt of the Universe. A single man protested against the fortune of the Ottomans, and this man was a chieftain of mountaineers unknown to the world—Scander-Beg.

Let us return to Epirus.

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

I.

THE entry of Mahomet II. into Adrianople after the conquest of Constantinople, recalls the triumphs of the Cæsars at Rome. A crowd of senators, of grand officers of the palace of Constantine, of wives and daughters of the first families of the Byzantine Empire, followed on foot in the dust the horse of the conqueror. Among the number, but in mourning, and her eyes streaming with tears for the loss of her husband and her sons, was seen the princess, wife of the grand duke Notaras, executed with his children for having conspired after pardon. This widow died of grief and shame a few days after the triumph she had decorated. Mahomet, who had noticed her, as has been seen, at Constantinople, for her virtue and her talents, did not impute to her the faults of her husband; and as if to protest against his own cruelty in having subjected her to the harsh law of the conqueror, he had her buried with the Christian pomp of her religion, and he erected her a mausoleum.

Vengeance followed close upon triumph. The grand vizier, Khalil, fourth vizier of the family of Tschendereli, the cause of the two boyish dethronements of Mahomet, the object of a secret resentment in his soul, suspected also of intelligence with the Christians before and during the siege of Constantinople, had at last fulfilled, perhaps reluctantly, the promise which he made his master of giving him the capital of the Christians. The subordinate viziers, and the troops, to rid themselves of the blame of slowness and the failures of the first assaults, had often accused him of having an understanding with Constantine, to save the city and to conclude a peace, of which the Greeks would pay him secretly the price. There is no visible ground for these mur-

murs and charges in the conduct of Khalil. Constantinople had fallen, in large part owing to his preparations. Envy alone or ingratitude could have accused him. It is probably to the greatness of the service that he owed this reward. Scarce had he led the Sultan back victorious to Constantinople, than Mahomet had him called before him, reproached him with his pretended connivance with Constantine and Notaras, of whom he had, said he to him, received presents to thwart the ardor of the Ottomans in the conquest of this remnant of an empire. Another day the Sultan, passing on horseback before the yard of a peasant where a chained fox was vainly endeavoring to get free: "Poor fool," said, with a bitter pleasantry, Mahomet to the fox in the presence of the grand vizier, "why hast thou not applied to Khalil to purchase thy liberty, thou wouldst not be there."

Khalil, sufficiently apprised by these indications of the danger that impended over his head, affected lassitude of business, and prepared for a pilgrimage to Mecca, to sanctify, said he, his old age, but in reality, to let envy deaden and the storm pass over. But he waited too late to accomplish this design. Mahomet II., who wished to owe but to himself, in the eyes of the Ottomans, the conquest of the first city of the East, pressed by the enemies of Khalil in the divan and by his own resentments, had the grand vizier thrown, as he came out from the council, into the prison of Adrianople. After forty days of anguish and of vain supplication of the Sultan, the headsman entered his dungeon, left him scarce time to make a last prayer, and cut off his head. This great man, too faithful to Amurath II., and too faithful to his son, after him, paid the penalty of his too great services with the resignation of a sage. "Throw my head," said he to the chiaoux, "at the feet of the Sultan; I have now nothing else of any grandeur to give him."

The head of Khalil was exposed in the morning at the gates of the seraglio. The one hundred and twenty thousand gold ducats which composed his immense fortune, passed into the treasury of Mahomet II. It was Khalil who opened that long series of immolated viziers which ensanguine the annals of the Empire. Men too great to be subjects, whom the people and the sovereign fling alternately to each other in expiation; the people, because they hate them; the prince, because he fears them.

II.

A Servian, Mahmoud-Pasha, son of a Greek woman, who had not a drop of Turkish blood in his veins, was appointed grand vizier in the place of Khalil. Mahmoud, carried off in infancy by the Turks of Selymbria, had been, like Scander-Beg, brought up among the pages. He had pleased Mahomet II. by his intelligence and his fidelity in the management of the imperial treasury.

The year following the capture of Constantinople was marked at Adrianople but by the changes of viziers and by the expedition of Tourakhan into Greece and Epirus, to complete the extinction of the Byzantine Empire by the subjection of the brothers or the relatives of the Paleologues. The ambassadors of the Christian powers of Italy and of the Danube came successively to compliment Mahomet II. on his victory. A rapid expedition into Servia, conducted by the Sultan in person in the spring of the ensuing year (1455), gave him the opulent city of Novomonte, where mines of silver thenceforth flowed into his treasury.

After having delivered the army to his lieutenants, Mahomet, to prepare his subjects for the approaching change of capital, went with his court to Constantinople, where he inaugurated the new seraglio with the fêtes and revelries of the harem. All bent before him in Servia, in Greece, in Macedon, on the Euxine, in Asia, and in the Archipelago. The religious order of St. John of Jerusalem itself, sent him disguised under the name of presents the tributes they paid him for some of their islets. Such independence, even nominal, no longer suited Mahomet. He had just subverted an empire; he could not tolerate the rivalry of a monastery of warriors. After some fruitless negotiations to convert the presents into a tribute, Mahomet, offended at this insolence, assembled in all his ports the dispersed fleet of Constantinople, to besiege Rhodes, where the pride of the knights defied his arms. Hamza, the captain-pasha, armed and charged with troops and guns three hundred galleys or vessels of all sorts, to carry to Rhodes the law of his master. Hamza paraded vainly these three hundred sail before the islands and before Rhodes. He returned after two months' navigation without bringing to the Sultan other than words and an ambiguous treaty, wherein these islanders at the same time recognized and contested the sovereignty of the Turks.

"If thou hadst not been the friend of my father," said bluntly the Sultan to his admiral, "I would have thee flayed alive."

A fine young man, Greek by birth, a favorite of the seraglio of Mahomet, named Younis, received the title of captain-pasha. Younis, scouring the sea and the harbors of the Archipelago, confined himself to sending the Sultan a young Greek woman of great beauty, contrary to treaties, on board a vessel of Mitylene. Doria, a Genoese noble, who possessed the sovereignty of one of those islands, averted the ravages of Younis by sending his only daughter a present to Mahomet. The wrath and ambition of this Prince yielded only to those living spoils that bedecked his harem.

III.

He employed the other spoils of the Archipelago in the decoration of his new capital. He built eleven new mosques, beside the transformed churches, for the service of his people in the city. The most memorable of these is the *Mosque of Mahomet II.* Eight colleges or medresses, high schools of theology and of jurisprudence, of history, of poetry, surround this mosque. Innumerable cells for the gratuitous accommodation of the students and the professors are built above a range of lecture-rooms. An *imaret* or perpetual kitchen for the poor, where the students and the poor generally find twice a day their rations gratis; an asylum for the insane, a hospital for the sick, a caravansera or hotel for the traveller without shelter, a public library, a bathing cistern for man and animals, warm baths for the people, in fine, a cemetery shaded with cypresses for the eternal repose of the faithful, complete the group of edifices comprised within the precincts of the Mosque of the Conqueror. A civilization which conceived these monuments, the art which decorated them, the charity which consecrated them to religion, to intellect, to the miseries of the people, seem to rival the monuments and the institutions of the Vatican.

Contrasted with this, however, is a sanguinary law, founded, like all State crimes, on a pretended public safety, erecting fratricide into a dynastic right in the person of sultans mounting the throne. "The majority of lawyers," says the preamble of this law of blood of Mahomet II., "have declared that those of my sons or my grandsons who shall

ascend the throne may put to death their brothers to secure the peace of the world. In consequence of this declaration, my sons and grandsons will conform to this law."

Mahomet extended his sanguinary provision to all the sons of the Sultanas, sisters of the Sultans, who should be born in the seraglio, or in the house of their husbands. It was forbidden to knot the umbilical cord of these male infants, lest they may one day pretend to the throne in virtue of their imperial blood. This law of murder, long executed up to the present reign, extended by analogy to the male infants of the nieces and the granddaughters of the Sultan.

IV.

Mahomet II., after the example of his predecessors, had hitherto presided in the divan or council of viziers, before which all Ottomans might lay their requisitions. One day, a Turcoman of Asia, come to the capital to obtain justice, entered with his shoes covered with mud the divan, and addressing himself with rustic familiarity to the viziers: "Which amongst you all, then," asked he, "is the Sultan?"

The grand vizier Mahmoud, indignant at this insolence, represented to Mahomet the danger of leaving to be thus profaned the majesty of the imperial character. Mahomet, from this day forth, ceased to attend the divan, presided over thenceforth only by the grand vizier. Four times a week, this first dignitary of the Empire presented himself at the seraglio attended by all the viziers. The ministers and the inferior dignitaries arrived before him in the hall of the divan, awaited him, arranged in double line with folded arms, and hands buried in their large sleeves. The grand vizier, after having received and returned their salutation, passed between them, and took his seat on the richest divan, which marked his place. A numerous retinue of chamberlains, of *chiaoux*, of interior guards, of executors of orders and of punishments, augmented the terrible majesty of the divan.

The judges of the army, or *cadiaskers*, attended, seated in the first rank after the viziers; they administered justice, and appointed the secondary judges. The *defterdars*, or masters of the rolls came next; they were the superior administrators of the Empire. The *nischandjis*, or secretaries of State, were charged to authenticate with the signature of the Sultan all the acts emanating from the imperial divan.

VI.

The begs and beglerbegs governed the provinces. They were charged to see delivered to the Sultan by the possessors of fiefs or sandjaks the men or imposts to which their holdings were assessed in war or in peace. The sole recruitment of the sandjaks furnished the Empire one hundred thousand cavalry. The regular taxes yielded a revenue of two millions of gold ducats.

The body of the oulemas or lawyers, was likewise organized under Mahomet II., in accordance with the most precise customs and traditions. In a code of legislation, purely theocratic, contained in a single sacred book, elucidated by numerous commentaries, the oulemas are the absolute interpreters of the law. Prayer belongs to the imans or the clergy; the civil spirit of the religion, applied to usage, belongs to the oulemas. This mixed attribution, which brings them at once into politics and theology, gives them an immense superiority over the clergy purely sacerdotal of the mosques. They are at the same time the educational body, on which depend all the students, so numerous among the Mahometans, the judges, the jurisconsults, the men of letters, the professors, the commentators, the casuists, the interpreters of the text and the traditions; in fine, they form a body having the mufti at its head, and in the different categories of the oulemas its distinct members, independent of, and often superior in moral authority to, the government itself. A counter-weight to the absolute despotism of the Sultan and the viziers, they often exercise themselves the most absolute and most incorrigible of despotisms, that of public opinion.

VII.

These monuments, these magnificences, these hierarchies and institutions finished, Mahomet fell anew upon Greece, still partitioned between the two brothers of the unfortunate Constantine, Demetrius and Thomas Paleologus, who rent it in disputing it with one another. His admiral, Younis-Pasha, continued to plunder the islands. He brought off from the single island of Lesbos, that flower of the Archipelago, where human nature is as luxuriant as the vegetation, one hundred virgins and one hundred boys of exquisite beauty, for the palace of Mahomet II.

Doria, after having obtained from the Sultan his pardon, through the present and the intercession of his daughter, slaughtered at Chio the Turks who were left with him to receive the tribute. This perfidy kindled anew the fury of Mahomet. He was going himself to lead his fleet to exterminate the isles of the Morea, when Huniad, long slumbering, and even, as has been seen, his accomplice at the siege of Constantinople, recalled him to the Danube.*

The Christian powers, at last incited by the voice of a new pontiff, Pope Calixtus III., formed too late a last crusade to avenge Varna and Constantinople. Huniad, grown old, but eager to earn the throne of Hungary for his son, had been chosen by Calixtus III., and by the confederate States of Italy and of Germany, as the champion of this new crusade against the Turks.

France, weary of chivalry, England, rebellious to the Pope, Germany, occupied with its own anarchies, refused to coalesce with the republic of Venice, of Genoa, of Ragusa, and with Poland and Hungary, sometimes allies, anon enemies of the Turks, through interests of frontier, of commerce and of navigation, in which religion was become but the pretext of cupidity. Scander-Beg himself, flattered, by Mahomet II., and enjoying a tacit truce with this prince, occupied himself but with consolidating his power in Albania, dreading the Venetians and the Hungarians as much as the Turks.

Huniad, appointed generalissimo of this feeble confederation, increased their courage. Hero of the Hungarians despite his reverses, he thought but of leaving his country a sovereign reminiscence which might have after him the result of crowning his house. He chose the impregnable city of Belgrade, at the entrance of Servia, as the advanced post of the confederation. He directed twenty thousand confederates, Hungarians, Poles, Transylvanians, Italians, to seize this key of Turkey and defend it against Mahomet II. while he was mustering, himself, at Pesth the capital of Hungary, the army of expedition which was, under his command, to traverse presently the Danube.

Dissimulation, false appearances of peace, mystery, deceitful promises, covered, as was usual with him, his preparations for war. The spies with whom the vigilant policy of Maho-

* This fact ought, of itself, to suggest to M. de Lamartine, that the pretended complicity was but a Greek fabrication.—*Translator.*

met lighted the banks of the Danube, left no doubt with this Prince as to the projects of Huniad. He learned that twenty thousand picked troops had already crossed the river, and that the fortifications and the armaments of Belgrade announced a campaign of which the city was the base. He resolved then to forestall Huniad, and to crush in Belgrade the head of the confederation before it could organize itself and put in motion all its members. Recalling from Asia, from Gallipoli, from Constantinople, from Thessalonica, the detachments of his army already in motion for the campaign of Greece, he marched with a hundred and fifty thousand men, through the valley of Philippopolis, of Sophia, and of Nissa, upon Belgrade.

His fleet, composed of three hundred light vessels, fit for mounting the course of rivers, received orders to put out from the Golden Horn, where his admiral, Younis, was then at anchor, and to enter the Black Sea, to follow its coasts along to Varna, and to come up to the Danube to blockade the Hungarians by water, while he was assaulting them by land.

The promptitude of the Sultan disconcerted Huniad. Mahomet II. established his camp on the two flanks of two chains of hillocks which form a winding avenue to the city on the side of Servia. He covered the intermediate valley with his tents. He threw up against the sorties of the besieged, fortifications of earth protected by his heavy artillery. His fleet, crossing the Danube, passed the same day under the guns of the place, deployed itself beyond the range of the batteries in a broad basin formed by the confluence of the Save, and, anchoring from one bank to the other in a file of five vessels deep, opposed an impassable chain to the vessels of the Hungarians which should try to relieve the besieged city.

Huniad, surprised by the alacrity and by the immensity of the peril, did not abandon to themselves the defenders of Belgrade; if he could not save them, he resolved at least to fall with them. He hastened with a small squadron of cavalry to Pesth on the left bank of the Danube, plunged amid the marshes that cover the bottom lands of the river towards the Hungarian city of Semlin, and committing himself to a raft composed of reeds by the fishermen, he crossed the river during a dark night, and entered a fugitive the city which he came to save. His presence was worth an army to the Hungarians.

VIII.

Having measured with the eye the dangers of Belgrade, he soon left it by the same expedient to go expedite the assistance which the Hungarians and the Transylvanians were preparing. At his voice, two hundred barks, already half constructed on the upper Danube to transport a part of the confederate army to Varna, received fifteen thousand infantry and light artillery on board. Huniad would confide to no one the glory of the command. He embarked himself; he sent to his generals in Belgrade a secret message ordering them to attack the Turkish fleet from the shore while he should engage with it on the river. He weighed anchor, and doubling, by the rapidity of the current, by the impulsion of the wind and oars, the weight of his vessels laden with arms, he shattered, under his iron-mailed prows, the chain of Turkish vessels vainly drawn before the city.

A confused conflict of vessels on fire, boarding each other and fighting hand to hand upon this confluence, spacious as a bay, was presented to the eyes of the powerless army of Mahomet. He himself contemplated from the summit of the heights, the rupture of his blockade, the superiority of the manœuvres and the courage of the Hungarians, the flight, the conflagration, or the foundering of his vessels, sunk in the depths of the river.

Huniad, standing on the prow of a brigantine bearing the Hungarian flag, sprang forward to board the flag-ship of the Ottomans. A close combat for a moment ensued, upon the two prows hooked together by their grappling irons, between Huniad and Younis. The narrow space that bore them hindered the soldiers from participating. Huniad, retaining in his old age the skill and vigor of his early years, plunged, in view of the three armies, his short poniard in the throat of the Turkish admiral, and lifting him off the deck, precipitated his body into the Save. A shout of triumph arose from the ramparts of the city, a cry of horror from the camp of the Ottomans. The Turkish fleet, weighing anchor and abandoning itself to the current, fled with all speed before the invincible Huniad. He landed freely with his fifteen thousand soldiers drunk with victory, followed by the trophy of sixty vessels on fire, of two thousand prisoners, having carried before him, on a hand-barrow, the body, picked up from the river, of the captain-pasha, slain by his hand.

Such a spectacle restored to the defenders of Belgrade a confidence in the fortune and in the force of the hero of the confederation, which equalled their contempt for the Turks.

IX.

The Sultan, renouncing the investment of the city by water, precipitated night and day his assaults by land, to the end of anticipating the reinforcements which the Danube and the Save might bring at each instant to Huniad.

The beglerbeg of Roumelia, Karadja, the general who directed the siege, struck by a cannon-ball, fell at the second assault before the eyes of Mahomet. The lieutenant of Huniad, an Italian adventurer named Capistrano, who directed the defence, precipitated the next day the élite of the garrison to an assault of the Turkish batteries, and penetrated the camp along to the tents of the Sultan. Terror seized the soul of the Mussulmans: the azabs themselves fled, uttering cries, to the foot of the hills. Mahomet, surrounded by a band of Janissaries, and cut off on all sides by the Italian adventurers and the Hungarian cavalry, drew his sabre, fought for his life, cleft the head of a Hungarian soldier who was seizing the reins of his horse to lead him prisoner to Huniad. Wounded deeply in the thigh by a sabre blow, Mahomet fainted with pain, and rolled down in his blood at the feet of his horse.

A murderous conflict ensued around his body between the pashas and the knights, the former dying to conquer back their Emperor, the latter to bear off this highest trophy. At last, six thousand Janissaries, rallied through shame by the voice of their agha, the intrepid Hassan, rescued the body of their master, drove back the Christians under the guns of their ramparts, regained their artillery, shut up the camp, and recalled the army to its tents. Mahomet, recovered from the swoon, and his wound dressed, was indignant against Hassan, to whom he owed his life, but whom he menaced with death as punishment for the cowardice of his troops.

But this tardy rally did not spare the Ottomans the shame of a second flight. Huniad hastened with thirty thousand men at the shout of the victory of Capistrano, retook the camp, made himself master of three hundred pieces of cannon which armed the batteries, and drove back the wrecks of

the Ottoman army as far as the defiles of Sophia. A wound which he received in the pursuit, alone hindered him from completing the rout of Mahomet. This Prince, in despair, came to a halt at Sophia, behind the ramparts of the city to rally, punish, and reform his army. Twenty thousand Turks had perished in the river or on the breaches of Belgrade, and thirty thousand in the camp. Besides, the headsmen of Mahomet, posted on the way leading to Adrianople, beheaded the fugitives who refused to stop around the city where the wounded Sultan was recomposing his army.

Belgrade became, by the renown of this siege, the bulwark of Christendom. Pope Calixtus, aged over eighty years, triumphed on the brink of the tomb. He instituted in commemoration of this victory, an annual fête of safety and of glory to the Christian world. Huniad and Capistrano were proclaimed the saviours of the West. But neither the one nor the other enjoyed their glory. Their wounds, envenomed by the febrile vapors of the banks of the Danube, and by the putrescent carcasses of fifty thousand Ottomans, left unburied in the ditches and the gorges of Belgrade, made their trophies their tomb.

Huniad left, on dying, the throne of Hungary assured to his son, Matthias Corvinus, by the gratitude of his country and the enthusiasm of Europe. The first hero of those patriotic crusades which succeeded the religious crusades against the Ottomans, a man of antique intrepidity, of a patient ambition, of a perseverance which vanquished reverses, of a military genius which triumphed over that of Mahomet himself; but of a savage wiliness and insincerity which permitted neither his friends nor his enemies to put confidence in his word; victor of the Turks by arms, vanquished by them in good faith.

X.

Mahomet II., whom the glory of the conquest of Constantinople made easily forget the failure of the siege of an obscure city, was made also easy by the death of Huniad respecting a coalition of second-rate states who had no longer either a soul or an arm. His negotiations with the States of Italy, the exhaustion of Hungary, the politic truce with Scander-Beg, left him nothing to fear on the side of Europe. In failing before Belgrade he had lost but glory;

but the heroic courage which he had shown, his own blood shed on the field of battle to bring back the Janissaries to the engagement, elevated his renown in the eyes of his people. In a few weeks, new soldiers arrived from all the sandjaks of his vast empire. Two hundred thousand men were cantoned and exercised by his new pashas between Adrianople, Salonica, and Constantinople. It was unknown on what side he meant to pour this torrent of men.

Greece saw them of a sudden move and debouch upon her valleys, through all the routes and all the harbors that surround her by land and sea. Mahomet conducted himself the principal column of this expedition towards Athens.

During the decomposition of the Empire of the East under the Palcologuses, it has been seen that the Archipelago and Greece were fallen into fragments between the hands of the Genoese, the Venetians, the Sicilians, the Florentines. Merchants of Ragusa, of Genoa, of Venice, of Florence, had cut up these wrecks of republics or of empires, of which the name used to fill history, and whose cities, now fallen into a derision of fortune, were become the patrimony of petty tyrants without a name. Athens, the capital of the human intellect, and of Grecian glory and liberty, fell to the lot at first of a Frenchman, Villehardouin, then of a family of illustrious merchants of Florence, the Acciaïoli. Delphos and Megara were comprised in this sovereignty of ruins. The same ambitions which had formerly agitated Attica for popularity, for tyranny, or for independence, again agitated the families of these feudal possessors of Greece in contending for the ashes of empires; the same passions produced the same atrocities. It is not the greatness of the object coveted, but the passion, that produces crime.

The Florentine Maurice Acciaïoli, Duke of Athens, who died prematurely, had left a son in tender age, and a widow celebrated among the Greek princesses for a beauty that recalled, say the contemporary chronicles, that of Helen, and which was to prove as fatal to her country. Acciaïoli on dying had also left a nephew, son of his brother, named Franco. He bequeathed the kingdom and the tutelage of his son to the widow.

This princess, endowed with a natural genius equal to her charms and to the violence of her passions, had governed for some years the regency of the dominions of her son with a prudence and a mildness which made her the idol of her

people. The nephew of her husband, Franco, secretly jealous of the regency, and humiliated by the yoke of a woman, alone agitated by a secret opposition the interregn of his aunt and the minority of his infant cousin. Hitherto the virtues of the regent had sufficed to defeat the ambitious plottings of Franco. A passion, born of a glance, in the heart of the duchess, ensanguined and ruined all, even Greece.

XI.

A young and comely Venetian named Palmerio, son of the podesta or first municipal magistrate of the Græco-Venetian city of Nauplia, was sent by his father to Athens to negotiate with the government some commercial conventions respecting exchanges between the two ports. The equal beauty, the conformity of youth and country, the free conversations in the intimacy of the conferences, inflamed with the same passion the regent and the negotiator. This passion, by so much the more ardent as it had been long repressed by the distance of rank on one side, by the shame of a misalliance on the other, broke forth at length with a violence which recalls in the palace of Athens the crimes of the Atrides.

Palmerio had been married, while yet in adolescence, by his family. His wife lived at Venice in a noble family of her kindred. The duchess, eager to rid herself of an unknown rival in order to marry her lover, insinuated to Palmerio that the sole obstacle to the marriage with him, and to his participation in the sovereignty of Attica, was the life of his wife. Palmerio sailed to Venice, poisoned his young wife, and returned free to offer his executed crime as a title and a pledge of love to her who had suggested it. These funereal nuptials were celebrated at Athens with an intoxication and a haste which awoke the suspicions of the people. Franco fomented them by his conversations, and presently by insurrections in Athens.

The regent and her new husband forced Franco into exile. He went to Constantinople to seek an avenger in Mahomet II. The Sultan, glad of all pretexts that colored his armed intervention in the affairs of those principalities still half enfranchised from his yoke, ordered Omar, son of Tourakhan, chief of the permanent army of the Peloponnesus, to take possession of Athens, to dethrone the duch-

ess, and to confine her son in his prisons of the citadel of Megara.

Palmerio, the husband and presumed accomplice of the regent, escaped from the irons of Tourakhan, and fled, like Franco, to Constantinople, to plead before Mahomet the innocence and the rights of his wife. Mahomet, by the advice of his viziers, feigned to listen equally to the complaints of Palmerio and to march to re-establish the legitimate sovereignty. But already Franco, entering Megara under the auspices of the Ottomans, had strangled both the duchess and her son. Mahomet, advancing in turn to punish him for his vengeance, expelled Franco from Athens on entering it, and gave him, in compensation, the inferior and dependent principality of Thebes, in Beotia.

XII.

The Sultan, as lettered as he was warlike, evinced no less pride and admiration than Sylla at the sight of the monuments of Athens. "What gratitude," exclaimed he before the Parthenon and the temple of Theseus, "do not religion and the Empire owe to the son of Tourakhan, who has made them a present of these spoils of the genius of the Greeks!"

He spent several weeks in the contemplation of those monuments, and in looking for artists who could transport to Constantinople the arts tolerated by Islamism, and especially architecture, that recent passion of the sons of Othman.

During his stay at Athens, his armies, which intersected Greece, completed the conquest of the Peloponnesus, and of the seaboard of the Adriatic, along to the frontiers of Venice.

One of the brothers of the unfortunate Constantine Paleologus, Demetrius, tributary sovereign of half the Morea, offered the Sultan one of his daughters in marriage, to procure himself, like many of his ancestors, an intercessor in the harem. Mahomet accepted this young niece of Constantine, and sent her, with a cortege becoming her rank, to the seraglio of Constantinople.

Thomas, second brother of Constantine, was indignant at the cowardice of Demetrius, and retired from the cities to fight in the mountains. Demetrius, ashamed of these con-

cessions to the Sultan, leagued with his brother Thomas to make a war of extermination upon the Turks.

Saganos-Pasha, sent by the Sultan to smother this national insurrection in the unsubdued portion of maritime and mountainous Greece, immolated thousands of Greek patriots. The two princes negotiated anew with the Sultan. Demetrius went himself to the tents of Mahomet, near Corinth, and delivered himself to his generosity. Mahomet, pursuing the extermination of the populations excited to insurrection by Thomas, massacred at Gardika six thousand men, women, and children, taken in storming the city; thirteen hundred Greek soldiers were massacred in his presence for having violated a capitulation. Bokhalis, commander of Gardika for the Greeks, and brother-in-law of the grand vizier, Mahmoud-Pasha, was condemned to be sawed alive through the middle of the body. The tears of his sister, the vizier's wife, alone saved him from this torture.

Ten thousand inhabitants of Arcadia were expatriated by Mahomet, and conducted to Constantinople to re-people the city. Thomas, chased through the mountains like an outlaw, in the midst of his dominions, fled for ever to Rome, to beg in vain commiseration for the name of the heir, without a country, of the Empire of the East. The Sultan left neither a fort, nor a cliff, nor a man free on the whole territory of the Peloponnesus. The right of conquest thus written in letters of blood, had no more a single living protestation in entire Greece. A mute protestation brooded through three and a half centuries in the heart of the survivors of this race, without country, but not without patriotism, and resuscitated in our own days, the name of Greece.

XIII.

The Danube motionless, Greece dead, Constantinople revived from its ruins, Scander-Beg lulled by the adroit patience of the viziers, the Sultan scarce halted at Adrianople, to celebrate the new conquests by festivities, and hastened to Constantinople to expedite fresh armaments, of which none, except the Sultan and the grand vizier, knew the object. This object was the Empire of Trebizond.

The imperial family of Comnenus had founded, two centuries before Mahomet II., this principality, decorated by the pompous title of Empire of Trebizond, on the southern

coast of the Euxine, between the Caucasus, Armenia and Persia. The billows of the Black Sea, the forests of Georgia the defiles of Persia, an equivocal policy, complaisant alliances with the family of the Sultans, had shielded hitherto Trebizond against the ambition of the Ottomans. But geography assigns to conquerors a policy, so to say, involuntary, which they pursue hereditarily from generation to generation, through the sole tradition of their necessity of existence. The Turks, uncontested masters of the peninsula of Anatolia, which extends from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, could not leave, at the very base of their territory, at the bottom of the peninsula, an independent Greek power, which might one time league with the Turcomans of the dynasty of the White Sheep of Caramania, their enemies on land; another time with the Venetians and the Genoese, their enemies by sea. The Euxine with all its coasts must inevitably belong to those who thenceforth possessed the gate to it, in the Bosphorus and in Constantinople.

This geographical ambition, which was one of the causes of the impatience of Mahomet II. to subjugate Constantinople, was now the ascertained motive of the expedition against Trebizond. His grand vizier, Mahmoud, set sail with two hundred and fifty high-decked vessels, to attack the city by sea, while the Sultan himself, at the head of eighty thousand azabs, and fifteen thousand Janissaries, advanced through the interior valleys of Asia, along to the foot of the mountains of Armenia, towards Siwas. There, by wheeling about his troops to the left, he would cut off Trebizond at once from Persia and from Georgia, whence the capital might hope for succor. The feeble Empire of Trebizond saw this storm gathering, without being able to avert it otherwise than by timid negotiations.

XIV

Mahmoud, in passing, seized, without resistance, the port of Sinope, another capital of a principality in the family of the Isfendiars, whose matrimonial alliance with the family of the Sultans of Broussa seemed to assure its duration. The city of the great Mithridates, who had made it a Carthage of the Black Sea, made no attempt at resisting the desires of Mahomet. He installed a governor in the city; he indemnified the incumbent sovereign, Ismael Isfendiar, by

the principality of Jenischyr, which eradicated from its country that powerful house. The army was still ignorant whither its chief was conducting it. The grand judge of Anatolia having indiscreetly asked the Sultan: "If a hair of my beard knew it," answered Mahomet, "I would pluck it out and throw it in the fire."

His secret concealed a vengeance. The year before, a Turcoman prince, Ouzoun-Hassan, chief of the numerous and independent tribe of the White Sheep, established in the rich pastures conterminous with Trebizond, had the temerity to write Mahomet, demanding remission of a tribute which the Emperor of Trebizond, his brother-in-law, was paying the Sultan. Ouzoun-Hassan, in this letter, alleged insolently, as reason for the abandonment of the tribute of Trebizond, that Mahomet II. himself owed a tribute of a thousand carpets, a thousand horse-housings, and a thousand bridlecourbs to Kara-Youlouk, chief of the tribe of the Black Leech, of whom, by heritage, he represented the rights: "Go in peace," replied Mahomet II. to the ambassadors of Ouzoun-Hassan; "the next year, I will go myself to bear the present to your master."

The ambassadors of Ouzoun-Hassan had not understood the menace concealed in this equivocal reply. Mahomet was now come to accomplish it.

XV.

The ravage and conflagration of his provinces, taught of a sudden to Hassan the true import of the words of the Sultan. He implored pardon, and appeared, as suppliant, with his mother Sarah, in the tent of Mahomet. Mahomet gave him back his possessions on condition that he would break off all alliance with the Empire of Trebizond, and that he would accompany him with his mother, his children and his warriors, to the walls of that capital.

Turning then abruptly from the route of Persia, which he appeared to pursue thus far, he wheeled the head of the army towards the Black Sea, and made it march with the rapidity of a torrent. He himself, to give the example of ardor and fatigue to the soldiers, marched from time to time on foot in the midst of them, through the rough byways, and upon the snow of those mountains, intersected with precipices.

He soon descried upon a promontory the magnificent city

of Trebizond, glittering with towers, with quays, with domes, with citadels, and steeples covered with sheets of lead of Tokat. This promontory widens in advancing into the sea, and makes the Turkish poets compare it to a peacock, which bathes its neck in the waves, and displays its tail upon the land.

Mithridates had fortified it; Trajan had embellished it; Adrian had given his name to one of its ports; Justinian had given his to its aqueducts. Capital of ancient Cappadocia, surrounded with a plain like a garden, without other enclosure than the mountains and the sea; abounding in cheese, in savory fruits, in fish which fed its population, it had tempted the greed of the Goths; these barbarians, who ravaged all things without founding any thing, had massacred its inhabitants and levelled its walls. During the decadence of the Greek empire, the Comnenuses had, with the assistance of the crusaders, those real dismemberers of the Christian empire of the Greeks, made an empire of this fragment. They possessed for two centuries, at one time by taking their wives in the imperial family of the Paleologuses, at another, by giving their daughters to the Sultans of Broussa or to the Turcoman princes of the White Sheep or of the Black Sheep, their dangerous neighbors. It is thus that Sarah, mother of Hassan, was a niece of the reigning Emperor, and a daughter of the last Emperor of Trebizond. She came to attend at the destruction of the cradle of her sovereign house.

XVI.

The reigning Emperor of Trebizond was David Comnenus. The appearance of the army of Mahomet descending from the mountains of Tokat, and of the sails of Mahmoud, the grand vizier, covering the Black Sea, announced to the timid Christians of Trebizond that their religion, their independence, their riches, and their lives, were at the mercy of the conqueror of Constantinople. The Genoese, masters of some ports in the Crimea, who alone could succor them by sea, were too feeble, too politic, or too interested, to dispute with Mahomet II. this appendage of Constantinople, since they had not dared to dispute with him that capital itself. Nothing could save them but negotiation. The negotiation opened under the guns of Mahmoud, who began to demolish the fortifications of the mole. David came forth from the

city to treat about his destiny, and that of his subjects, with Mahomet. The Sultan gave him the option of retiring freely by sea with his family and his treasures, or to lose the empire, his family, and his life, in vainly defending the ramparts. He flattered him with easy terms of abdication, and an honorable and happy retreat, like that which Demetrius Paleologus was then enjoying, as the indemnity of his abdication of the Peloponnesus.

On the faith of these promises, the Emperor David embarked with a part of his household for Constantinople. He offered the Sultan the youngest of his daughters, the Princess Anne, in marriage. The Sultan appeared to assent, but disdained her as wife, and placed her among the odalisques of his innumerable harem. He retained captive the young nephew of the Emperor, son of his brother dethroned by David, and legitimate heir to the throne of Trebizond. Mahomet sent the Emperor, the Empress Helen, and their eight sons to Serès, a Greek city of Thrace, assigned as place of exile to this imperial house. One of the eight sons became Mussulman, and entered among the pages of Mahomet, to serve him, as formerly Scander-Beg, the usurper of the throne of his fathers.

XVII.

Scarce had David and his family left the port of Trebizond, to sail towards their eternal exile, than the Sultan, belying his promises, entered the city as an enraged vanquisher. The children of the chief families were incorporated forcibly in the body of his pages; the rich were embarked with their treasures to go people and enrich Constantinople. The poor, obliged to remain in the conquered city, received orders to inhabit only the suburbs; the Turks took possession of the palaces, the private dwellings, the citadel, and the ports.

Thus fell Trebizond, that last stone of the Byzantine Empire, this brief foundation of the crusaders. The Genoese alone retained some ports on the Black Sea. This sea became the lake of the Ottomans. Mahomet led back his fleet laden with prisoners and spoils to the Golden Horn. The Sultan embarked himself to pass more promptly into Europe, whither he was recalled by Scander-Beg. The land army remained quartered in the opulent plains of Trebizond,

of Tokat and of Siwas, to be ready to march into Caramania or into Persia, whither were already turning the projects of the conqueror.

XVIII.

He soon subjected the Emperor David of Trebizond, to the penalty which he had inflicted on the Grand Duke Notaras, after the conquest of Constantinople, after having confided in his generosity and his carresses. Scarce was he returned to the capital, than he caused to be brought from their exile in Serès and led before him in chains, the Emperor, his family, and all the princes and princesses of the house of Comnenus, residing in the Empire.

The pretext of this summons, and this violence done to a vanquished, a disarmed family, was a letter, written from Trebizond by Sarah, mother of Hassan, Prince of the White Sheep, to her uncle David, and her aunt, the Empress Helen. In this letter, innocent of all crime except affection for her family, Sarah invited the Emperor, the Empress and their children, her cousins, to come and live with them at Jenischyr, to enjoy the kind family hospitality, more secure in the tents of the Turcomans than in the palace of Serès.

Mahomet II. feigned to see in this intercepted letter, a conspiracy between the imperial house of Trebizond and Ouzoun-Hassan, to recover, with the aid of the Turcomans, the capital and the empire. Neither the disavowal, nor the tears, nor the innocence of the women and children could move him. "Choose between the Koran and death," said he, with an implacable voice, to the dethroned Emperor. "I have no choice to make," nobly replied the captive; "God has made it for me in having me born a Christian. No punishment can make me abjure the religion of my fathers." "Die, then," rejoined Mahomet, "and entail death upon all thy sons, whom thou inspirest with thine obstinacy."

He made a sign to the executioners to behead the seven sons under the eyes of the father, to try his constancy, and to multiply his suffering by that of his seven children. David exhorted them to die without weakness. Their heads and bodies rolled successively at the feet of their father. He fell the last upon the bodies of his sons.

To aggravate the horror of this carnage, Mahomet forbade, under pain of death, to give sepulture to the massacred

Comnenuses. Their bodies were thrown upon the desert beach of the sea of Marmora, between the fortress of the Seven Towers and the strand of San Stefano, where the ravens and the vultures were accustomed to flock to feed upon the flesh of the executed.

XIX.

The Empress Helen, wife and mother of the dead, alone spared, on account of her sex, from this atrocious extermination, braved alone also the death decreed against those who should bury her husband and her sons. Clad in a chemise of coarse linen, the only covering left her to replace the imperial purple, she begged a shovel from the gardeners of the hill of San Stefano, to render the last honors of the earth to her husband and her children. This shovel in hand, digging laboriously eight graves in the sand of the beach, she was seen from a distance, during an entire day, defending with the handle of her implement these beloved bodies against the talons and the beaks of the birds of prey, burying and covering with clay her whole family, and seating herself upon the last grave, that of the Emperor her husband, to await herself the relief of death. Her heart broke, in fact, after this pious duty was accomplished, and she died slowly upon the dead.

Her daughter Anne survived alone in the seraglio, the slave and not the wife of Mahomet. On account of her rank, she was asked in marriage by Saganos-Beg, governor of Thessaly. She was then Christian. Become widow of Saganos, the Princess of Trebizond turned Mussulman to marry one of the sons of Evrenos-Beg, charmed with her beauty.

Such was the end of this imperial family of Trebizond, some in death, the others in slavery: a bloody sport of the vicissitudes of fortune, an eternal impeachment against the ferocity of Mahomet II.

XXI.

Mahomet next, resolved to wrest the isle of Lesbos, or Mitylene, from the Genoese family of the Gatelusio, who held it of the Paleologuses, crossed the Propontis, and assembled an army at Broussa. The grand vizier, Mahmoud,

directed the fleet towards the coasts of the island, while Mahomet II. himself conducted the land forces, by the gorges of Mount Ida, to Adramite, a Greek city of the continent, separated from Mitylene by a narrow channel of the sea. The vessels of Mahmoud-Pasha transported him thence to the island.

The pretext of the invasion was the crime of Nicholas Gatelusio, who strangled his brother to usurp the sovereignty of Lesbos. A bombardment of some days buried the city in the ruins of its bastions. Nicholas, trembling at the consequences of a storming, came forth to prostrate himself at the feet of the Sultan. Mahomet pardoned him, as also his nephew Lucio, accomplice of his uncle in this unnatural assassination. He caused to be sawed in two the three hundred pirates of the port of Lesbos, who infested the Archipelago. The inhabitants of the island, divided into three categories, were, the rich sent to Constantinople to repeople it; the burghers given as booty to the Janissaries; the poor left in the island to cultivate it. A widow of Alexis Comnenus, uncle of the last Emperor of Trebizond, whom the historians celebrate as the most beautiful of the Greek women of her age, was found in Lesbos, and desired by Mahomet, who sought her for his harem. Eight hundred young boys were picked for the palace of the Sultan. In the number, a young page, escaped from the palace of Constantinople, to pass into the pages of Nicholas Gatelusio, was recognized by the eunuchs. The asylum given this child was the crime of Gatelusio. Stripped of the amnesty that covered him, put in chains, and thrown into the prisons of Lesbos with his nephew Lucio, they were both condemned to death. Their abjuration saved them; become Mussulmans, they were left some days of life and of apparent honors. Soon after they were found strangled at their residence.

Thus fell the most celebrated and the most poetic of the islands of the Archipelago, the country of Sappho, of Alcæus, of Terpander, and of Arion; theatre of the teachings of Epicurus and of Aristotle; ally of Sparta, naval battle field of Thrasybulus, earliest scene of the exploits of Cæsar, momentary resting-place of Pompey going to die in Egypt; unceasingly coveted, unceasingly ravaged, by men ambitious of its site, of its soil, of its climate, and ever reviving from its ruins by the fecundity of a vegetation which makes of its two slopes, exposed to two suns and bathed by two seas, the picturesque trellis of the Archipelago.

XXII.

Mahomet, returned back after the conquest of Lesbos, which presaged him that of Negropont and Rhodes, re-entered Europe, took with him the army of Adrianople, composed of a hundred and twenty thousand azabs and fifteen thousand Janissaries, and marched against Bosnia, confederated with Venice, whose power he wished to eradicate from the continent of the Adriatic. Bosnia, formerly dismembered from the Greek Empire by the Sclaves, a warlike and semi-barbarous race, lost in one campaign its independence and its princes.

Thirty thousand Bosnians, a race indifferent to religion, like the Albanians, were recruited for the Ottoman army, and incorporated among the Janissaries. Bosnia became again a province of Constantinople.

XXIII.

But Venice, thus stripped of her bulwark on the continent of the Adriatic, was vulnerable also in her harbors, in her islands, and above all, in the island, almost continental, of Samothrace or of Negropont, which consoled her for the loss of Bosnia, and which gave her an empire in the heart of the Turkish Empire. Venice felt the danger, and her senate resolved to prevent it by the insurrection of the Peloponnesus ill-subdued as yet to the Ottomans. Louis Loredano, appointed general-in-chief of the navy, and Bertholdo, of the princely house of Este, appointed generalissimo of the army, debarked in the harbors of the Peloponnesus, insurrected Sparta, Tenerus, Arcadia, Nauplia, Argos, rebuilt the wall which cut the isthmus of Corinth, protected it with thirty towers, and decorated this fortification, rebuilt from its ruins, with a platform upon which was erected an altar, where they caused to be celebrated the sacrifice of the Christians.

Omar-Pasha, hastening with ten thousand men to force this enclosure, was wounded in the head in reconnoitring the place. The officers who surrounded him were killed by the bullets of the Venetians. But the grand vizier was following him with eighty thousand azabs. The isthmus, abandoned, gave them passage. The Turks drove back at all points the Venetians, and sent twenty thousand men to ravage their own provinces.

Their fleet, more lucky, reconquered several islands from the Ottomans. Loredano dared even to cross the Dardanelles under the cannons of the forts, and insulted Gallipoli. He reinforced with galleys, with walls, with artillery, and with troops, the impregnable island of Negropont. Mahomet II. was diverted for some time from Negropont and from Rhodes by the death of the last of the Caraman-Oghlis, Ibrahim, sovereign of Caramania. Old Ibrahim left seven sons; six of those sons were born of an aunt of Mahomet II., given in marriage to Ibrahim by Amurath II. One alone, Ishak, was son of a slave; but he was the dearest to his father, who declared him his heir. The six disinherited sons had besieged their father and his favorite Ishak in one of the fortresses of Caramania. The father dying during this parricidal siege, Ishak and his competitors allied themselves in turn with the Venetians, with Ouzoun-Hassan, the Sultan of the Turcomans of the White Sheep, to engage the support of foreign auxiliaries in their domestic quarrel. Ishak and Pir-Ahmed, the eldest of the sons of the Sultana, sent both to canvass the recognition of their exclusive rights by Mahomet. Mahomet, deaf to their allegations, claimed Caramania for himself, in title of successor to the Emperors of Constantinople, of which Caramania was, before the invasion of the Turks, a province. He marched into Caramania with the grand vizier and the army. Koniah and Larenda, the two capitals, threw open to him their gates.

The grand vizier crossed the Taurus with the army, pursuing, enchaining, proscribing, immolating, along to the gorges of the mountains, the descendants of the family of the Caraman-Oghlis, who might revive their rights to their old dominions. On his return to Koniah, he found, notwithstanding, the Sultan displeased with his lenity. A Greek convert, Mohammed-Pasha, who aspired to the rank of grand vizier, exasperated this displeasure of their common master. He was charged to consummate the submission or extermination of the Caramans, which he executed with a faithful ferocity. Mahomet, according to the usage of the Tartar despots, gave the grand vizier Mahmoud a hint of warning before striking.

One day, as the army was on its march to return from Koniah to Broussa, and as the tents were erected for the night halt, the Sultan ordered some headsmen of his guard to go cut the cords of the tent of Mahmoud. This done,

the canvas covering collapsed upon the sleeping vizier. Mahmoud understood the mute order of his master, and prostrated himself, imploring mercy. The ferocious and ambitious Greek Mohammed-Pasha obtained, as the price of the blood of the Caramans, the supreme dignity of grand vizier.

XXIV.

Meanwhile the perfidious and daring hero of Albania, Scander-Beg, weary of a peace which his turbulent compatriots reproached him with as shameful, as on the first occasion, availed himself of the war which retained the Sultan in Asia, to fall upon Macedon. An Albanian bishop, Peter Angelo, sold to the Venetians and the Pope, and chief counselor of Scander-Beg, gave the latter absolution for all perjuries towards the infidels. A cardinal's hat, sent by the Pope to the Bishop of Dyrrachium, recompensed this doctrine. Mahomet, who desired at this moment the continuation of the truce, whether through fear of the genius of Scander-Beg, or in the hope of a natural death which would deliver the Empire of this dangerous agitator, wrote him an amicable letter, in which he conjured him not to disturb their harmony, and to continue the truce. Scander-Beg responded to this invitation to concord, but by concentrating twenty thousand Albanians, impatient for glory and for pillage, at Achrida on the Drymon, on the banks of one of those lakes which fill with their waters the basins of those mountains, and which leave for a field of battle to armies of invasion but the abrupt flanks of their edges, where a small number may match a great. Gentius, King of Illyria, had chosen the same site to await the Romans. Localities are often inspirers of great warriors.

Scheremet-Beg and another Albanian general named Balaban, sent successively by Mahomet against Scander-Beg in this natural amphitheatre, left there their two armies. Balaban was himself an Albanian slave, become Mussulman, incorporated, on account of his gigantic stature and his lion-like courage, in the Janissaries, and elevated to the rank of pasha, having mounted the first on the breach of the gate St. Romain at the siege of Constantinople. Balaban knew the sites and the genius of the Albanians, his countrymen. No one was fitter to counterbalance Scander-Beg. His first defeat did not astonish him; he returned at the head of

thirty thousand men, to attack the hero and his handful of troops on the heights of the Dibra, a mountainous ridge of Upper Albania. Neither parley, men, nor promises, nor the presence of Balaban-Pasha in the name of the Sultan, could divert the obstinacy of Scander-Beg from war.

His people were watching him, distrustful of him at the instigation of his nephew, Hamza, and of his lieutenant, Mosès. Every thing commanded him to vanquish or to die. His ascendant over Albania depended on this condition. He fought desperately; three horses fell under him, being houghed by the sabres of the Janissaries. His sabre dropped from his hand, half severed from the arm. But the Turks, astounded at his valor, and persuaded by the popular traditions that he was invulnerable or invincible, abandoned the field of battle, precipitated with Balaban himself from those mountain ramparts into the plains of Upper Bulgaria.

Balaban ascended a third time with a re-formed army, and encountered Scander-Beg upon the heights, whilst another Albanian, Yacoub-Pasha, like him in the service of the Sultan, cut him off by the defiles of the Dibra. Scander-Beg attacked them separately before they could effect a junction. The intrepidity of Balaban, who came down from his horse to fight himself at the head of his Janissaries, failed against the arm of Scander-Beg. The Prince of Albania floated in the blood of the Turks; their spoils glutted his soldiers.

While they were apportioning the slaves, the horses, the tents, the Princess Mamiza, sister and confidant of Scander-Beg, sent him, by a messenger, intelligence of the entry of Yacoub-Pasha into the important town of Berat, in the heart of Lower Albania. Scander-Beg posted thither during the night. Yacoub, at his approach, came forth from Berat with sixteen thousand men, and ranged them in battle array upon fortified eminences in the plain of Argilata.

Scander-Beg paid small attention to positions or number. He gave his soldiers no other orders than his example, no other strategy than hand to hand engagement. He cleft with the shock of his mail-covered charger the dense ranks of the Janissaries, sought Yacoub in the conflict, pierced him through and through in the breast with his lance, threw him off his horse, cut off his head, and rising in his stirrups, showed from a distance to the Janissaries the white turbaned head of their general.

At this sight, all fly, die, or surrender in the army

of Yacoub. Four thousand dead, ten thousand prisoners, some thousands of fugitives, are all that remain of the fifth expedition of Mahomet. The cry of a rescued nation exalts anew to enthusiasm the name of Scander-Beg among the Albanians. The people make him a triumph on his entry into Croia; the land which he had delivered seems to have belonged for ever to his race. But while he triumphs over the Turks, and reconquers the affection of the people by his exploits, envy, ingratitude and treason besiege his heart, and undermine his fortune in the bosom of his own family.

Hamza, his nephew, and long his able lieutenant, had been expecting the succession to the throne. But Scander-Beg at last married and was blessed with a son, the heir of his name and the hope of his race. From this day forth, Hamza, leagued by jealousy with his cousins, sons, like him, of the sisters of the hero, began to murmur against the tyranny of a despot who forgot benefits, and who employed his glory but to perpetuate servitude. Among a people where each Albanian carries his independence in his hand with his weapon, where authority is but a momentary enthusiasm for a chief as easily abandoned as chosen, factions must be permanent like anarchy. The Albanian, born for adventures, battle, pillage, has none of the virtues that consolidate a people through its government. His caprice is his law; he can devote himself, but never obey. A stranger, moreover, to that pastoral good faith which is the virtue of the nomad populations of Asia, and especially of the Turks, defection and perfidy are so rooted in its habits, that this people admire traitors almost as much as heroes.

Scander-Beg, who had himself commenced his fortune by defection, treachery and murder, those ferocious virtues of Albania, was doomed to suffer in his own person from these infidelities of the national character.

Hamza, who from murmur was passed to treason, had drawn into his party Mosès, the governor of Croia. Hamza and Mosès, not content with agitating Albania, began to listen to the secret agents of Mahomet II., who promised them, as the price of their defection, the investiture of the best provinces of their country. It is even said that a Greek of Adrianople, an instrument of the vengeance of Mahomet, introduced by them into Croia, was to rid the Sultan, by poison, of this most redoubted of his enemies. On the verge of being convicted of this secret intelligence with the

court of Adrianople, Hamza prevented the explosion and the punishment of his crime by flight. Mosès, less guilty, or less suspected, remained in Albania in order to concert with Hamza, and to prepare reverses for Scander-Beg.

XXVI.

The Sultan gave Hamza at Adrianople the usual reception of useful refugees, that is to say, liberality and contempt. Judging that an ingratitude so unpardonable left impossible room for return to the nephew of Scander-Beg, he confided to him an army of thirty thousand Turks, which the manoeuvres and the defection of Mosès augmented by fifteen thousand Albanians, hired by him among the malcontents of Upper Albania. This army, joined to that of eighty thousand men, which Balaban-Pasha was leading for a fourth time into the basin of Croïa, carried to one hundred and ten thousand fighting men the combined forces of Mahomet II. against the capital of Scander-Beg.

Scander-Beg, surrounded by enemies on the plain and by traitors in the city, did not await the junction of the two armies. He hasted in person, from mountain to mountain and from tribe to tribe, to evoke in the heart of the Albanian peasantry the passion of patriotism, the remembrances of glory, the old attachment to his name. Sixty thousand mountaineers arose at his voice, descended with him upon the plain of Croïa, and cutting in two their enemies, fought in a single day, but separately, the army of Hamza and the army of Balaban-Pasha.

Before the sun had reached his mid-career upon the narrow plain of Croïa, the army of Hamza and of Mosès, shaken by the presence and the name of Scander-Beg, was dispersed in the gorges and the forests. Hamza and Mosès, deserted by their accomplices, had fallen without a struggle into the hands of the Albanian patriots, and were conducted in chains to the feet of the hero whom they had betrayed. Scander-Beg, whether from humanity or from policy, had their chains taken off his nephew and his former friend, and ordered the officers to carry them captive into Croïa.

XXVII.

A rapid change of front brought the sixty thousand Albanians upon the army of Balaban-Pasha, which moved

too late to succor Hamza. The victory of the morning and the guards of Scander-Beg, issuing from the city to the number of six thousand, had doubled the impetuosity of the vanquishers. The Turks, in consternation before commencing the engagement, followed but timidly the intrepid Balaban, who adjured them in the name of their religion and of their glory. The Janissaries alone seemed resolved to redeem so many reverses by victory or death.

Balaban, launching his horse up to the foot of the walls, harangued the citizens, exhorting them to abandon their tyrant, when a ball, shot from the ramparts by a skilful Albanian marksman, cut short his speech by striking him in the throat. The pasha, turning mechanically his horse's bridle towards his camp, was brought back dead by the animal along to his tent, where his lifeless body rolled down before the soldiers.

This fall was the rout of the army. Deprived of its chief, cut off on the side of the gorges of Tyranna, its sole retreat, by the peasants of Scander-Beg, pursued by the garrison of Croïa, there escaped of the eighty thousand Turks but a few fugitives, who succeeded in scaling the cliffs of this amphitheatre. The cities already occupied by the Turks massacred their garrisons. It was the second deliverance of entire Albania. The soul of a single man had resuscitated a people.

XXVIII.

Victory, country, justice, demanded the blood of the traitors who had conspired his death and conducted the Turks to the heart of their country. Hamza and Mosès were expecting death. Scander-Beg had them brought before him on his return to Croïa. Hamza, shedding tears prostrated himself at his feet and implored life.

"I have brought you up and loved you as a son," said Scander-Beg, affected; "I will not sully myself with your blood; receive a second time from me life and liberty. If repentance should restore me your affection, expiate your treason by new services to our country; if you are to betray me again, return to the Turks to teach them that Scander-Beg does not fear an enemy additional."

Mosès received likewise some affectionate reproaches for the whole penalty of his perfidy. Scander-Beg restored him the command of the troops.

Hamza, deeply affected, vowed sincerely his blood to his uncle. "But," said he to him, "my wife and my children are hostages at Adrianople, in the palace of the Sultan. If Mahomet learns that you have restored me to liberty, he will think that I have been voluntarily vanquished. My wife and my children will expiate by death the treachery which will be imputed to me by our enemies. Have me recommitted to prison laden with these chains; keep me for some days as a captive reserved for punishment; let a secret hand open to me the prison afterwards, and let me appear to have escaped at night by scaling the ramparts to fly for refuge against your anger to the court of Mahomet. The Sultan will then see in me an ally, unfortunate, but faithful, will restore me my wife and my children, will confide to me his plans against you, and when I have regained his confidence, filched his secrets, secured the flight of my family, I will return myself to betray for my country the enemy of the Albanians."

Scander-Beg, accustomed to these ruses of his barbarous countrymen, consented to the desire of his nephew. Hamza fled, with the connivance of his uncle, to Constantinople, and regained in appearance the favor of Mahomet; but he died by poison a few months after, leaving his sons in the hands of the Turks. Mahomet, informed by his spies of the trick, prevented the treachery by death.

XXIX.

The reverses, the death of so many generals, and so many armies, consumed without glory through the obstinacy of a single man, threw Mahomet II. into a morbid impatience like that which had caused his sleeplessness about Constantinople. His viziers feared for his life or their heads. The Sultan, on the return of spring, entered himself by all its issues into Albania at the head of two hundred and fifty thousand men. European engineers, Christian artillery men, Armenian sappers, siege artillery equal in calibre to that which pulverized the tower of Byzantium, marched with him. Neither ramparts nor cliffs could thenceforth shelter the independence of Albania. It was conquered slowly, cliff by cliff, citadel by citadel, without being ever fully possessed.

Scander-Beg, issuing from Croïa with a band of patriots,

harassed upon their flanks the Ottoman armies, disputing what they attacked, recovering what they had conquered. The King of Albania was turned a chief of freebooters; but these freebooters were heroes. His numerous exploits chanted by the popular epics of those mountains, are lost in the night of fable.

Mahomet crossed and recrossed Albania in all directions, from the sea of Durazzo along to the hills of Bulgaria, leaving free but the ice, the forests, and the precipices, where Scander-Beg and his last defenders were spying the reflux of the Ottoman host to raise up a country at their heels.

Mahomet II., after having subdued all, withdrew his troops from Albania, abandoning it to itself to avoid new disasters to his garrisons. He confined himself to establishing a permanent line of sixty thousand infantry around those provinces, under generals charged to watch and to restrain them.

XXX.

Scarce had he drawn off his armies, than Scander-Beg, issuing from his retreats, reappeared in all the cities and all the villages, convoking all the chiefs to a general league, of which the assemblage was to take place at Lyssus, a maritime city on the frontiers of Albania. He had placed here for shelter his wife and son, as yet an infant.

The princes, chiefs, and generals of all the Albanias, attended at the call to concert the general insurrection and independence of their country. Venice, Genoa, the Pope, the King of Naples, the King of Hungary, the Duke of Burgundy, protected them with their alliance and their subsidies.

Scander-Beg was to the West the last champion of Christianity against the invasion of Islam. The cliffs of Illyria were to replace the ramparts of Constantinople. The assembly opened in the spacious church of Lyssus or Alessio. The discourse of Scander-Beg to his confederates, reported by Venetian witnesses to this national representation, recalls the harangues of the heroes of Homer. The warrior of Albania was still, as in the antique days of Epirus, its orator and poet. There is in this harangue, though long and confused, like the artless conversations of a tribe-chief with his companions, some accents which ring from

soul to soul, and which heroic eloquence alone derives from the authority of blood, shed in common for the country.

"There is to-day twenty-three years, my companions," said Scander-Beg, "since I escaped, by my audacity and by my poniard, the captivity of that Amurath who had wrested me from my father, and since I returned into the land of my ancestors. Providence has always since protected me, as well as my sword, and never have I been wounded in so many battles, without having brought back and cast at your feet the head of the Turk who had stricken me with either sabre or arrow.

"Now I am sixty-three years old, I am verging towards old age, I am riddled with wounds, and undermined with maladies through long fatigues and a ceaseless warfare. I must not complain, it is the law of humanity; what is the necessity of nature, is never an evil. But while I have still some force and lucidity of intellect, I wished to talk with you, to recommend you, after my death, the union, the concord, and the cohesion which can alone, with the aid of God, insure the safety and happiness of the country.

"I have my son, friends and confederates, to recommend you. His years, still infirm and tender, are not capable by themselves of defending him against the aggressions and the calamities which the Turks will prepare for him, when his father shall be no more. During my whole life, I have had neither repose, nor leisure, nor fixed place or hour to eat or sleep; nights and days have been the same to me. I have faithfully divided all the spoils with you, who have partaken all my perils, my labors, and my combats. But, my friends, I am dying; I am leaving you; I am going away; take my son John in my place, whom, as the image and likeness of his father, I offer you as my vicar and lieutenant."

At these words, the bishop, taking the infant from the arms of the princess, its mother, in tears, led him by the hand to the middle of the warriors of Scander-Beg, before the pulpit. Scander-Beg, then addressing himself with a voice at once paternal and solemn to the child:

"My son John," said he to him, "thou seest that I am dying, and that I leave thee a little child, and a *tenderling*. If thou art leagued, I leave thee a kingdom certainly stable and firm; if thou art not, divided and weak. But take care that thou dost not assume too young the command of this State, where thou wilt unceasingly be harassed by the tyrant

Mahomet II. ; he will overwhelm thy weakness. Wherefore, as soon as thou shalt have closed my eyes, go take refuge with thy mother into Calabria and the cities of the Christian princes ; above all, to the noble Venetian Senate, which will re-establish thee in thy kingdom when thou hast attained thy adolescence."

Then, after some wise counsels respecting war against the Turks, and the good government of his country,

"By this father's heart," resumed Scander-Beg in tears, "I pray thee, over and over, O my son ! to take no steps but with the counsel of thy relatives, friends, and faithful followers here present."

XXXI.

At this peroration of the discourse, a rumor penetrating from the city into the church was spread to the effect that the Turks, to the number of fifteen thousand, were approaching Lyssus, and had already sacked the neighboring city of Scutari of Illyria. "Out with you, my companions," cried Scander-Beg ; "despite my weakness, I am going to arm, and will be with you immediately."

He was clad, in fact, in his armor ; he was supported on his horse, and went forth into the country with a band of Albanian cavalry. The Turks, at the sight of Scander-Beg, of whom they knew the arms and the horse, and of whom they did not know the illness, fled from the shadow of their exterminator.

His Albanians brought him back triumphant, but dead, to Alessio. He had breathed his last in his cuirass, on horseback, and sabre in hand. Albania was dead with him. His body was interred in the church of Lyssus. He reposed there as the body of the protecting saint of Albania, until the day when Mahomet II., having conquered Lyssus from the Venetians, the Turks, in whom death had extinguished fear and preserved admiration, sought his tomb, opened the coffin, and almost adored, "dead and dissolved," say the Venetian chronicles, him whom they regarded living as the scourge of their armies. "His bones, disputed for among them at the tomb, and enchased as relics in gold and silver, became to the Janissaries talismans of heroism which they wore on the breast, in their campaigns, as supernatural inspirations of courage, and pledges of victory and invulnerability."

XXXII.

The strength of his arm equalled the intrepidity of his soul. The Albanians and the Turks compared him to Hercules and to Perseus. His habitual weapon, of which he learned the management among the Turks, was the curved sabre of Damascus. The blade of his exceeded the usual proportions. This sabre was become so celebrated since it had cleft in twain, before Croia, the body of Yacoub-Pasha and of Halder-Pasha, that Mahomet II. had it asked as a present by his negotiators during the truce.

Scander-Beg sent the marvellous weapon to the Sultan : Mahomet, having had it tried before him by the robustest of his warriors upon cuirasses and coats of mail, saw nothing miraculous in the weapon, and sent it back to Scander-Beg. "The miracle is not in the blade," said Scander-Beg to him who brought it, "but in the arm."

His wife and son wandered, after his death, among the coasts of Italy, and did not long survive the hero of Albania. These provinces, of which Scander-Beg had personified in him to a prodigy, the savage patriotism, the adventurous genius, the preternatural bravery, the habitual brigandage, and the equivocal faith, remained ill annexed now to the Mussulmans, anon to the Christians ; the country of adventurers of all religions and of all causes, recruiting the Ottoman armies with intrepid warriors ; carried by their audacity and by their intelligence to the highest functions of the court and the camp ; by turns, like their hero Scander-Beg, the most energetic supporters and the most dangerous rebels of the Empire. Their national independence, short and sublime like a meteor, was like their character, but an heroic adventure of their nationality. But heroism makes a prodigy, while virtue only makes nations.

XXXIII.

Free on the side of Albania, irritated against the Venetians, who had fomented the war of Scander-Beg, Mahomet II. threw himself with all his forces on the peninsula of Negropont, their richest possession and their most formidable fortress, at the extremity of the Mediterranean.

Negropont was the ancient Eubœa of the Greeks, half continental, half insular ; its site, its harbors, its extent, its

fertility, its mines of iron, its capital, Chalcis, its monuments, its temples, its poetic renown through the verse of Homer, its historic glory through the first naval battle of Themistocles against the Persians, near Artemisium; the long rivalries of Sparta, of Athens, of Macedon, in disputing for it; its commerce, which enriched Venice; its bridge fortified with towers, which opened or shut to it at will the entry of the continent; in fine, the fleets and the troops of Venice which were kept there on foot, in the heart the seas and territories now in Ottoman possession,—all these made Negropont the Gibraltar of Greece, of Epirus, and of Thrace. To strike the Venetians in Negropont, was to reach them in Venice.

The grand vizier Mahmoud-Pasha, removed, as has been seen, after the Caramanian war, had been recalled by Mahomet to the rank of captain-pasha or high admiral of his fleets. He sailed with three hundred and fifty large vessels towards the Venetian island, while Mahomet himself was advancing by land with one hundred thousand men, and encamped on the same promontory which had borne the tents of Xerxes in front of the fortified isthmus which links the island to the continent.

The fleet of Venice, intimidated for the first time by the innumerable fleet of Mahmoud-Pasha, remained shamefully at anchor, aloof from the field of battle, under the batteries of the island of Salamis in the gulf of Athens. The tomb of Themistocles, which the Venetian admiral, Canale, could contemplate from the deck of his vessel, inspired him with no heroism. Mahmoud was able to form with impunity a floating bridge, with his vessels at anchor chained to each other, to pass from the continent to the island.

The capital alone remained free behind its walls. The governor, Paul Erizzo, worthy of other auxiliaries, defended himself for glory rather than for safety. Three assaults in seventeen days' siege, precipitated vainly twenty thousand Turks into the sea or the ditches. A traitor, bribed by the gold of Mahomet, Thomaso Schiavo di Lebano, commander of the artillery of the Venetians, sold him his place. Erizzo, who was apprised too late of the perfidy, had the traitor strangled, and his body suspended from the window of his palace to terrify his accomplices.

A fourth assault, in which the very women fought upon the breaches, left fifteen thousand Ottoman bodies beneath

the bullets or the rocks precipitated from the height of the ramparts. The fifth carried the city, and left Erizzo no other refuge than the citadel. Encumbered with a famished population, he capitulated, on conditions of safety and honor for his soldiers and people. Mahomet promised all and eluded all. Massacre acquitted the promise. Erizzo was sawed in two, the Venetians impaled, racked, stoned upon the ruins of their bastions; the Greeks were spared as subjects of the Sultan, and led into slavery to Constantinople.

The only daughter of Erizzo, a Venetian worthy of the harem of Mahomet, was carried a present to the murderer of her father. Mahomet, ravished with her beauty, wished to dishonor her with his love. She resisted to death, was punished by him for her grief and her virtue, and poniarded by the eunuchs in the arms of her profaner.

XXXIV.

The captain-pasha, Mahmoud, appeared to have recovered by this campaign the esteem of his master. He was, in consequence, re-established in the post of grand vizier to push the armaments, with the order, the promptitude, and the energy which had obtained, under his first viziership, such signal triumphs to his master. The two great Mussulman nations, the Persians and the Turks, were about to come into conflict for the first time in Asia. Let us suspend a moment the recital of the reign of Mahomet, to characterize the people who came to dispute Asia Minor with the race of Othman. The original enmity between the two Mahometan races, founded on a schism in their common creed, and fomented eternally by rival ambitions and by popular prejudices, makes part of the history of the Turks as of the history of the Persians. This enmity, fatal to the Ottomans as to the Persian and Arab races, has alone saved the West from the universal invasion of Islamism. It would appear as if Islamism, divided at its birth by the schism of the followers of Omar and the followers of Ali, carried the germ of its own weakness in its internal dissensions.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

I.

THE Perses in their ancient name, the Persians in the modern, are a primordial people, born of itself in the mist-covered cradle of the pre-historic ages. They appear for the first time in fable and in history, but with that character of high civilization, of maturity, and almost of decadence, political, moral, and literary, which indicates the extreme antiquity of nations. They might be called the Greeks and the Italians of the East. All others date from them, and they date from no one. Nature, as much as civilization, has endowed them with an incontestable superiority of sociability over the races who dispute with them both Upper and Lower Asia. As heroic as the Tartars, as philosophic as the Hindoos, as religious as the Arabs, as industrious as the Chinese, as conquering as the Turks, they have, beyond all these nations with which they are conterminous, that promptitude of intellect, that suppleness of wit, that elegance of manners, that heroic grace of chivalry, that activity of habits, of labor, of industry, of politics, of arts, of letters, of poetry, of philosophy, of religion, which render Persia one of the most brilliant of the focuses of the human mind. It might also be said that they have the vices of their superiority; disdain of the races less endowed than they by nature, instability of their institutions, facility of changing, promptitude to revolt, disregard of oaths, finesse in diplomacy carried to trickery, hypocrisy that leads them to assume or quit all parts, according to their interests rather than according to their convictions; suppleness to tyranny, insolence in liberty; courage by fits, discouragement by lassitude; adulation, that abuse of politeness; faithlessness, that failing in the first essential of an honest man; in a word, all that constitutes

in a people's manners the nobility of nature and the decadence of corruption.

Such was and such is still to-day the genius of the Persian people.

II.

The Persians occupy, from the most primitive times, the vast space, almost all engirded and intersected by mountains, between the river Oxus, which separates them from Tartary and from China; the Persian Gulf, which separates them from India; the Caspian Sea, which separates them from the Scythians and the Muscovites; the Black Sea, which separates them from the Russians; and the great desert of Bagdad, which separates them from Arabia and Turkey. Their soil is light but fertile, their sky clear, their climate healthy. Their race is beautiful, tall, vigorous, skilled in managing the horse, consummate in arms. The Parthians have left them their equestrian traditions, the bow and the arrow shot in flying.

They partake, according to localities and tribes, of all the modes of existence of the oriental nations: here nomad, there sedentary; carrying about their tents in the train of their flocks, from pasturage to pasturage, in the provinces bounding on Armenia; agriculturists in the plains of Shiraz, of Tauriz, and of Ispahan; artisans in their large cities; courtiers in their capital; warriors in their camps; traders in their bazaars; voluptuaries in their harems; poets and philosophers in their leisures; extremes in all, in wisdom as in vice, their dominant attribute is imagination. This imagination colors to them virtue, glory, passion, love, ambition, crime, with hues so vivid that it gives them at once the omnipotent deliriousness of enthusiasm, and the fickle mobility of inconstancy; a people who might attain all things, could they desire the same thing long.*

III.

Their history has the character of their genius. It resembles the Arabian fables told by the poets beneath the

* The author, it is manifest, is here portraying us his own countrymen (and with a little of the acrimony of the disappointed statesman), still more faithfully than even the Persians. There is more ground, in truth, than he appears to be aware of, for the coincidence. The Persians are the true origin, at least immediate, of the Celtic race.—*Translator.*

tent. It is more full of vicissitudes, and ups and downs of fortune, than the history of any other nation. All is strange, marvellous, rapid, fugacious, like the shadows on the sides of their mountains. Their capitals rise and disappear, like fantastic apparitions in the desert. Their dynasties are established, overthrown, substituted, and succeed each other with the instability of the waves. They conquer and are conquered seven times in ten centuries. The eye can scarcely follow the tumultuous torrent of their destiny. The events of which it is composed resemble more a poem or a romance, than the slow and regular career of human things. They give a dizziness in whirling before the eyes of the historian.

IV. •

Gustasp, who is believed to be Darius I., one of the great conquerors of their annals, banished by his father, king of a province of Persia, took refuge, according to an ancient legend, in the uniform of a simple warrior, and under an unknown name, at the court of the Emperor of the West, or of Constantinople. This Emperor, wishing to give a husband of her choice to the beautiful Katyoun, his daughter, caused to pass beneath the windows of the palace the young nobles of the Empire. Gustasp struck the eyes of Katyoun by his martial beauty. The Emperor is irritated at this preference accorded an obscure stranger. To punish his daughter, he gives her to Gustasp, and abandons her to the obscurity and the indigence of this union. Gustasp leads his wife into Persia, makes himself known to his partisans, levies an army to conquer his right to the paternal inheritance from his brothers. At the moment of combat, the brothers, through respect for his right of primogeniture, surrender to him, and crown him in the camp. His father abdicates in his favor, and retires into solitude to sanctify himself. Gustasp reigns, combats, conquers, reunites entire Persia under his sole sceptre, and invites the Emperor of the West to make a visit to his empire. The Emperor recognizes the stranger whom he had despised in Gustasp, and his daughter in the queen of twelve kingdoms.* It is

* Those who know any thing of the fabulous annals of the Irish, or the actual traditions of their peasantry, will not fail to find an attestation of the genealogy above alluded to, in even the turn and the texture of this story.—*Translator.*

this sovereign who adopted, and who caused to be adopted by his subjects, the fire-worship, or the religion of Zoroaster.

V.

Their religion, thus far, appears to have been a derivation, half symbolical, half idolatrous, of the mysterious religions of India, that bottomless fountain of the earliest creeds of humanity, whence the purest adoration has flowed primevally to sages, and whence the symbols, divinized by the vulgar, flowed in the shape of idolatry to the people.

"The primitive religion of Persia," says one of their historians, the best versed in their antiquities, "was the belief in a Supreme Being, who created the world by his power, and who governs it by his providence. A respectful fear of this God, mixed with love and adoration; a pious respect for parents and old age; a fraternal charity for the human race; a tender compassion for animals, as an animate and suffering portion of the creation, and having a kinship with man; they even acknowledged a life and an intelligence to be respected in an inferior degree in the vegetables." It is the basis of the doctrines of India, stripped of their metaphysical refinements, or of their popular superfoetations.

But these doctrines, altered in Persia as in India by the popular superstitions and credulities, were converted into idolatries. Zoroaster, a sort of Persian Mahomet, born in the reign of Gustasp, tried to reform this corrupted religion, not by despoiling it of all symbol, a thing too arduous for the multitude, but by reconducting to the adoration of a single Creator, under the worship of the elements created and governed by him. Behind and above these elements, Zoroaster adored, and taught to adore, their divine author. He chose among the elements that of which the splendor, the power, the movement, the energy, the multiplicity diffused in the firmament, in the shape of stars of day and night, must appear to the eyes of men to contain most of divinity—fire. He instituted the worship of fire as a symbol, and not as a god. But it may be said that Zoroaster, by this concession to the habits of the Persians, not daring to elevate them of a sudden to the adoration of God, did but change the idolatry of his followers. Despite the transcendence of his religion, the people took the symbol for the God, and wandered but the farther from the adoration of their

ancestors. He gave a new proof that we must not ally truth with error in imparting it to mankind; for men of feeble faith and intelligence take the error which is conceded, and leave the truth which is imposed on them.*

Zoroaster, son of a noble Persian named Poroschasp, already illustrious for his wisdom, was fed, say the traditions of Persia, with the milk of a cow that eat but of the leaves of a single tree, called "*the tree of knowledge of good and of evil*;" no life, even vegetable, had thus been sacrificed for his nourishment. Pliny relates to the Romans this tradition of the Persian prophet.

Still young, he retired into the mountains of Alburz, to meditate his doctrine. The grotto which he inhabited was sculptured on its walls with mystic figures of the elements, of the seasons, of the stars. He came forth from it with the celestial fire in hand:—"God," announced he to the Persians, "*is nothing else than the infinite of intelligence, of power, of beauty, of time, of motion, of space.*"† He is the principle of good. He has permitted the temporary existence of another principle, the principle of evil, named Ahriman, to make trial of nature and of mankind. But at the close of these trials, he will annihilate the principle of evil, and absorb all into his own infinite perfection."

Night was the symbol of evil, light was the symbol of God. The religious precepts of the prophets, mixed with moral and political precepts, are, says he, the orders which the spirit of God communicates to him in the lyric form of apostrophe, of interrogation, of parable.

He left a book, the Zend-Avesta, a sort of Bible of his followers, and instituted priests to read and comment on it to the people, while also watching over the eternity of the sacred fire. This puerility became the substance of his worship. Gustasp adopted it, and recommended it to his nation. It subsisted down to the advent in Persia of the religion of Mahomet.

The dynasties which succeeded to that of Gustasp, conquered and lost successively Tartary, the Indies, China,

* This Zoroastrian exegesis is, I fear, somewhat apocryphal, but it is good enough for history, and a history of the Turks.—*Translator.*

† Language has perhaps never expressed the notion with more truth and accuracy; but the "infinite" should be conceived in a somewhat different sense from that which M. de Lamartine, and perhaps the Persians, have attached to it.—*Translator.*

Arabia, Syria. Their monuments, destroyed by Alexander, attest, in the gigantic ruins of Persepolis, the possession of powers, of arts, of riches, which cannot be measured without astonishment on the scale of Western civilizations.

In the fourth century after Mahomet, the Khalifs of Bagdad were reigning over a part of Persia, fallen into several anarchical principalities since the conquest of the Arabs. A Mussulman Sultan of Khorassan, Mahmoud, reunited them beneath his sway, after having subjugated the Indies, and brought back the spoils to Ghazna, his capital. He there pursued the extinction of idolatry. His dynasty perished beneath the sabres of the Seldjoukida.

VI.

The Turks of the tribe of Seldjouk founded, four hundred years after Mahomet, in their turn, as has been seen, a dynasty, which was overthrown by the Tartar Mongols, of the tribe of Genghis-Khan. The sovereigns of these different races again divided Persia into several kingdoms. The principal of these kingdoms became the appanage of one of the Turkish slaves whom their owner had led, to the number of forty, for sale to Massoud, one of those kings. The slave was called Ildighiz. The vizier of Massoud, having purchased thirty-nine of them, left the last to the merchant on account of his smallness and his youth. "You have purchased thirty-nine for the love of your master," said the boy to the vizier, "purchase me for the love of God."

The vizier purchased him, and placed him in the lowest offices of the palace kitchens. He rose from this humble service to superior places through his intelligence and zeal, and ascended finally to the rank of vizier, whence the affection of the people promoted him to the throne.

Timour, as has been related, left Persia to his son Schah-Rokh, the most mature and most politic of his children. Schah-Rokh governed it to the age of seventy-one years. His son Oloug-Beg, of whom the astronomical labors have been recently brought to light, is the last representative of the scientific school of the Arabs. This virtuous but unwarlike prince lost his kingdom and his life by the parricide of his son. Six months of a stormy reign were the sole fruit of this crime. The criminal fell by the indignation of his own army. Some grandsons of Timour succeeded rapidly

upon the throne. The Turcomans of the tribe of the White Sheep, driven formerly back by Timour as far as Van in the gorges of Armenia, had re-descended into the plains. Their chief, named Ouzoun-Hassan, had established his capital at Diarbekir.

Ouzoun-Hassan, availing himself of the dissensions of Persia, and harassing by turns the armies of the different princes with his undisciplined but intrepid hordes of Turcomans, ended by annihilating them one after another. Having thus possessed himself, province by province, of the entire heritage of the son of Timour, Ouzoun-Hassan at last ascended the throne of Persia, reconstituted under his sceptre. Arabs, Mongols, Turcomans and Persians, tired of their anarchy, and pacified by his tyranny, conceded him unanimously the supreme power.

He was a prince matured by age, by adversity, by policy; of a spirit as enterprising as his heart was ambitious; desirous of justifying this ambition by glory, and of earning pardon for the conquest by the grandeur he would give the Persian name. The Europeans whom he invited, like Mahomet II., to the court of Ispahan, brought him the commerce, the arts, the discipline, the artillery of Europe. They describe him as an old man, still fresh and comely at the age of seventy, tall, slim, majestic in port, gracious in aspect, elegant in speech, indefatigable on horseback. Dexterous at the bow and the sabre, adored by his armies, insatiable in activity, and regarding with a jealous admiration the fall of Constantinople and the conquest of Europe and of Asia by the hand of Mahomet, son of the same Tartars, but more ancient and more fortunate than he in the Empire.

Such was Persia at the moment when Mahomet II., by annexing Caramania to the empire, and by wresting from the Turcomans of the race of Caraman-Oghli Tokat and all their cities, excited the umbrage of Ouzoun-Hassan. He had a pretext for intermeddling in the affairs of Asia Minor. The two sons of Ibrahim* Caraman, Ishak-Beg and Pir-Ahmed, had taken refuge at his court, and did not cease to exhort him, on the interest of his security and of his glory, to the re-establishment of their house. His ambition of supremacy needed no other incitation than his envy of the victor of Constantinople. He leagued with the Venetians and with the Knights of Rhodes, the born enemies of the Ottomans. Their combined fleets attacked Caramania along

the coasts of the sea of Cyprus, while the Persians advanced by the valleys of Lower Armenia towards Erzeroum.

Young Mustapha, while awaiting his father, received the first shocks of the army of Ouzoun-Hassan, with an inferiority of forces, but with a superiority of courage which balanced for some time disparity of number. Mahomet II., leaving at Constantinople his son Djem, called Zizim by the Italian chronicles, passed into Asia with the army of Europe and with Bajazet, his eldest son. He destined him to the throne; he wished to exercise him in arms. The character, at once restless, jealous, and licentious, of Bajazet, stood in need of the rough discipline of the camp under his father.

But already the city of Tokat, the bulwark of the Caramans, had been taken by storm by Omar-Beg, vizier of the Schah of the Persians. The Persians had surpassed there the ferocities of the soldiers of Timour. The presence of the two princes expelled from Carmania, and the vengeance which they wreaked upon their former subjects reconquered, gave to this war the double character of a war of conquest and a civil war. Keduk-Ahmed-Pasha, raised by his courage from the rank of the Janissaries to that of prince and of general of Mahomet, withstood alone before Koniah the brunt of the army of Ouzoun-Hassan. A battle might deliver to the Persians the heart of Asia Minor. Mahomet, impatient at the slowness of the preparations and of the march of his own division, wrote letter after letter to his son Mustapha, to animate his ardor and to support his constancy. These letters express in a style at once pompous and savage, the hatred of the Sultan towards the Schah of Persia.

"My fortunate and brave son! Thou, the luminous reflection of my glory," said one of these letters, "know that Ouzoun-Hassan, who deserves the gallows, has addressed us insulting messages and menaces. We have disdained to reply to this madman, otherwise than by contempt. We have kept a terrible silence fit to turn this fox into a hare; at present we are advancing to combat him with our lions of battle. Strike his emirs while awaiting us; we appoint thee chief of our armies in presence of his."

This letter was soon followed by a vanguard commanded by Daoud-Pasha. This reinforcement, insufficient to drive back the Persians, sent to Mustapha by Mahmoud the grand vizier, became presently one of the causes of his death.

This minister retarded the march of the Sultan himself, for fear of compromising the chief of the Empire in a struggle too unequal with Ouzoun-Hassan; he counselled his master to let his son and lieutenants take and give the first blows. He was preparing for himself an army of reserve more numerous for the ensuing campaign. During these hesitations of the father and of the vizier, Mustapha, attacked by the Persians on the banks of Lake Koraili, in the country of Hamid, fought with so much firmness and success against the nephew of Ouzoun-Hassan, that he annihilated the Persian army, and forced Mirza-Yousouf to fly with the wrecks along to the camp of his uncle behind Erzeroum.

"The most humble of your slaves," wrote Mustapha to his father, "prostrates himself in the dust before your throne.

"Whilst you were writing your orders, the nephew of Ouzoun-Hassan, vile scorpion, as well as the sons of Caraman-Oghli, Kasim and Pir-Ahmed, made a rapid movement forward, in passing by the side of Cæsarea of Cappadocia. Thy slave passed in review thy soldiers before Koniah and marched to meet them. (Tuesday, 18th August, 1472.) The two armies were ranged in order of battle. The battle raged from the rising to the setting of the sun; but fortune abandoned our enemies at nightfall. The Persian chiefs and Turcomans have been made prisoners; the most renowned begs have bitten the earth; their decapitated bodies are become the prey of vultures in this world, and an object of contempt in the other. May the God of the universe be praised! They will not recover from this fall. It may be hoped that Ouzoun-Hassan will fall upon the land which he meant to devour; that he will lie there without grave or shroud, and serve as food for worms. May it be so! A slave of Thy Highness, the first equerry, Mahmoud, departs to announce thee this intelligence. Another slave, the first groom of thy stables, Keyvan, carries thee the heads. Both will kiss the favored dust which is raised by the feet of thy horse. I thy slave! MUSTAPHA."

VII.

This victory, too complete, perhaps, for a lieutenant, excited at once the pride and the jealousy of Mahomet II. He stopped some days at Scutari, where he had planted his

tents in the midst of troops assembled from all parts of the Empire. He addressed thence an imperious letter to Ouzoun-Hassan:

"He who, inflated with vanity," said he, "observes no measure, and avails himself of the favors of fortune to commit injustice, may reckon that he is on the brink of the abyss in which his power is about to be engulfed. His head is filled but by chimeras inspired by Satan. Dispel these, and give ear to reason, that great mediatrix between men. Our Empire is the centre of Islamism; the blood of the infidels is the oil that feeds at all times the lamp with which it is illuminated. If thou comest against us, thou art an enemy of the faith. I have saddled my horse and girded my sabre to exterminate the infidels. God has chosen me to be the instrument of his vengeance. My arm will suffice to efface thy name from the face of the earth. I say no more to thee. Happy is he who seeks but what is righteous!"

VIII.

Mahomet II., marching with a hundred and twenty thousand men, after addressing this challenge to Ouzoun-Hassan, encountered his son Mustapha at Begbazari. Mustapha prostrated himself with so much the more humility as he had the more glory to veil. He kissed the hand of his father. His brother Bajazet, who governed Amasia, was joined at this halt by forty thousand azabs of his government. The three princes advanced thus along to the Euphrates, a river which traverses almost from one sea to another that base of the triangle of Asia Minor. Ouzoun-Hassan, having hasted to avenge the humiliation of his arms under his nephew, was waiting there in a position chosen and fortified, the armies of Mahomet. The first onset, ill conducted by the temerity of Mourad-Beg, who commanded the vanguard of the Turks, threw a multitude of pashas and begs into an ambush laid by Ouzoun-Hassan. He boasted of holding captive the flower of the Turkish army. "Do not triumph yet," replied one of the prisoners, son of Timour-Khan, governor of Peloponnesus, "my master has hundreds of thousands of men better than we."

Mahomet, in consternation, had a dream which cheered his courage and that of the army. He dreamt that in a

hand to hand struggle with Ouzoun-Hassan, he dealt the King of Persia a blow so terrible on the breast, that a fragment of his heart was detached, and fell upon the ground. Confident in this augury, he marched six days after Ouzoun-Hassan, who had fallen back to a position stronger still at Terdjan. The Persian army, stationed on the natural gradations of Otloukbéli, was commanded at the centre by Hassan, on the wings by his two sons. The two sons of Mahomet, Mustapha on the one side, Bajazet on the other, commanded also under their father the two flanks of his army.

Mustapha rushed the first at the head of the akindjis and azabs, and, breaking with the shock the ranks of the Persians, slew with his hand Seinel-Beg, Behadur, sons of the King. Mahmoud, agha or general of the azabs, dismounted, cut off the head of Seinel, and took it to Mahomet in the name of his son. The entire army saw in this death the realization of the prophecy of the dream; for the sons are called in the Persian tongue "a portion of the father's heart."

Bajazet, emulous of his brother, penetrated as far into the heart of the Persian army as he had before him. Ouzoun-Hassan, exposed and cut off, fled bewailing his son and his army. Thirty thousand Turcomans, surrounded by the cavalry of Mahomet, were massacred in cold blood, during three days, by the executioners of the army. Not to delay the pursuit of Ouzoun-Hassan, some hundreds were massacred at each of the halts. Arrived before Kara-Hissar, a fortress of Lower Armenia, Mahmoud, the grand vizier, counselled the Sultan to lay siege to it before advancing farther into a doubtful country. Mahomet, indignant, apostrophized insultingly his vizier, reproaching him with timidity. "It is not fortresses, but armies, that are demanded by my vengeance," said he.

Kara-Hissar opened of itself before Mahomet. He gave their liberty to forty thousand slaves of both sexes, which the army was carrying in its train since the victory, whether to redeem the blood of the massacred prisoners, or to win, by this unusual magnanimity, popularity with the Turcomans of the frontiers, of whom he wished to make allies against the Persians. His letters of victory, and the flight of Ouzoun-Hassan along to Shiraz, in the heart of Persia, informed the courts of Europe, of Egypt, and of Asia, of the first triumph of the Turks over the Persians.

The vanquisher returned slowly to Constantinople, medi-

tating another vengeance against the Venetians and the Knights of Rhodes, accomplices, thenceforth isolated, of Ouzoun-Hassan. Mustapha, his son, was charged with the army of Caramania, to complete the pacification of these provinces. But this young Prince did not enjoy long this apparent favor of his father. The Sultan, by the counsels, it is said, of Mahmoud, the grand vizier, or by the counsel of his own jealousy, soon recalled him to Constantinople. He sent in his place, as governor of Caramania, Djem-Sultan, his third son, scarcely aged eighteen years, but whose virtues, talents, and precocious courage made him the ornament of his court and the delight of Mussulmans. Poet and warrior, Djem had written already a romantic poem in Persian, dedicated to his father. Passionately fond of wrestling, of which he had learned the exercise in Cilicia, that country of wrestlers, Djem esteemed as light the famous club of Alaeddin, preserved at Koniah as a proof of the superior strength of this Samson of the Seldjoukida. The Caramanians, charmed with his youth, his gentleness, and his address in combat, named him the first wrestler of the Empire, and submitted without resistance to his government. We will follow by and by into the East and into the West the romantic fortunes of this young son of Mahomet II., the most amiable, the most interesting, and the best informed of the princes of his race.

His father was going to prepare blindly, by a domestic tragedy, that which terminated also the days of this son. Through respect for the renown of their princes and for the Ottoman name, the two Turkish historians, Seadeddin and Solakzade, are silent upon this family drama, of which the Greek and Italian historians, contemporaries and witnesses, reveal almost unanimously the circumstances.

IX.

Mustapha-Sultan, the hero of the campaign against the Persians, accustomed to independence in his government of Asia, suffered impatiently at Constantinople the idleness of peace under the severe eyes of his father and the grand vizier. The popularity which he enjoyed for so many exploits among the people and among the Janissaries, led to watching with more rigor his conduct, his words, and even his amours. The Sultan, who preferred Bajazet to him, the natural heir

to the throne, dreaded for this favorite of his heart a competition too glorious in the second son. He pardoned him none of the licenses and debaucheries which he pardoned so freely in himself. Every fault of Mustapha was a crime in his eyes. One fatal passion, the result of a female imprudence, furnished him too plausibly the motive or the pretext of treating as a State crime an outrage upon Ottoman morals.

One day as Mustapha passed on horseback before the palace of Ahmed-Pasha, one of the viziers of his father, who was warring at that moment in Armenia, a young woman, wife of the vizier, issued from the palace of the Sultan, enveloped in a veil. Whether from a desire to see the hero of the Ottomans, or vanity to be seen, the wife of Ahmed drew aside the veil. Her beauty dazzled and fascinated the son of the Sultan. Love, which is but desire kindled by a gaze among nations whose manners interdict the sight and conversation of the sex, took possession of the senses, and soon of the heart of Mustapha. He read in the eyes of the wife of Ahmed an admiration of him which doubled the seduction. They understood each other at the glance. Secret messages and eunuchs completed the intelligence. Mustapha, informed of the day and hour when his idol would go to the bath, posted around the bath of the women some servitors of his passions, as rash as himself. The spouse of the vizier, wrested half naked from the arms of her slaves, was taken off from the sanctuary of feminine modesty, and delivered to the love of Mustapha in his palace.

X.

A cry of horror and of execration rose at the rumors of this outrage through the whole city. It reached, through the viziers, the ears of Mahomet II. Whether horror at having to punish such a crime in a son, or impossibility of pardoning it, Mahomet brooded for some days in silence his irresolution. The scandal was exciting public indignation. Ahmed-Pasha arrived from Asia, found his harem profaned, his favorite wife taken off from his affection, his honor and his religion outraged. He threw himself at the feet of the Sultan, his master, and asked him, with tears in his eyes, if that was the recompense which he reserved for his viziers who shed their blood in his service.

"Thou shalt be avenged," responded Mahomet; "I will

wash myself of the shame, were it with the blood of my own veins."

He summoned Mustapha before him; he reproached him with his crime, demanded that he give back his wife to the vizier, or menaced him with his anger. Whether from the madness of his fatal passion, or confidence in the attachment of the Janissaries, it is said that Mustapha persisted in his crime, and carried audacity to the length of drawing his sabre against his father. Mahomet let his son depart unpunished. He appeared to hesitate still during three days. The third night the tschaouschs or headmen entered the house of Mustapha, tore him from the arms of his adulterous odalisque, cut off his head, as if the meanest of criminals, exposed it a moment to the eyes of the people at the gate of the palace of his father, and buried the body, without pomp, in the tomb of his ancestors. The Janissaries, either taken by surprise, or astounded by a crime reprov'd by religion, law, and morals, did not dare to rise in favor of the prince against the public conscience; they remained motionless and dumfounded before the corpse of their favorite.

The murmur of the satisfied city, changed into sinister admiration of the inflexible justice of the Sultan, in sacrificing his own son to the maintenance of the sacred laws of matrimony, and Mahomet appeared a stoic lawgiver, in an act in which he, perhaps, was but a jealous sovereign, a partial father, and an unnatural man. He might have punished without killing: exile and imprisonment would have purged equally well the scandal. But exile and imprisonment would leave an idol to the Janissaries, a competitor to Bajazet, a rival to his own glory. This Philip II. of the Ottomans referred the matter to the executioners.

XI.

Public horror soon succeeded to popular admiration for the ferocious impartiality of the Sultan. Mahomet II. felt the need of throwing the blame upon his vizier. He attributed to the sage and unfortunate Mahmoud the excess of severity which he had shown towards his son. He accused him of having manifested a criminal indifference for the blood of Othman, by playing at chess the day of the death of Mustapha, and by appearing in public robed in white, when he ought to have worn the mourning of that prince.

His real crimes were the too great and too long services which he had rendered to his master, his credit with the people, his reputation for virtue, his independence in the council, his humanity towards the vanquished, and above all, towards the Greeks and the Albanians.

Mahmoud, born of a Greek father and of an Albanian mother, had been a Christian in his cradle. Carried off in infancy, and brought up among the pages, education alone had made him Mussulman. Although exteriorly attached to the religion of the prophet, he had retained for his early worship, and for his natal race, a filial sentiment, that led him to respect in the infidels the blood of which he was himself descended. His moderate and thoughtful policy, tempered too much, in the eyes of the fanatics, the impetuosities and cruelties of his master. He had rescued from him the King of Bosnia, and the Caramanian princes. He had hindered him from pushing too far his Persian victory against Ouzoun-Hassan. Mahomet was always for conquering; Mahmoud desired, above all, to consolidate the conquests. He favored the learned, the poets, the artists; he collected public libraries; he built, from his private fortune, mosques, that bear his name at Constantinople and at Sophia; he constructed baths, gratuitous lodging-houses, bridges on the highways of the empire; he kept up literary correspondences, which are preserved as monuments of wisdom and of Persian style, with the poets of Shiraz and of Tebriz; he composed himself, in the Persian tongue, poems that rival those of Hafiz; his house was the sanctuary of sages, and men of letters. One day a week, it was open to all savants, writers, philosophers, poets, Turkish and foreign, who visited Constantinople. They were served a plate of rice (*pilau*), in which grains of gold, mixed with the grains of this favorite dish of the Turks, enriched at random his guests by this impartial liberality. "Whoever," he was wont to say, "enjoys the favors of fortune, should unceasingly have in his hand to distribute it."

So much public esteem arising to the personal merit of the vizier, rather than the favor of the Sultan, obfuscated Mahomet: the vizier put his master in the shade; it was his first crime. The second was a too frank repartee of Mahmoud to the Sultan. "Why is the Crimea fallen into the decay in which we see it?" asked one day Mahomet, in his presence. "It is the fault of its viziers," replied a courtier who was present. "No," rejoined Mahmoud, "it is the fault

of its Sultans, who had not the discernment to choose competent viziers."

Mahomet saw in this a defiance to find a substitute to Mahmoud, in the administration of the Empire. Thrown, some days after, into the prison of the Seven Towers, the vizier foresaw his death, and prepared himself, like a philosopher superior to the ills of destiny. He made his will, without haughtiness, as without weakness, before his master. "I came to the gate of the Sultan," said he, at the end of this testament, "with a horse, a sabre, and a few *aspres* (a small Turkish coin), for my whole fortune. All that I have since acquired is the property of the Sultan, to whom I owe every thing. I deliver it back to him. I only supplicate him to spare the life of my son, Mohammed-Beg. I hope he will be pleased to maintain my pious foundations."

He held out calmly, after praying, his neck to the chiaoux, who strangled him in the prison. The people and the army wept for him. His unmerited and saintly death raised him in the eyes of the Ottomans, to the rank of great men, and even of martyrs.

Keduk-Ahmed-Pasha, a person without merit, was appointed grand vizier.

XII.

The Pope, the Venetians, the Genoese, the Knights of Rhodes, leagued, as has been seen above, with the Schah of Persia, Ouzoun-Hassan, Mussulman like Mahomet, continued, after the defeat of the Persians, to sustain in Cilicia, the seaboard of Caramania, the cause of the princes dispossessed of Caramania. The wife of Amurath II., the Servian Princess Mara, step-mother of Mahomet II., had been vainly employed as negotiator of peace between Venice and the Sultan. The Knights of Rhodes and the Pope prevailed over the policy of Venice. The Princess Mara returned to Thessalonica, attended by the honors and the magnificences of Mahomet.

A fleet of eighty Venetian galleys, of ten galleys of the Pope, of seventeen of Naples, and of fourteen galleys of the Knights of Rhodes—a veritable naval crusade of all the maritime powers of the Adriatic and of the Mediterranean—debarked successively at Satalia, in front of Cyprus and of Smyrna, bodies of troops of various nations, who rivalled in

pillaging, in ravishing, and murder, the Turcomans. Satalia and Smyrna, the two most wealthy cities of this coast, underwent the lot of Thessalonica, on its capture by Mahomet.

XIII.

These insults to the coast of Asia Minor, to the cities and the islands, provoked to frenzy the rage and vengeance of Mahomet. All his thoughts were turned to Rhodes, that fortress of his enemies, in the heart of his seas. Some wars in Croatia, in Carniole, in Styria, against the troops of Frederick III., Emperor of Germany, made a short diversion to his designs against this island. In an incursion of one of his begs into the provinces of the Emperor, the Ottomans reached as far as Laybach, and took the city by surprise during the celebration of divine service on Sunday, in the cathedral. They carried off a column of ten thousand captives, male and female, ravaged in their turn all the unwallied towns, and burned Peterwardein, in the midst of the plain of Hungary; frightful massacres avenged those of Smyrna and of Satalia. The intrepid Venetian general, Loredano, defended himself in Scutari of Illyria, even to the annihilation of the city. Eight thousand bodies of Turks and of Venetians rolled, during this desperate struggle of eight hours, on the two sides of the breach. "Eat my flesh," responded Loredano, to the remnant of the inhabitants who asked him to capitulate for want of food; "a soldier of Venice does not surrender but with life the post which is confided to him by the Republic."

XIV.

Some disasters sustained by the troops of Mahomet in Moldavia, soon repaired by the various military populations of his dominions, the Turcomans, the Bulgarians, the Serbians, the Albanians, did not turn aside the conqueror from his views upon Rhodes and on the Black Sea, where he wished to complete the Empire by the possession of the Crimea, and by the expulsion of the Genoese from Caffa, their commercial and military colony in the Crimea. He sent thither his grand vizier Ahmed, with the fleet. At the audience of leave of the grand vizier, he made him a present of a horse bearing a saddle of gold.

Caffa, delivered by a traitor, gave to the grand vizier forty thousand Greek slaves, transferred to Constantinople to people the city. Three days after the conquest, the grand vizier invited to a festival the Genoese traitor, and all the Armenians of Caffa, his accomplices. The festal hall had but one issue, through a narrow winding staircase, which allowed the guests to descend but one by one the steps. After the repast, Ahmed bowed off separately each of his guests. At the ground step of the stairs, the posted headsmen whipped off their heads. The Genoese passed the last, without suspecting the fate of his accomplices. Such was the reward of treason, and the ransom of the Crimea.

XV.

This vengeance cost Mahomet II. a war. Fifteen hundred young Genoese nobles, transported to Constantinople on the Ottoman fleets, and incorporated among the pages and the Janissaries, contrived upon the passage a plot against the Turks, disarmed their vigilance, took possession of their vessels, and threw themselves upon the coast of Europe, whence they took refuge in Hungary.

Mahomet, having vainly claimed them back from the Hungarians, marched in person into Moldavia, to strike at once Moldavians and Hungarians. In the first battle, in Moldavia, the Janissaries gave way. "See your soldiers giving ground, like cowards," said he to the agha of the Janissaries; "I thought them more courageous; they need an example. I will show you how they should be led."

He launched his horse at a gallop into the midst of the conflict, and fought, sabre in hand, covered with his buckler, unto victory.

The Princess Beatrice of Naples, betrothed to Mathias Corvinus, King of the Hungarians, who with her cortège was at this moment traversing Dalmatia on the way to Pesth, could only reach Hungary under guard of an entire army, to protect her against the Turks. The villages and cities where she had slept were burned the next day behind her by the akindjis, and the flames of the forests lighted her route. The same flames devoured Albania, Illyria, the basin of the Gulf of Lepanto, the gardens of Udina, and as far as the plains of Tagliamento, where Mahomet scattered fire and sword, to punish the Venetians for their alliance with his enemies.

XVI.

The grand vizier, Keduk-Ahmed-Pasha, who succeeded Mahmoud, was replaced this year, by a statesman foreign to arms, but illustrious for administrative knowledge, poetry and politics: it was Mahommed-Pasha Caramani, of the celebrated family of the poet Djelaleddin-Roumi, famous for his writings under the first Bajazet.

Mahomet II., dissatisfied with the tardiness of his viziers and generals in effecting the pacification and conquest of the seaboard of the Adriatic, marched, at the head of sixty thousand azabs, and forty thousand Janissaries, upon Scutari of Illyria, to deal in that fortress a mortal blow to Venice. "What an excellent nest the eagle has there selected to defend its young!" exclaimed he, upon seeing from a distance the cliffs, the ramparts, and the towers of Scutari.

His colossal artillery bombarded the town with marble balls of the weight of fifteen quintals. Balls of wool, saturated with sulphur, and which kindled upon falling on the roofs, set the houses on fire, poisoning the cisterns. A foundry of enormous cannons, and a powder manufactory, cast and loaded the pieces, on the spot itself where the Turks went on erecting new batteries. Two thousand seven hundred bullets, of from eleven to fifteen quintals, crushed the city during a siege of thirty-four days. The thirty-fifth day, Mahomet, seated on the mountain of the pashas, in a scarlet tent, visible to all his soldiers, ordered the general assault. One hundred and fifty thousand Ottomans scaled in vain the breaches; they were thrown back by the heroes of Venice and of Albania. Twelve thousand Turks filled the ditches with their bodies.

At the second assault he had all his cannons at once pointed against the principal gate of the city, resolved to exterminate the defenders of Scutari, even upon the bodies of the Janissaries who were mounting to the assault for him. The Janissaries either perished, or were dispersed by this hail of bullets showered from their own camp.

Mahomet, obliged to sound the retreat to avoid annihilating his own army, renounced the conquest of this cliff, which, however, sheltered no more than five hundred men and fifty women. "Why," cried he, "has the name of Scutari been ever mentioned before me, since I was doomed to leave there my glory?"

The siege, converted into a blockade, and confided to Evrenos-Beg, gave up at last its ruins to the Sultan by the treaty of peace of 1479, with Venice. Nothing now opposed his expedition against Rhodes.

XVII.

The island of Rhodes, of which the Phœnician name signifies the island of Serpents, and of which the Greek posterior name signifies the island of Roses, or the Rose of islands, resembles an advanced promontory of Asia, which the ruins of Mount Taurus prolonged into the Mediterranean, and which the sea has separated from it by a strait of ten thousand paces, to preserve it from the invasions and the tyrannies of the barbarians, so often masters of the neighboring continent. The Greeks ascribed the separation of Rhodes from the continent to the love of Helios, or the Sun, for Rhode, daughter or flower of this garden walled by the waves. The Heliades, born of these loves, founded, according to their tradition, the cities and the harbors of the neighboring coast of Cilicia. Long free and republican, then possessed by Artemisia, Queen of Caria, celebrated for her mausoleum to her husband; visited rather than conquered by the Persians and by Alexander; its capital, built upon a hillock looking up at a short distance on the indentations, the snows, the gorges of the Taurus, those Alps of Asia, was famous for its climate, for its gardens, for its vessels, for its commerce, for its colossus of a hundred cubits high, between the legs of which entered their largest vessels under full sail. At the time of the Romans it was the school and the museum of Greece, the Athens or the Florence of the Archipelago. The pictures and the statues of the artists of Ionia made part of its renown and of its riches. Cicero came thither to study eloquence and poetry under the first masters of Greek letters. The epithet of monumental has been added to its name. Its charms made it the desire of conquerors; its smallness guaranteed it against conquest. Its aristocratic government was composed of a senate of the principal citizens, presided by a prytanis, a sort of elective and municipal regulator. It stood between the parties that divided Rome with a trimming neutrality.

Constantine, after having transported the seat of the empire to Byzantium, annexed Rhodes to the empire, peopled

it with bishops, carried off the wrecks of its temples to construct the church of St. Sophia, this mosaic of altars and of gods, expelled by Christianity from the imagination of mankind. The Arabs and the Turks, after Mahomet II., demolished there in turn the churches of the worship of Constantine, to build their mosques. The crusaders wrested it at once from the Greeks and the Arabs, to truck it with some Knight-errants of Germany, France and Italy. In fine, William de Villaret, grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, conquered it from the Turcomans of Cilicia and acknowledged himself vassal of the lords paramount of Byzantium.

The island of Cos, celebrated for the birth of Hippocrates, the Aristotle of medicine, and of Apelles, the Raphael of the ancients, followed with the neighboring islets the vicissitudes of Rhodes. The Knights massacred, in these two islands, all the men of an age to bear arms; the aged and the children, the women and the girls, were exported and sold as spoils on the coasts of the Adriatic and of Calabria. They peopled it instead with Christian inhabitants. The city of Rhodes, walled and fortified by Villeneuve, successor of Villaret, became an arsenal, a port, and a barrack for those religious conquerors. They took for some time Smyrna from the Tartars of Oumour-Beg. The first Turkish Sultans, enemies of the Tartars and of the Turcomans, often leagued with the Knights, and confided to them, on the continent itself, fortresses and cities such as Halicarnassus. Frequent treaties of peace and alliance with Amurath and with Mahomet II., dissembled, under the name of armistices and of truces, the vow of eternal war with the Mussulmans, which formed the foundation of that knightly institution.

XVIII.

I have related how Mahomet II., tired of temporizing with this cosmopolitan republic, established on the borders of his empire, and menacing to his insular possessions, had exacted of the Knights that they should recognize his sovereignty by a tribute, and how the council of the order, offering an *annual present* instead of a *tribute*, had labored obstinately to disguise its vassalage under a voluntary homage.

The hour of violence, long retarded by the events above

related, had at last struck in the vindictive bosom of Mahomet II. One hundred and sixty vessels were armed in silence in the ports of the Bosphorus, of Constantinople, of Salonica; one hundred thousand men, under the command of a pasha, were ready to embark and sail for Rhodes. The grand master D'Aubusson, of the illustrious French house of the counts of the Marche, in Auvergne, a man chosen by the order for his birth, for his courage and his military talents against the day of danger, followed mentally, through his spies, these preparations. Letters from him to all the Knights of France, of Sicily, of Spain, of England, of Germany, of Italy, called them from their commanderies, with their vessels, to the salvation of the island, of the institution, of Christendom.

The departure of the expedition of Mahomet II. was preceded by some fruitless negotiations, in which the object on both sides was rather to detect the secret of the forces of each other than to become reconciled. They failed. Three renegades (converts) who had long inhabited the island, and who were acquainted with its vulnerable points, conferred secretly with Mahomet on the means of success. One was a Greek noble of the island of Rhodes, named Melligallo, ruined in his country by his dissipations, and seeking to regain a fortune by the sale of his native land; another was Demetrius Sofian, a Greek of Negropont, employed as negotiator and as spy by the son of Mahomet II., prince Djem, governor of Cilicia, charged by his father to treat with the Knights; the third, named *master George*, a skilful engineer in the attack and the defence of places, was one of those Germans without conscience and without country, who traffic indifferently their trade with all who pay them, and often receive two hires at the same time. George had inhabited the island, and his plans were adopted by the Sultan.

XIX

A renegade also of a name more illustrious had been chosen by Mahomet II. as general of the army of land and sea against Rhodes; he was called Mesih-Pasha. He was a Paleologus, a prince of that imperial house of which Mahomet had just dethroned the family, cousin to the last emperor Constantine Paleologus, a man whom neither religion, nor blood, nor country, nor honor, could retain on the side of

the vanquished. Paleologus, become pasha as the reward of his abjuration, redeemed, by an abject but able zeal, and by a courage worthy of another character, the inconvenience of not being born Mahometan. The Sultan judged that the Christians of Rhodes could have no enemy more virulent than the man who had betrayed at once his religion, his family, and his country.

The two hundred sails of Mesih or Paleologus-Pasha appeared the 24th May, 1480, upon the sea of Rhodes, between the isle of Cos and the continent. They bore two thousand combatants, the artillery which bombarded Constantinople and Scutari, formidable engines to batter the walls, and Servian, Albanian, and Hungarian artillerists, to launch bombs to enormous distances.

The Knights and the inhabitants covered the ramparts, to contemplate with terror this cloud which the north wind was rolling upon the island. Assembled from all parts of Europe in this Carthage of Christendom, encouraged by the prayers of the world, sustained by the promises of religion, allied with the Sultan of Egypt, who supplied them with provisions and sailors, at peace with the Sultan of Tunis, who leagued with them against Mahomet; in concert with the Turcoman princes of Cilicia, their neighbors and protégées, who still disputed Caramania with prince Djem, and who harassed the coast of the sea—the Knights felt themselves capable of coping with the empire. Their treasury, composed of the immense revenues of their possessions or commanderies in the different States of Europe, and of the spoils of their pious piracy upon the coasts of Africa and Asia, was inexhaustible. Several of their grand masters or elective princes had employed this treasure upon fortifications which defied fleets by sea, and armies by land. D'Aubusson had completed them by the construction of moles and bastions which shut in the port as an anterior city, and by the construction in the country of inaccessible fortresses, where the inhabitants of the villages could retire for safety on the approach of the Ottomans. Batteries, of which the fires crossed above the ports, had been erected around the coasts of the island. A light cavalry, mounted on Arabian and Turcoman horses, could fly with the rapidity of signals from the centre of the island to all the points of the circumference. In fine, in case the number of the Ottomans should be so great as to submerge the coast, and make themselves masters

of the island, the capital, in its spacious and solid enclosure, offered to the entire population of the island, which did not exceed thirty thousand inhabitants, an asylum against hunger, against slavery or death.

The city of Rhodes, its capital, is built upon the sloping sides of a hill which faces the seas of Cyprus and of Caramania. The heights of these hills, which form the background of the city, overlook with their walls, their bastions, their towers, the bare country which sweeps down into the interior of the island.

On the side of the sea, two tongues of low land bend towards each other at their extremity to embrace the harbor. These two natural promontories, piled at first by the Phenicians and the Greeks, then by the Arabs and the Christians, with constructions superadded from age to age to constructions, flanked with bastions, surmounted with towers, dented with battlements, present upon all their exterior sides to the sea, walls of rock, against which the billows dash in vain. Their mass, their height, their thickness, permit no breaches. Two square towers, one built by the Arabs, the other by the Christians, sunk in the sea at the narrow and tortuous entrance, which is shut by an iron chain, and by an interior mole, also fortified by a tower at its extremity, separate its military port and its port for commerce. Narrow quays are built around these two harbors. The city walls, as high and solid as those of the port, arise again between those quays and the streets. Some narrow and winding arches, excavated under those walls like caves under a cliff, give the sole access to the interior districts of Rhodes. These districts, at first narrow and obscure from the shade of the walls, emerge insensibly in a gentle slope by one broad street to the summit of the city. On the right and on the left, the mouldering façades of the houses of the Knights of the different nations or tongues, leave to be seen above their sculptured doors the escutcheons and the devices of their possessors. It is the heraldic monument of all the nobility of Europe, displayed in stone upon this cloister of chivalry. In mounting further, a broad and elevated platform of earth bears the palace of the grand master and of the dignitaries of the order, which overlooks from one side the city, from the other the immense horizon of the sea of Cyprus and the mountains of Telmissus on the continent.

Outside this, of which the walls and the ditches were

double, two suburbs, one for the Jews, the other for the Greeks, were sheltered in the plain under the cannon of Rhodes on the one side, and on the other under the fort of the church of Phileremos, built upon a second hill adjacent to the city, and called the hill of *Sunbullu*, or the hill of the Hyacinths, from the name of these flowers, with which it is still carpeted.

XX.

At three thousand paces from the hill of the Hyacinths, at a point without defence, Paleologus-Pasha put in his vessels by the direction of the refugees, and landed his hundred thousand combatants. The peasantry fled into the suburbs and the city. The Ottoman army planted its tents upon Mount St. Stephen, an adjoining eminence, beyond the range of the batteries of the city. The fleet, after the debarkation, returned up the coast of the island towards the east, and cast anchor in an ample bay, where the sea of Syria unrolls its waves upon a bottom without depth and without shoal.

XXI.

The first attack directed by Paleologus-Pasha against the two towers which flanked the entrance of the port, scarcely gapped the blocks of granite of which they were constructed. Of the three renegades who directed the guns, two fell by the first discharges from the place. The German engineer George, judging, by the inefficacy of his attacks on the different bastions of the wall on the land side, that the works had been improved since his departure from the island, and wishing to indicate himself by concerted signals to the Ottomans the sides on which their bullets would best affect the walls, he threw himself one night into a bark and presented himself to the Knights as a repentant transfugee, who came to redeem his apostasy by services to the Christians. D'Aubusson received him with distrust; but his great renown in the art of directing artillery and inventing engines of war, disposed to the acceptance of his repentance, and of his aid, as an unexpected favor of Providence. He was placed, however, under the surveillance of six Knights, who were to keep an eye to his manœuvres. After a few days' trial, it was

observed that his batteries were firing wide of the Ottomans, while the batteries of the Ottomans were hitting point blank the weakest positions of the place. He was condemned upon these indications, with perhaps as much levity as he had been received. The council had him hung on one of the towers of the port, to punish the presumed treachery, and to suggest to Paleologus-Pasha a lesson of terror on the end of traitors.

XXII.

Paleologus, hoping no longer in stratagem or art, trusted only in the number and impetuosity of the troops. The land and sea became, day and night, for a month, two volcanoes, which vomited ten thousand bullets against the walls and three thousand bombs into the place. Rhodes, its walls, its churches, its palaces, were but a heap of ruins, levelled and ploughed by three hundred pieces of artillery. The eleven cannons, of monstrous calibre, mounted on the hill of Phileremos, opened the flanks of the bastions, breached the towers, filled the trenches. The detonation of these pieces made, say the witnesses, the sea tremble as far as the islands of Cos and Cyprus, and reverberated from the gorges of Mount Taurus to the bottom of the Gulf of Satalia.

But the Knights and the inhabitants maintained unflinchingly their ground, and "Rhodes, on the side of Mount Phileremos resembled," says another narrative of the siege, "the immense tortoise which would unceasingly renovate its scales."

The Turks exhausted their munitions, their inventions, their engines, their explosions of mines, without advancing a step beyond the foot of the ramparts. They fell by thousands beneath the stones which the besieged rolled down upon their bodies. After a truce of several days, and some vain summonses to the Grand Master, a last assault, given by one hundred thousand men by sea and land at once, covered at length, the breaches and the quays with the Ottomans, who had now but to descend into the city, open in all parts.

It was Friday, the 28th July, the very day on which the Ottoman fleet, under the command of Keduk-Ahmed-Pasha, debarked at Otranto, which was given up to fire and blood. Mesih or Paleologus-Pasha, thinking himself master of his prey, had imprudently proclaimed in his camp that the spoils and the slaves of Rhodes belonged to the Sultan, and were to

be reserved by the vanquishers. His soldiers, who fought for pillage rather than for glory, threw down their arms, and refused to mount the breaches to support those who had occupied them. This hesitation shook the Janissaries themselves, thus abandoned upon the Breaches; they came, cursing the avarice of the pasha. The Knights ascended in their place, and drawing up to them the scaling-ladders of the Turks into the city, re-established the dilapidated scarp.

Discouragement, lassitude, murmuring and mutiny forced at last Paleologus-Pasha to re-embark his army, which left twelve thousand dead before the walls. While he was weighing anchor and extricating his two hundred vessels, the city rung with shouts of victory, and the chant of hymns in triumphal processions. D'Aubusson, covered with wounds from fighting foremost on the breach, was taken home upon a hand-barrow decked with Turkish trophies. Most of the names of the nobility of the different nations of the West received a new illustration in this memorable siege. It was the last gasp of chivalry. Their chief, D'Aubusson, was the hero among these heroes of the cross. Happy if the disingenuous policy of his order had not tarnished, some days after, under his name, the glory with which Europe crowned his intrepidity.

XXIII

Mahomet II., indignant at a reverse which he attributed to Paleologus, received the fleet with severe reproaches; he degraded the general from his rank of pasha, and sent him to expiate, in the humble post of sandjak-beg of Gallipoli, his fault or his misfortune. Paleologus was expecting to die. Whether from indulgence or disdain, Mahomet let him live for another fortune, which was afterwards to raise him from his disgrace.

The Sultan prepared to efface, by victories, the two humiliations which his arms had undergone at Scutari and at Rhodes. The first days of the following spring, he had the horse-tails planted on the Asiatic bank, between Scutari and Gebissé, in front of the seraglios. It was the sign to the army for rallying around the tents of its master. Mahomet had resolved to conquer Syria, and perhaps Egypt, from the Sultan of Cairo, who had aided his enemies in Caramania, in Persia, and at Rhodes. Thus the empire, to which he had

given a solid base upon the Danube, a central capital at Constantinople, a robust body in Caramania, was going to extend its two immense arms, in a single ring—the one as far as the chains of the mountains of Illyria, to embrace the Adriatic and Italy; the other as far as the mountains of Lebanon, to embrace the sea of Cyprus and Egypt. Never, in so few years, had a conquering tribe thus incorporated thirty nations in a single empire.

Death arrested Mahomet II. in the accomplishment of this plan, reserved for his successors. A malady, violent and hasty like his temperament, seized him in his tents, on the first march of the army, encamped on a site which is named the "Meadow of the Sultan." The army was ignorant for several days of his death. The eunuchs and the physicians in the confidence of the grand vizier assigned as reason for the halt a slight illness of the Sultan, which compelled him to return to take the baths of Constantinople.

XXIV.

During the halt, the grand vizier, Mohammed Nischani, was preparing the empire for the second son of Mahomet, Djem, or Zizim, the favorite of the father and the hope of the vizier, to the detriment of Bajazet, to whom the throne belonged by right of birth. Meanwhile, to appear irreproachable in all events, the vizier sent a chamberlain, Keklik Mustapha, to Bajazet, governor of Amasia, to announce to him the death of his father. The messenger had orders to take his leisure on the way, and thus leave time for an astute combination of events. This combination, which was to assure the throne to Djem, and death to Bajazet, was by so much the surer of success, as Amasia, the residence of Bajazet, was nine days' journey from Constantinople, and Magnesia, where Djem at that moment resided, was only four days' journey from the camp. A rapid and confidential courier bore to Djem, at Magnesia, the plan of the vizier.

An excess of prudence ruined Djem and his protector. In the fear that Bajazet, arrived the first at Constantinople, might carry off by his presence the support of the Janissaries who remained in garrison, the grand vizier Mohammed sent them orders to cross the Bosphorus and to present themselves immediately at the camp of the Imperial Meadow. While

they were executing this unusual order, a litter, closed with bars and curtains, and escorted by eunuchs and guards, issued from the camp and advanced towards Scutari. It was, they said, the Sultan, sick, whom they were carrying back to the baths of the seraglio at Constantinople. The camp and the people suspected nothing. But this imperial litter having been encountered about midway between the camp and the sea by the discontented Janissaries, who were marching to the Meadow, the rumor of an imposture spread in an instant among the soldiers. They gathered round the cortège, and fiercely demanded to be shown the Emperor. The curtains opened, showed but the corpse of Mahomet II. At this sight, they suspected a state crime, arrested the litter, ran to the camp to call their comrades to vengeance, returned in tumult to the borders of the sea, embarked, and arrived in full sedition at Constantinople, pillaged the district of the Jews, the palaces of the viziers supposed to be partial to Djem, entered by storm the seraglio, and beheaded the grand vizier, whom they accused of meaning to usurp the throne. The body, scarce cold, of Mahomet II., thus witnessed the anarchy caused by his death. A bloody interreign threw Constantinople into consternation for some days, without an emperor or a vizier.

XXV.

Meanwhile the divan assembled at the seraglio to rescue the Empire from the anarchy of the soldiery. They charged with a unanimous dictatorship Ishak-Pasha, a man of firmness, integrity, and respected by the soldiers. Seconded by a band of Janissaries, by the citizens, and the mallas (students), he repressed the seditionists, and forced them to return to duty. In haste to end the interreign, he ran to the seraglio, where Mahomet II. had kept, as hostages, two of the children of his sons, the one called Korkoud, son of Bajazet, aged eight years, the other named Ogouz-Khan, son of Djem, still in the cradle. He presented Korkoud to the army, who proclaimed him provisional Sultan while awaiting the arrival of his father. The Ottoman people, who see the rights of the nation but in the rights of the family, obeyed without a murmur this title crowned in a child.

XXVI.

Meanwhile, as if fortune had meant to cut one by one all the threads of the web prepared by the decapitated vizier, the confidant sent to Djem to invite him to the Imperial Meadow, had not arrived as far as Magnesia; being met upon the way by Sinan-Pasha, governor of Anatolia, who had opened his despatches. Sinan-Pasha, an interested partisan of Bajazet, had the messenger strangled by his chiaoux. Djem thus remained for a long time ignorant of the death of his father, and the events of Constantinople.

Bajazet came to know them, though tardily, by the arrival of Keklik-Mustapha. He set out the same night from Amasia, at the head of four thousand select cavalry of his government. The twelfth day he entered Scutari, a suburb of Constantinople. The viziers, the generals, the aghas, the Janissaries, and the whole city, embarked in galleys and caiques from Constantinople, to come to form a triumphal cortège of entry to the new Sultan. But the intrigues did not wait this entry to break forth around him. Ishak-Pasha, who had exercised for twelve days back the functions of grand vizier, and who feared to be dispossessed by the Amasian vizier whom Bajazet had with him, spread adroitly among the Janissaries the rumor that this favorite counselled his master to break the yoke of the army, to reform the discipline, to reduce the pay. The Sultan, intimidated by these rumors, sent back the favorite to Amasia; but this was not enough for the Janissaries. Scarcely had the Sultan set foot upon the soil of Europe, than this soldiery, drawn up in battle order on the point of the seraglio, demanded by their cries an amnesty under solemn oath, for those amongst them who had slain the vizier, and committed the other outrages. They also exacted an-imperial liberality on occasion of his advent to the throne.

Bajazet had but the choice between concession and the revolt. He ratified the wish of the army, and thus converted into a usage ruinous to the public treasury, the avidity of the soldiers. On this condition he was permitted to enter the palace.

XXVII.

The next day, exchanging the white for the black turban, in token of grief, he conducted the funeral of his father, and

deposited the body of Mahomet II. in the tomb which the prince had prepared for himself, in the magnificent *turbe* built under the walls of the mosque that bears his name.

Ishak-Pasha was made grand vizier; a camp was formed hastily by his orders at Scutari, to prevent, should it be necessary, the competition of Djem for the Empire.

Some days passed, in the festivities of the accession to the throne, and in the uncertainty of the events which the submission or resistance of the troops of Asia to the government of Bajazet II. was preparing for the capital. They were employed in the public places in extolling or in execrating the memory of Mahomet II.

"He has conquered two empires," said the partisans of the prince; "that of Byzantium, and that of Trebizond; he has subjugated two hundred fortified cities; he has annexed to the heritage of the Ottomans, fourteen kingdoms, or sovereign principalities. He has founded schools, libraries, mosques, hospitals without number, for the sanctification, the instruction, and the relief of his people. A mosque that rivals St. Sophia, bears his name and guards his tomb. His roads, his aqueducts, his public baths, cover the provinces administered by his viziers. He has honored and himself cultivated letters; poetry, astronomy, the mathematics, encouraged by his munificences, and by those of Mahmoud, his grand vizier, have called to Constantinople the most erudite and the most polished intellects from the East and from the West. He corresponded himself with his own hand, and in different languages, with the princes or the men eminent by their renown of all countries; his court was an academy of philosophers and poets, whose conversation recreated him from the fatigues of war and the anxieties of ambition. The last of his grand viziers, killed the day after his death by the Janissaries, was the first writer of his times. Four other of his viziers also cultivated poetry. His divan assembled all the celebrities of his empire. Thirty Ottoman poets, among whom was one woman, the famous Seineb, received from him pensions and honors. One of his warriors, Ahmed-Pasha, is more illustrious for his religious songs than for his victories. In fine, Mahomet endured humbly the contradiction of the learned and the counsels of the wise. 'Do you dare to discuss with me?' said he one day angrily to Khodja-Zade, who was teaching him the jurisprudence necessary to the founder of institutions. 'As thy slave, no,' responded the

Jurist; 'as thy professor, yes, I dare it; for if thou art my sovereign elsewhere, here thou art my disciple.'

"In Mahomet," replied the sages, "the reign is great, but the man is perverse. He loved science, poetry, letters, as an element of glory, but not as an element of virtue. He esteemed civilization but as a means of consolidating his conquests. The just and the unjust had for him no existence; ambition alone was the soul of his policy. Without doubt he aggrandized the Empire, but he dishonored the name of the Ottomans. One of the sexes was not sufficient for his debaucheries; he punished with death the resistance of children and of virgins to his lubricities. He murdered the son of the grand duke Notaras and the daughter of the Venetian governor of Negropont, for having preferred death to infamy. He dishonored the harem of his father, in forcing his widow to espouse a slave. He drowned his infant brother, to extinguish a future rivalry. He executed through jealousy, in two of his grand viziers, the most zealous servants and virtuous men of his court. In fine, he had his own son, the heroic Mustapha, strangled, less to punish him for his crime than for his glory. His sole monument is Constantinople; his sole name is the *Conqueror*. But his memory, which can never be forgotten while treading the soil of Byzantium, will be at once the pride and the humiliation of the Ottomans."

Thus spoke, the day following his death, the Greek, Italian and Persian writers, and even his Turkish contemporaries, of Mahomet the Conqueror; and these judgments, different according to the different countries, are still to-day the judgment of posterity. A great reign, an immoral and sanguinary man, who makes history sometimes admire, but who oftener makes humanity blush and shudder.

BOOK FIFTEENTH.

I.

THE two brothers who were now going to dispute for the empire, knew each other but by mutuality of hatred from the cradle. They were both of them unknown to the capital. Mahomet II., their father, did not believe in nature, because he had so often outraged her by his family murders. He had constantly kept his two sons at a distance from the throne and from his residence, through dread of the palace intrigues or of the barrack movements which might be connected with their names. He banished them alike, the one to Magnesia, the other to Amasia, the two extremities of Asia Minor, to prevent the occurrence between them of either leagues or rivalries, alike fatal to the repose of the Empire. Fraternal sentiment could not, therefore, correct in them the ambition, which was born in their blood and cultivated in their souls by their different mothers, of supplanting each other in the throne of their father.

The coronation of Bajazet II. gave Djem or Zizim to understand the lot that awaited him, according to the law of murder decreed by Mahomet II. which authorized the brother to slay his brothers, and which left no arbiter between them but death. If Djem were not to revolt for the throne, he must have revolted for his life; he must either reign or die.

II.

This young prince, infinitely better endowed by nature than Bajazet II. was not yet twenty years of age. The portraits of the historians of Rhodes, of Rome, and of France, a country which he has affected by his misfortunes,

represent him as being of a tall stature, of a majestic gait, of a Greek or Italian complexion like his mother, a Venetian slave, carried off from an island of the Archipelago; of a melancholy look, of a gracious mouth, of an affable bearing, of an easy and imageful elocution, wherein was found the oriental poetry of his cradle beneath the masculine eloquence of his rank and the dignity of his reverses. It has been seen that he excelled in the three exercises of body and mind which constituted then the chivalry of the Persians and the Turks; to write verses, to manage the sabre, and to wrestle by strength and suppleness, the limbs naked and oiled, with the most celebrated wrestlers of Albania and of Persia. The more serious courage which he showed in his viceroyalty of Cilicia, in battling against the sons of Caraman-Oghli; the attraction of his youth, the indulgent mildness of his government, had rendered him dear to entire Caramania, where he mitigated, although vanquisher, the yoke of his father. The soldiers and the people of Magnesia were in advance won to his cause, by the love with which his conduct had inspired them. The unpromising renown and the savage character of Bajazet augmented this predilection for Djem. In such a disposition of the populations and the troops of Asia, the spontaneous proclamation of Djem to the empire was responded to unanimously from Erzeroum to Broussa. Entire Caramania rose to sustain its favorite. Djem had but to consent to rebellion against a candidate of the Janissaries. His troops ran to arms of themselves. They surrounded him in a few days at Magnesia with an army equal in number and more devoted in attachment than that of Scutari. He advanced upon Broussa, the capital of Ottoman Asia, with the vanguard of his army; he hoped to enter it without obstacle, and to erect throne against throne. Time and his popularity would do the rest.

III.

But the Turks have a sense of family rights and of hereditary possession of the government, which prevails even over their passions and their preference. With them, legitimacy is divine, the caprice of popular predilections is but human. Legitimacy was for Bajazet II.

The Sultan of Constantinople, on being informed of the proclamation of the Sultan of Magnesia, and his march upon

Broussa, hastened to embark a body of some thousands of the Janissaries, and directed them to sail for the small port of Moudania, adjacent to Mount Olympus, to cut off his brother from the route to Broussa, and to dispute with him this capital of their father. The two armies arrived simultaneously at opposite gates of the city. Broussa, summoned in the name of the two Sultans to open its gates, trembled for fear of a mischoice of cause and fortune. It hesitated for some days; it adjourned obedience under various pretexts; but while the authorities of Broussa were thus negotiating to gain time, the people, rapturous in the cause of Djem, were passing out to him above the walls the encouragements, the provisions, the subsidies, even the combatants which he needed. Sustained by these popular ovations, Djem attacked the Janissaries of Bajazet under the walls, precipitated them into the sea, made prisoner their general Ayas-Pasha, and, returning victor to Broussa, was there conducted in triumph to the palace of his ancestors. He was proclaimed a second time Sultan; money was struck, and prayers said in the mosques in his name; to him was delivered the treasury. For eighteen days he governed Asia, and sent his firmans to Europe from this capital of Bithynia.

IV.

Meanwhile, whether it was that he did not delude himself as to the real inequality of his forces compared with those of his rival, or that he hesitated to engage in a fratricidal war, Djem essayed to restore concord, upon equitable terms.

There was then at Broussa a Sultana named Seldjou-Khatoun, aunt of Mahomet II., grand-aunt of Djem and Bajazet. She lived, honored and esteemed for her worth, in an old palace. Djem besought her to go to Constantinople, to interpose her wisdom and mediation between him and his brother. He authorized her to offer Bajazet the equal division of the empire, in which the share of Bajazet would be Europe, the islands, the Archipelago, the Black Sea, Servia, Wallachia, the Adriatic, and which would leave himself, Djem, but the sovereignty of Asia. Seldjou-Khatoun, attended by a retinue of women, of eunuchs, of guards, and of inferior envoys, presented herself at Constantinople. She acquitted herself of the mission with the double authority of the affection of an aunt and of her character of ambassa-

dress. Received with respect by Bajazet, she represented eloquently the perils of the Empire and the rights of blood. Bajazet smiled : " Kings have no kindred," replied he.

V.

This abortive negotiation surrendered the Empire to the fate of arms. Djem, whose destiny it was to experience by turns the treachery of friends and enemies, of Mussulmans and Christians, was already sold to Bajazet by his first chamberlain, Yacoub. Bajazet promised to this intimate counsellor of his brother the government of Anatolia, if he would concur in quashing the civil war by advising Djem to his ruin. Yacoub counselled the Sultan of Broussa to divide his army into two bodies. One division, commanded by an unskilful general, was to confront at Nice the army of Bajazet ; the other, commanded by Djem in person, would cover Broussa and Mount Olympus. This separation of the army in two, by weakening each wing, gave the victory to Bajazet.

A battle, fought before the walls of Nice near the obelisk of Constantine, threw back the partisans of Djem as far as Zenischyr. Bajazet advanced towards the city. He was there joined by Keduk-Ahmed-Pasha, the ablest general of Mahomet II., who was returning from Italy covered with glory, and who was believed to be animated with implacable resentment against Bajazet for past offences.

Djem hastened to Broussa, and strengthened at Zenischyr by a host of Turcomans and Caramanians, fought in vain like a hero. The presence of Bajazet, the veteran discipline of the Janissaries, the name and counsels of Keduk-Ahmed, at last the treachery of Yacoub, completed the rout of the Sultan of Broussa. Night alone protected the flight of the Turcomans and Caramanians. The darkness left Djem some hopes of still rallying them. Concealed in a forest adjoining the field of battle with a band of his partisans, he hoped next day to collect his troops, and make a new trial of fortune. The rising sun showed him the nothingness of these hopes. The rout had swept off all. He had but time to fly himself, escorted by sixty horsemen as far as the wild gorges of Ermeni. He stopped there to repose his horses, and to dress the wound that he had received from a kick of his horse on the leg. He had left his tents of Zenischyr, after the battle, in such destitution that his grand vizier was obliged to lend

him his mantle to cover him, while he slept on the ground, from the cold and moisture of the nights.

Arrived at Koniah, he found there the Sultana, his mother, and his harem. With his family and treasures he took the route of Tarsus, to ask an asylum in Syria from the Sultan of Egypt. Aleppo and Damascus received him as a dispossessed Sultan, who would by and by recover his throne. The Sultan of Egypt gave him at Cairo entertainment in his vizier's palace, and a court befitting his rank. Weary of inaction, and wishing to regain in the eyes of the Ottomans the title of sanctity which might increase the number and the fanaticism of his partisans, whom he had left in Asia, he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and to Mecca. These pious journeys effaced for a time all trace of him in the Arabian deserts.

Let us return to Bajazet II.

VI.

The day following his victory, the Turcomans of Ermeni, who had insulted and pillaged Djem after his defeat, having come to ask him for peace in recompense of their defection, Bajazet answered that he was going to give them the reward which they merited. He had them surrounded by his guards, and caused them to be crucified on the trees of the forest. "Behold," said he to the Turkish peasants of those provinces, "the reward of slaves who mix in the quarrels of Sultans. How has this wretched vermin dared to lift a hand against the sacred person of my brother?"

The Janissaries, on his return to Broussa, demanded to have the city delivered them for pillage in punishment of its treason. Bajazet descended to prayers and tears to avert their purpose. "Grant to me myself, and to me alone," said he to them, "the city of my fathers." But encouraged by the impunity of the pillage of Constantinople, the Janissaries eluded the supplications of their Sultan. Bajazet was able to rescue the city from pillage but by paying the ransom of Broussa to his soldiers. Each Janissary received a thousand aspers in compensation of his part of the spoils.

Keduk-Ahmed, whom the Italian and French historians name improperly Acomat, brought back the victorious army from Caramania to Constantinople. The service which Keduk-Ahmed had just rendered him in Zenischyr, had ill effaced

the early impressions of Bajazet towards this Belisarius of the Ottomans. An old hatred rankled still in his memory. One day as Bajazet, in his youth, accompanied Mahomet II., his father, in one of his campaigns, Keduk-Ahmed, in inspecting the army, had spoken roughly to the son of the Sultan for the lack of discipline that reigned in his division. "Thou wilt repent of this insolence, when I shall be thy master," said Bajazet, humbled. "And I," replied the old warrior, "I swear here, by the head of thy father, that if thou ever art Sultan, I will never bear a sabre for a master such as thou."

At the review of the troops in the meadow of Scutari, Keduk-Ahmed in fact appeared before the Sultan at the head of the cavalry, without arms, and his sabre hanging at the pommel of his saddle. "What means that costume?" asked the Sultan, astonished. Keduk reminded him proudly of his oath, to never bear a sabre in his service. "I discharge thee from the engagement," said Bajazet; "thou hast too long a memory; forget the faults of my youth, and serve me as thou hast served my father."

VII.

Meanwhile, scarcely had he entered Constantinople, than, proud of his renown and his ascendancy over the Janissaries, Keduk-Ahmed murmured loudly against the cowardice of the grand vizier and of the Sultan, who, instead of fighting, negotiated with the Knights of Rhodes and with the Turcomans, still revolted, of Koniah. Formerly grand vizier of Mahomet II., he regarded as beneath him all authority short of the highest; he was one of those men who acknowledge a master but on condition of domineering over him.

A bitter domestic remembrance envenomed the soul of Keduk-Ahmed against the grand vizier Ishak-Pasha. The young wife of Keduk-Ahmed, taken off formerly by Prince Mustapha, was daughter of Ishak, the grand vizier. Keduk-Ahmed, after the death of her ravisher, sent her back to her father. The father did not forget this outrage.

Bajazet, too, endured impatiently the necessity of a general too dear to the troops, who prized too highly his services, and imposed himself upon his master. His anger, which did not dare to break out in the calm of reflection, found vent in a moment of drunkenness.

Keduk-Ahmed, invited by the viziers and the pashas of the seraglio to a festival in the palace, attended through deference for his master. Bajazet, against the rules of religion and of usage, quaffed freely of the wines of Cyprus and of Shiraz, and forced, by his examples and his exhortations, his guests to drink. Keduk-Pasha, an austere observer of the Koran, yielded with repugnance to the entreaties of the Sultan. The Sultan, in the heat of wine, which unties tongues and opens hearts, said imprudently, that a pacific reign like his did not need to make his people pay for the glory and the cupidity of ambitious soldiers, who made the Empire a prey, and that he would, by reducing the number and the pay of those seditious Janissaries, bring down the pride of their chiefs to the modesty and obedience of slaves of the Sultan.

Keduk, designated by these words, and himself excited by the wine, asked the Sultan who had confirmed him upon his throne, and broke forth into violent reproaches against the ingratitude of sovereigns. He represented to Bajazet, still scarcely secure enough to be so forgetful and so haughty, the danger of discontenting, by such declarations, the Janissaries, who might withdraw the throne which they had given. A silence of terror followed upon these words.

Bajazet thereupon forgot all prudence; he blushed, made a sign to one of his chamberlains, and spoke some words to him in a low voice. At the close of the festival, there was brought, according to the usage of the Princes of the East, when they wish to show their magnificence, a robe of honor to each of the guests. That which was set upon Keduk-Ahmed was black, a sinister sign of reprobation and of mourning. Keduk understood, and rose to withdraw from the seraglio, and prepare for death.

"Stay here," said the Sultan, with an accent which already foreboded his doom; and with a gesture he ordered the chiaoux to strip the grand vizier of his clothes, to apply to him the bastinado, and to strangle him after having dishonored his body.

"Cowardly and ungrateful tyrant," exclaimed then the vizier, who had no longer any thing to restrain his resentments, "since thou didst meditate my death, why, by an impious refinement of vengeance, hast thou forced me to sully my soul in drinking wine with thee?"

The headsmen had already torn off the clothes of Keduk-

Ahmed, and applied the bastinado to his naked shoulders; they were bringing the cord to strangle him, when the Kislar-agma, or chief of the eunuchs, a secret friend of Keduk, threw himself at the feet of the Sultan; he conjured him to suspend the execution, in order to ascertain, before it was too late, if the Janissaries would not revolt at the news of the disgrace and the imprisonment of their general. The Sultan, struck with this prudence, ordered Keduk-Ahmed to be thrown, bloody, and half-naked, into the prison of the seraglio.

VIII.

Meanwhile the night was passing, and the son of Keduk-Ahmed, who adored his father, and sat up to wait for him, did not observe him returning home. Uneasy at this delay, he ran to the house of one of the viziers who attended the banquet, and learned a few of the circumstances, which enabled him to guess the rest. Trembling for the life of his father, if he should still be living, or eager to avenge him if dead, the son ran to the barracks of the Janissaries, woke them up, harangued them, showed them their general and their father, victim of his devotion to their interests, falling beneath the dishonoring hand of a drunkard, or about to expiate, in the course of the night, his virtue by execution.

At these tears, these gestures, these supplications, ten thousand Janissaries, all outraged in their chief, rush furiously into the streets, call their comrades to arms, incite them to march to the palace, to set fire to the seraglio, to the end of rescuing their defender from an ungrateful Sultan, or to avenge his death by throwing upon his corpse the corpse of his assassin. Presently thirty thousand Janissaries, with torches and drawn sabres in hand, pressed around the outer gate of the seraglio, burst it open by axe blows, and dashed across the courts, against the second gates, to penetrate into the palace.

Bajazet, apprised by the tumult, by the torches and the cries of the soldiers, had the doors barricaded by the chief of the eunuchs, and presenting himself inside the bars of an elevated balcony, demanded with a trembling voice of the assailants what they wanted.

"Miserable drunkard," cried a thousand angry voices, "restore to us our general, or we are going to burn thyself in

thy seraglio." "You have been deceived," replied the Sultan, "your general is not dead." "Let him be shown us, let him be brought us," rejoined the troops.

Keduk-Ahmed, drawn precipitately from his prison before there was time to give him back his clothes, appeared at the side of his master by the gleam of the torchlights; his head, shoulders, legs and feet bare, covered only with a shirt of coarse linen, all torn and stained with blood by the bastinading of the slaves. At the sight of this nudity, more dishonoring than death itself in the eyes of the soldiers, their indignation was redoubled. Bajazet would have been torn asunder if his victim merely let his silence speak. But the hero was as magnanimous as the Sultan was ungrateful. He, by gesture, demanded respect for their sovereign from the soldiers.

"Yes, you have been deceived," said he to them, "the Sultan (whom God protect!) has not meditated my death. In the excitement of a festival, I have myself failed of the respect which every Ottoman owes to his master: he has punished me, too severely, perhaps, but I merited a penalty, and I owe him thanks for my life. Do not be more indulgent to me, or more irritated than I am myself. Return to order, ask pardon of your master for having believed a calumny, and for having violated the threshold of his sacred seraglio; I am going to ask him for you the pardon which he grants myself. Return in peace to your barracks, and let us all efface from memory this night of error and of crime. He who is not ready to obey his sovereign to even death, would not be worthy of being obeyed by you."

IX.

The generosity of this great man calmed the fury of the Janissaries. They instantly dressed him in the clothes of which he had been stripped, and conducted him in triumph to his house. He returned next day to the divan with the simple title of vizier, but with the authority of a servitor imposed upon his master by the favor of the people and the soldiers.

Bajazet II. appeared to have given back his full confidence to Keduk-Ahmed; but dissimulation brooded on his vengeance. He feigned, to separate the pasha from his partisans, the necessity of a journey to Broussa. Keduk,

through his functions in the divan, must attend his master. The Janissaries, left at Constantinople, or dispersed, under divers pretexts, in the garrisons of Europe, were impotent to concert for the security of their general. Some days after the arrival of the Sultan at Broussa, Keduk-Ahmed was strangled in the interior of the seraglio. The rumor was spread of a sudden and natural death. His crime was, to have merited too well of his master, and to have too much the sentiments of his merit and of his virtue.

Thus perished the greatest general of Mahomet II. His death left the Janissaries without an idol, but also without a moderator. Bajazet soon had reason to regret him.

X.

On the return of the Sultan to Constantinople, the Janissaries, suspecting, from the sudden disappearance of their general, and the dispersion of their ortas, the ill-disguised design of disbanding them, returned of themselves to the capital. They communicated their fears to, and concerted with, each other, to prevent the ruin of their body. At the same time, their old respect for the house of Ottoman, and the exhortations of their aghas, made them mask the sedition under discipline. Fearing to raise a second time against them the capital, still indignant at the pillage of Constantinople on the death of Mahomet II., and of thus losing all popularity in the empire, they resolved to limit their insurrection to absence and inaction. They retired in order and in arms from the city, and went to encamp in their tents, outside the walls of Constantinople. There, their number, their silence, their attitude, provoked the Sultan to fear, the capital to insurrection.

Negotiations were opened between them and the viziers, for the satisfaction of their grievances, or for the guarantee of their privileges. Bajazet II., after some vain concessions to their exigencies, was forced to ask himself of these pretorians the entry of their camp, and to appear there as suppliant, rather than as Emperor. He conjured them, by the safety of the nation, to forget their grievances. He swore by the soul of his father, that he meant neither to reduce their number, nor to diminish their pay, nor to curtail their privileges. He promised them to reign but by them and for them.

His presence, his adjurations, his pledges; their pride exalted by the humiliation of their master before them; their sedition recompensed, instead of being punished, induced them to return to obedience. They re-entered calm, but still menacing the city. Bajazet, although pacific in his temperaments, which sought but voluptuousness, felt that this soldiery would devour the empire, if he did not give them other spoils to devour. He declared war upon the Sultan of Egypt and of Syria.

XI.

Egypt and Syria, religious colonies of the Arabian Khalifs since Mahomet, had formed a sovereignty, independent and often conquering under the successors of the Khalifs. Selah-Eddin, Saladin, the most heroic of these sovereigns, had founded the dynasty of the Ayoubites on the ruins of the Fatimites of Cairo, and of the Crusaders, whom he had swept from the East. His successors, tired of the effeminacy and indolence of the Egyptians and the Syrians, races then enervated by long servitude, had sought their force, against their subjects and against the Crusaders, in a military race, with which war was a trade. This race was that of the Circassians, a warlike people, inhabiting the flanks of the Caucasus, between the Caspian and the Black Seas.

The Circassians, Scythians or Tartars by origin, independent in manners, heroic in battle, adventurous in habit, ambitious in character, are the Albanians of Asia. Indifferent to religions and to dynasties, attached to war only for war's sake, they take part for pay and for glory in the quarrels of all the great empires, Arabian, Persian, Syrian, Egyptian, Turkish, Russian, on which their mountains border. It is thus that in the West the mountaineers of Helvetia hire their fidelity, or sell their blood to the neighboring monarchies, without inquiring on which side is justice, but only on which side is pay. Populations of this nature, although free at home, are admirable instruments of tyranny in other countries.

But the Circassians have besides, what the Swiss have not, the adventurous genius, and the chivalrous imagination, that make simple warriors dream of thrones and empires as the prizes of their exploits. With a sabre and a horse, the Circassians, who descend from their mountains have before

them the horizon, without limit, of power and fortune. Their conquests become their country; they decimate themselves wherever they rule. They are all noble, like the iron that kills and enslaves in their hand. Endowed by nature, by climate, and by education, with superior intelligence, of a passionate elocution, of an aristocratic haughtiness, of an intrepidity which justifies their ambition, of a contempt for the other races which seems to oppress them by the right of birth; of a robust body, of a tall stature, of a manly countenance, of a ferocity which is softened but in presence of women or children, the Circassians, under the name of *Mamelukes* or *Mamlouks*, which they have retained to our day, recruited, since Saladin, the army of the Sultans of Egypt. They were the Janissaries of Cairo, as the Epirotes were those of Constantinople. It was by their cavalry, mounted on the horses of the desert, that Fouran-Schah threw the Crusaders of Saint Louis in the Nile, and made this King of France prisoner of the Mussulmans. This victory gave the Mamelukes the audacity to depose the successors of the Khalifs, and to create in Egypt a foreign government. Their elective chief, called Soudan or Sultan, reigned as long as was permitted by their caprice. Seditious towards their sovereigns, oppressive towards their Egyptian subjects, rebels and tyrants at once, this empire of a foreign soldiery maintained itself by recruitment of adventurers descended from the Caucasus. By a phenomenon which seems to forbid the land of Egypt to perpetuate the race of its tyrants, the Mamelukes, despite their numerous harems, have never been able to multiply in the climate of Egypt. Their children died at birth.

Such was the empire which Bajazet II. was going to attack. One hundred and fifty thousand men marched with him towards the frontiers of Syria. Sixty thousand Mamelukes awaited them on the confines of Caramania, in the same plain where Darius had awaited Alexander.

The tactic through which the Persian cavalry were vanquished by the Macedonian infantry of Alexander, and through which, in our days, were vanquished the Egyptian Mamelukes by the French infantry of Bonaparte, the hollow square bristled with lances, or with bayonets and with fire, was as yet unknown to the Ottomans. The Mamelukes, rushing upon the Turks like a hurricane of horses and of steel, dispersed them in dense fragments, of which the wrecks

could be re-formed at the voice of the Sultan, but behind a deep river, of which the Janissaries covered the bridges during the route.

Next day, Bajazet having recrossed the bridges to avenge this check, his whole army was anew precipitated into the river. Twenty thousand dead or wounded, thirty thousand prisoners, a prompt retreat, a shameful peace, were the sole fruit of the campaign. Since the appearance of Timour-Lenk in Asia Minor, the blood and honor of the Turks had not flowed with such profusion upon Ottoman soil.

XII.

The war with Venice avenged Bajazet of this reverse. Two hundred and fifty vessels, laden with troops and artillery, under the command of his vizier, Mustapha-Pasha, encountered the Venetian fleet of one hundred and twenty vessels, commanded by Admiral Grimani, in the Gulf of Lepanto. Mustapha, inferior in tactic and naval evolution, covered the fleet of Grimani with a cloud of burning arrows, which, by sticking in the sails and in the cordage, in a short time set fire to the vessels of Venice. Ten thousand men perished in the waves, in precipitating themselves into the sea to escape the flames. Bajazet, who followed the coast with his land army, laid siege to Lepanto, Corfu, Modon, and conquered back the whole seaboard of Greece disturbed by the Venetians.

Grimani, though he had constructed and equipped this fleet at his own expense, was degraded of his dignities, despoiled of his fortune, and sent into exile by the senate of his fellow aristocrats, whose pride regarded all reverses to the republic as crimes.

Gonzalva of Cordova, surnamed the "Great Captain," and worthy of the surname by the greatness of his adventures, saved Venice, by bringing from Naples thirty vessels and his veteran soldiers. The two fleets, united under his command, pursued the Ottoman fleet from harbor to harbor, entered the Dardanelles, blockaded Lesbos, and alarmed Constantinople. A new peace re-established for both the nations, of which the one possessed the land, the other the seas of the Levant, the harmony necessary to their commerce.

XIII.

The fanatical preachings of a dervish of Begbazari, in Asia Minor, named Scheitankouli, disturbed a moment the restored peace. This dervish, at once roguish and credulous, as usual with religious innovators, lived for ten years back in a cavern, in the environs of Anatolia. He preached a reformed Koran, and the Khalifat of Ali, against the usurpation of Aboubekre and of Omar. The extermination of all the Ottomans, rebellious to his oracles, was the first article of his faith.

The people, whose ignorance nourished mysticism in those mountains, took for enemies of God all the unbelievers in the new prophet. They massacred and tortured, at the word of Scheitankouli, the governor and magistrates of Anatolia. The pasha of the city of Kutariah was impaled upon the public square. Embarked in revolt by these initial crimes, the followers of the dervish had no safety but in obstinacy. They rose into an army of religious reform, proclaimed the schism of the Persians, and advanced under the standard of their agitator, as far as the environs of Magnesia.

Korkoud, eldest son of Bajazet II., who governed the city, assembled hastily around him the Janissaries of his province. Vanquished by the popular army of the dervish, Korkoud escaped death but by the fleetness of his horse. The Sultan sent his son a new army, commanded by the grand vizier himself. The bands of the rebel, vanquished in turn, were dispersed by the sabre of the Janissaries. The prophet fled into Persia; the people and the king received him as a martyr to their national faith. His puerile miracles made Scheitankouli the arbiter of Persia. The King, fanaticized by him, lent him his armies, to prosecute his projects of extermination against the followers of Omar.

The chief difference consisted in affirming or in denying that it was necessary, in the ablutions commanded by the Koran, to wash the feet with water, or to scour them with sand. Thousands of men perished on account of this quibble. The hatred of the Persians and the Turks, founded, independently of the *sunnah*, upon futile dissensions, became as much national as metaphysical. A dervish of the sect of Scheitankouli wished to avenge the defeat of this revealer, at Kutariah. He came to Constantinople, approached by

favor of his costume the Sultan, at the moment when Bajazet, on horseback, was going to mosque or prayer, and asked him for alms. The Sultan having stooped down to give the dervish a piece of money, the false mendicant struck him with a poniard in the breast. The blow was not mortal; but the danger thus incurred by Bajazet, till then accessible to his meanest subject, caused the adoption of severe measures of prudence.

XIV.

The character of Bajazet, hitherto inclined rather to debauchery than to mysticism, appeared transformed by this attempt of the fanatic; he regarded it as a warning from heaven. His reverses in war, the rising dissensions among his sons, the decline of his energy, wasted by the harem and his frequent intoxication, plunged him for the rest of his reign into a dreamy and mystic melancholy. It is the malady of the soul, habitual to the princes of his race who have enjoyed young the delights, the pride and the nothingness of absolute power.

Bajazet turned his attention from earth, and buried himself in the mystic contemplations of religion. He corrected himself of wine and the excesses of the harem. The sale of wine in the bazaars was interdicted. But the Janissaries, corrupted by his former example, revolted against these severities. They forced the Sultan to indulge them in the habits which he had himself encouraged in his youth.

Prayer, conversation with the sheiks, poetry, in which he excelled almost as much as Djem, became the sole diversions to the cares of the throne. His face, which was ruddy and energetic in his youth, took the pensive and ascetic paleness and clearness of contemplative life. His thoughtful brow, his long and hooked nose, his spare beard, his dark hair falling over the temples, his mouth sealed in a speechless sadness, contrasted with the supreme rank and with the title of chief of a dynasty of conquerors. He reformed, and humbled his costume as well as his life. He repudiated all garish colors, embroideries of gold, the Persian headgear and aigrette which used to decorate his father. He took, instead, the linen caftan and the muslin shawl, twined without ornament around his brow. The Ottomans thenceforth called the Sultan but the *sheik*, the *sophi*, the *philosopher*, the *poet*, the *saint*.

XV.

Daoud-Pasha, who after vanquishing the sectaries of Scheitankouli had succeeded to Ishak-Pasha as grand vizier, conducted himself, a second time, the army into Asia to suppress the insurrections of the Turcomans. Returned to Constantinople, he appeased, in a succession of moderate and firm negotiations with the Western powers, the germs of war which the pacific Bajazet was always urgent to smother. The dissensions of the princes in the family of the Sultan, germs of the crimes which ensanguined the reign of Bajazet and the succeeding reign, began to agitate the seraglio, the people, and the army.

Daoud-Pasha retired, laden with honors, and enriched by a pension of three hundred thousand aspres, after his long ministry of seventeen years. A grandson of the Tschenderelis, four times grand vizier, Ibrahim-Tschendereli, succeeded Daoud.

XVI.

The empire was just delivered from the competition of Djem by a series of adventures, of reverses, and of treacheries. We will relate them all consecutively, so as not to break the attention which attaches to the strange vicissitudes of this unfortunate heir of Mahomet II.

Bajazet, at last tranquil in the uncontested possession of the throne of the Ottomans, had no other enemies than his children. Eight sons were born to him of different mothers, all equally dear to his affections. Three were dead before the age of ambition. He had, according to the usage of the reigning Sultans, dispersed the five remaining sons in different provinces of his dominions. Sultan Ahmed or Achmet governed Amasia; Sultan Scheihm-Schah, Caramania; Sultan Alem-Schah, the city and province of Mentesche; Sultan Korkoud, Saroukhan; Sultan Selim, Trebizond. His three daughters had been married from their earliest adolescence, one to a Turcoman prince, grandson of the conqueror of Persia, Ouzoun-Hassan; another to the son of Daoud-Pasha, grand vizier; the third, to Nassouh-Beg, governor of Turkish Dalmatia. A daughter of Djem, whom the prince had betrothed in her cradle with the Sultan of Egypt, his host, and whom the death of this Sultan had left widow before the age

of marriage, had been wedded by Bajazet to his favorite Sinan-Pasha, beglerbeg or commander-in-chief of the army of Asia. Thus, says Hammer, the daughter of an Emperor and the widow of a Sultan was the slave of a plain pasha in a harem of Anatolia.

XVII.

The misunderstanding which existed between these different members of the house of Bajazet broke out for the first time to the eyes of the Ottomans through a murmur and a temerity almost seditious of Korkoud, his eldest son, against the ministers of his father. An eunuch, as virile at the head of armies as eloquent in council, Ali-Pasha, had substituted the grand vizier Tschendereli. Ali preferred secretly the Sultan Ahmed to Korkoud, and was preparing for him in idea the throne.

To humble Korkoud, the eunuch detached from his government of Caramania* a province, of which the revenues had been formerly appropriated to pay the salaries of the grand viziers. Korkoud, indignant at this infraction upon his authority, tolerated, if not commanded by his father, embarked at Satalia with eighty servants of his household, and took refuge at the court of the Sultan of Egypt, an enemy scarce reconciled of his father. In the manner of his uncle Djem, Korkoud colored his desertion of his paternal dominions, by asking passage of the Mamelukes to go to Mecca on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet. The Sultan received the fugitive at Cairo as the heir of Bajazet, and not as rebel to his father.

But having honestly refused to aid the son against the father, or to let him depart from his dominions to seek it in Persia, Korkoud, already repentant, was left no other issue than confession of his fault and submission. He wrote to the grand vizier to beg him to obtain his pardon. The vizier interceded for the son, and gave satisfaction to his complaints by the adjunction of new provinces to his government.

XVIII.

The unpunished insubordination of Korkoud encouraged the other sons of Bajazet II. to dare still farther. The fatal

* The author no doubt means *Saroukhan*, which is the portion above assigned to Korkoud.—*Translator*.

law of Mahomet II., which authorized and almost commanded fratricide for reasons of state, had in advance decreed eternal hatred and dissension among the brothers. Ahmed or Achmet, then governor of Amasia, although he was the youngest of the children of Bajazet, was secretly destined for the throne by his father. The Sultan, the viziers, the Janissaries, distrustful of the contemplative languor of Korkoud, found in Ahmed the vigor and the solidity of mind appropriate to government. The indolent Korkoud, expecting all from the fatality which had pronounced for him in making him the first-born of the sons, made no provision against this predilection of his father. But Selim, the third son of the Sultan, a prince of a ready arm, of an irritable temper, of an ambition capable of pretending to and of daring all things, endured impatiently in the seclusion of his government of the Crimea the favor of Bajazet for Ahmed. He dreaded lest the vicinage of Amasia to the capital would be to Ahmed, in case of the death of the Sultan, an opportunity of anticipating him in seizing the throne. He had a son of sixteen years, named Soliman-Sultan; he exacted of the viziers for this son the government of a province interposed between Amasia and Constantinople, so that Soliman might forestall Ahmed and Korkoud in this eventual competition for the throne. The viziers accorded him this pledge through weakness. Ahmed was indignant. Bajazet revoked the concession, and recalling Soliman from his government, he sent him to govern Caffa, at the extremity of the Black Sea.

XIX.

This new distribution of provinces enraged, in turn, Selim. He complained in a tone wherein menace envenomed the complaint. He abandoned, without the authorization of the viziers, his government of Trebizond, too remote from the scene of his ambitions, to come and reside at Caffa, in the seaglio of his son Soliman. Bajazet, offended at this audacity and some military preparations of his son, sent him orders to return to his residence. Selim replied, by requiring of the ministers a government in Europe, to supervise more closely the course of events.

The resistance of the ministers to this insolent pretension made him parade his ill-disguised revolt under pretext of

filial tenderness. He equipped a fleet at Caffa, freighted it with troops, traversed the Black Sea, and debarked at Varna, near the mouths of the Danube. He pretended that, absent for twenty-six years from the court of his father, the Koran, which makes it a pious and obligatory duty of the children to visit their parents, imposed on him the necessity of making a solemn visit to his father, who was then residing at Adrianople. His retinue was an army; terror went before him into this capital.

The viziers, consulted in this extremity of circumstances, encouraged Bajazet to firmness. They represented to him the text of the decrees of Mahomet II., and the wisdom of the traditions which interdicted every eventual heir of the throne from governing a province of Europe, for fear of making this neighboring government a stepping-stone to the throne, in derogation of the rights of his brothers.

Bajazet, convinced but indulgent, sent the molla of Adrianople, Nouredin-Sarigurz, the most consummate of his negotiators, to the army of Selim, to persuade him to obedience and adjournment of his ambition. Selim answered the indulgence and solicitations of his father only by enlarging his army and marching more rapidly towards the capital. Hassan-Pasha, beglerbeg of Roumelia, opposed him with twenty thousand Janissaries, azabs, and spahis of the army of Europe. But whether hesitation of the Ottomans as to engaging in civil war, or indecision of the Janissaries, tampered with by Selim, Hassan-Pasha fell back, without fighting, to the walls of Adrianople, followed step by step by Selim, who encamped at the gates of the city in the spacious valley of Tschoukourowa; the forces were equal, the favor of the people balanced, fortune in suspense. Bajazet, although sick and heart-broken by his children, adjourned the decision by his presence in the camp of Hassan. Carried in a litter between the two camps, he wept over the lot of those two armies which were going to inundate him with a blood equally dear to his heart. His tears, the spectacle of the father and the son prepared to give the order of carnage, and to encounter each other perhaps in the conflict, affected the Ottomans, and made the arms fall from the hands of both the parties.

The beglerbeg, Hassan, secretly favorable to the son, went himself to the camp of Selim to negotiate a compromise, which, entirely setting aside the war, would yet secure

the victory to Selim. By this treaty the son disbanded his troops; but the father accorded the son the two governments of Widdin and Semendria in Europe. It was to accord him the preliminaries of the Empire. Selim, without seeing his father, went off to take possession of these advanced posts of the throne.

XX.

Meanwhile a rivalry of revolt had seized in turn upon Korkoud. He saw his own rights compromised with the independence of his father. Without awaiting the consent of the viziers, Korkoud put himself in motion. Selim, on his route to Semendria, learning the march of his eldest brother, drew up in a menacing attitude, to await, said he, the issue of the troubles in Asia.

Bajazet II., ordering him in vain to his destination, trembled for the Empire menaced thus on both sides, and hastened, to prevent both competitors, to Constantinople.

Selim, profiting by the withdrawal of his father, fell back rapidly on Adrianople, entered, as master, the palace, delivered the prisoners, pillaged the treasury, removed the authorities faithful to the Sultan, and appointed in their place his most audacious partisans.

The grand vizier, Ali-Pasha, who was shocked at the same time at the criminal ambition of Selim and the effeminate competition of Korkoud, watched over the interests of Ahmed, the favorite of the divan and of his father. He determined his master to form an army devoted to the cause of Achmet, and prepared to march himself to Adrianople to repress the proceedings of Selim.

Selim forestalled the vizier by advancing into Thrace against the army of his father. On the summit of a hill, adjoining the town of Tschorli, Ali-Pasha, approaching the litter of Bajazet, whom his infirmities disabled from mounting on horseback, pointed out to him the hordes of Tartars and Circassians, enemies of the Empire, enrolled by Selim, who covered the entire plain with their tents, their horses and their armies. "Is it thus," said he to the Sultan, to dispel all pardon from his heart, "that a respectful son comes to kiss the hand of his father? Is it not rather in a similar guise that a parricide would come to precipitate him from the throne to the sepulchre?"

The unfortunate Sultan seemed to hesitate still : the unanimous instances of his viziers and his pashas, devoted to Ahmed, at last prevailed. He rose upon his elbow from the cushion on which he lay extended in the litter, and in a voice tremulous with anger : " You, my viziers and my aghas ! " said he, " you, my slaves ! you, all my soldiers who eat of my bread, march upon that rebel."

XXI.

At these words, repeated from rank to rank by the pashas and the aghas to their troops, twenty thousand Janissaries fell like lions upon the herd of barbarians to the cry of *Allah Kérîm* (God is great), and did not give them even time to dispute the field. The battle was but a flight. Selim mounted a horse celebrated in the history of the equestrian race, to which the vigor of his velocity and the resonance of his triumph had given the name of *Kara-boulut*, or the black cloud. This horse took him off from the field of battle. His page, Ferrahd, who became afterwards the husband of his daughter and his grand vizier, seeing his master almost surrounded by a band of spahis, threw himself voluntarily between their sabres and the croup of the steed of Selim. He rolled in the dust beneath their lances and the feet of their horses, which were Turcoman, and thus of the same breed and speed with *Kara-boulut*; he thus gave Selim the space to escape. This Prince, fleeing night and day through the forests coasting the Black Sea, went to seek an asylum from the khan of the Tartars of Crimea; of whom he had espoused a daughter, the mother of Soliman.

XXII.

The grand vizier, Ali-Pasha, after having brought his master back victorious to Constantinople, passed into Asia to combat the fragments of the sect of Scheitun-Kouli, which had rejoined each other and were menacing Broussa. The vizier also had assigned a secret interview to Prince Ahmed, in Asia. The object was to concert measures for assuring him the throne by persuading the Sultan to abdication, and gaining the favor of the Janissaries. But this eunuch, consummate in war, in politics, and in court management, fell some days after in a conflict with the hordes of

the sectary. His designs perished with him. The death of this great statesman overwhelmed Ahmed and Bajazet. He might be compared to a Richelieu of the Ottomans, but under a prince less enslaved than Louis XIII. He was the first of the grand viziers who died on the field of martyrdom, sword in hand, combating for the faith. The Turkish poets, of whom he was the rival and the idol, filled Asia and Europe with martial elegies on his glory. The Persian historian, Idris, whom he had called from Ispahan to write with an immortal hand the annals of the Turks, eternized his life and death in his book. The Empire lost in him the sole moderator of its agitations under a reign which was degenerating into anarchy.

XXIII.

The schah of Persia, to whom the rebels had again repaired for refuge, had their two leaders thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, and sent the Sultan their bleached skulls, mounted as cups, from which to drink "the water of vengeance."

Meanwhile Selim, encouraged by the death of the eunuch, who alone restrained his audacity, marched anew towards Constantinople, to constrain his father to disinherit Ahmed and Korkoud in his favor. Sultan Ahmed, on his part, was at Scutari, in front of the seraglio, with an army of his Asiatic partisans. Ahmed-Pasha, reappointed grand vizier after the death of Ali, tried in vain to incline the Janissaries to the side of Ahmed Sultan. This soldiery, fanaticized by the gold and the character of Selim, in whom they loved the vices of Mahomet II., his grandfather, revolted on the approach of Sultan Ahmed, sacked the palaces of the grand vizier, of Mustapha-Pasha, of Hassan-Pasha, and of all the viziers suspected of adhesion to the party of Ahmed.

The grand vizier, conceded to the revolted by the Sultan, was replaced by Mustapha-Pasha, former negotiator of Bajazet with Pope Alexander Borgia, when he bargained with him for the head of Djem. Mustapha, to appease the Janissaries, sent back Ahmed to his government of Asia.

Ahmed, indignant at this exile which imported the loss of his hopes, went away in effect, but to take possession of Koniah, where he had the nose and ears cut off the envoy of his father, who was sent to demand back from him this pro-

vince. The head of the faithful beg, who defended for the Sultan the citadel of Koniah, was sent insultingly to Bajazet. These bloody outrages completed the depopularization of Ahmed at Constantinople.

Korkoud, supposing his father to be thenceforth irreconcilable with both his brothers, entered Constantinople in disguise and attended only by two servants. He presented himself, with a courageous confidence, as a guest to the Janissaries, his enemies, in their principal barrack. He hoped by his seduction, his eloquence and his courage, to detach them from Selim and to enroll them in his faction. The Janissaries, flattered by his confidence, but inflexible in their stupid predilection for Selim, rendered him the honors due a son of the Sultan, and formed him a cortège, when he went, after thirty years absence, to kiss the hand of his father, to the seraglio. Korkoud gained by his audacity but an unmeaning hospitality.

While Ahmed was begging assistance from the Tartars, Selim was advancing a third time to the conquest of the Empire by sedition, and perhaps by parricide. At the head of six thousand Tartar cavalry, he crossed the Danube on the ice in the month of February, 1512. His approach agitated, in the capital, the ortas of the Janissaries. These turbulent soldiers had a presentiment of their reign in his. Their heart gravitated towards him, not as the most worthy, but as the most ferocious of the sons of the Sultan.

XXIV.

They demanded with loud cries of Bajazet, to give them Selim as general, and to have them marched under him against Ahmed. Bajazet had but the choice between three revolts: that of Selim, that of Ahmed, that of the Janissaries. He granted all to the most menacing. The agha of the Janissaries hastened to meet Selim, who was within some hours' march of the capital. He led back this Prince in triumph to the soldiers. The viziers, the pashas, the army, the people, received Selim, on his landing, in the garden of the new seraglio; Korkoud himself was present at the triumph of his rival.

Bajazet heard from his palace the clamors that were dethroning him for his son. He tried to purchase with gold, the government that was escaping him. He had hoarded,

during thirty years of peace, a personal treasure, to buy an empire. He sent the treasurer to offer Selim three hundred thousand gold ducats, payable forthwith, and an annual pension of two hundred thousand ducats more, on condition of withdrawing into his government. Selim eluded; he meant to have the throne. Bajazet then appointed him his successor, on condition of awaiting his death, to take the title of Sultan. Selim, for fear of offending public opinion, feigned to accept, leaving the rest to his faction, pressed to profit by his accession.

XXV.

Six days after (the 25th April, 1512), at sunrise, the vizier, devoted to Selim, the Janissaries, the spahis, the multitude, excited through the agency of the partisans of Selim, inundated without opposition the courts of the palace. Their enigmatic or respectful silence meant to be interpreted without words. Bajazet tried to oppose to them the majesty of paternal right, of title, and of age. He seated himself on his throne, ordered the doors to be opened, and asked them, in a severe but a resigned tone, what they were come again to exact of him?

"Our padischah is old—he is infirm," replied some voices, with ill-disguised insolence under the veil of compassion; "the weight of the empire overwhelms him; the empire is declining with him. Yes," added the soldiers dispersed through the apartments, in a tone more imperious, "we want in his place the Sultan Selim."

Twelve thousand Janissaries and spahis, crowded in the courts, repeated with a furious accent the name and the proclamation of Selim.

"Very well," said the Sultan with resignation, abandoned even by his guards, by his children, and by his viziers; "I deliver the Empire to my son Selim. May God bless his reign over the Ottomans!"

The name of Selim, and the cry of "God is great!" arose at once from the hall of the throne, from the courts of the palace, from the seven hills of Constantinople. No one dared protest against the fortune of the usurper, and against the will of the army. The Janissaries learned a second time how to take away and give the supreme power.

XXVI.

Meanwhile Selim, under the appearance of shame of his ambition, had had the audacity of his crime. He remained standing under the arch of the gate which separates the first from the second court of the seraglio, surrounded by his officers and his most trusty viziers. Selim seemed to wait, from an hypocritical respect, until his father, humiliated, should call him of his own accord to the throne from which his agents were forcing him to descend. The viziers came to prostrate themselves before him, and to conduct him to the presence of Bajazet, still seated on the *musnad*. Selim kissed the hand from which he had just wrested the sceptre. Bajazet, in stripping off the trappings of supreme power, had the air of laying down joyfully a burthen. He asked to retire with his harem, his servants, and his treasures, into the old palace, where his presence would not interfere with the new reign, but where his age, and his infirmities, would find the calm and silence of his habits.

The Janissaries and the people did not leave him long this illusion of fallen princes. The same capital cannot bear two thrones. The clamor of the soldiers who rent the heavens in his ears with benedictions on the reign of Selim, were maledictions upon his. The importunity of those shoutings, of those festivities which were insults to him, forced him to ask his son for an asylum more remote from the palace, which reminded him so insolently of his fall. He designated the small Greek town of Demotica—a place of exile into which retreated, habitually, in a mild climate and in a mournful solitude, the pashas, the princes, the viziers, the Sultan's widows disinherited of their power.

Selim, eager to rid himself of the reproach of his father's presence, made alike splendid and agreeable to him the terms of this removal. Twenty days after having conducted Bajazet II. to the old seraglio, Selim escorted in person, with an imperial pomp, the cortège which accompanied the dispossessed Emperor, on the route of Demotica, riding alongside the litter of his father. He seemed to listen, and to receive with a filial deference, the counsels which Bajazet was giving him in a low voice, on the affairs of the state. The two sovereigns embraced and separated, at a half day's journey from Constantinople, the one to return to the capital, the other to continue his route to exile.

XXVII.

Meanwhile, like Diocletian, like Charles V., like Napoleon, like all sovereigns, after voluntary or compulsory abdication, who do not move off with sufficient speed in the opinion of their successor, Bajazet II. seemed to slacken his pace, to await some repentance, and some return of fortune. It is said that this delay, caused by a malady, appeared to annoy Selim as a secret calculation, and that, under pretext of sending a Greek physician to his father, he sent him an agent of his to poison him. An Italian page, intimate with Bajazet, and who attended him to Demotica, affirms it in his memoirs. The impatient ambition of a son, who had three times raised his hand against his father, does not gainsay it; but nothing proves it. Bajazet, a long time ill, his heart broken by the ingratitude of his children, his spirit shaken by the shock of his fall from the throne, his body tortured by the pangs of the gout and by the vicissitudes of a mournful journey, might die without parricide. The opportuneness of the hour of death, alone accuses the hand of the son. He disappeared when it was requisite that he should disappear; this is the sole legitimate suspicion of history. But the name of parricide is not to be inscribed on a suspicion.

XXVIII.

His reign had pacified, but somewhat enervated the Ottomans. He left no other traces behind him than reverses. His personal virtues were domestic, rather than sovereign virtues. They had begotten that anarchy of anticipated pretensions to the throne between the princes of his family, which makes this period of the Ottoman monarchy resemble the period of the Fronde in France. But the French Fronde, mitigated by the genius of a polished nation, and by the hand of Mazarin, was to resolve itself into murders and fratricides in the manners, as yet sanguinary, of the Turks.

A diplomatic, clever, and corrupting minister, had been sufficient for the French, to pacify the kingdom; a Tiberius was necessary to the Ottomans. He was born in Selim.

Before entering on the recital of this tragical reign, we must retrace, for some years, that of Bajazet II., to follow, in one of the most dramatic episodes, the reign, the adventures and the misfortunes of the brother, who had disputed with him the empire.

The history of Djem, brother and competitor of Bajazet II., forms part of the history of the Ottomans. But after the disaster of this prince, at Jenischyr, the scene of his misfortunes is no longer in Turkey ; it is in France or in Italy. The recital of the events of Turkey, and of the adventures of Djem in Europe, would have crossed each other diametrically, and perplexed the history of the two brothers. We have preferred, for the perspicuity as well as interest of the drama, to relate without confusion and without interruption the reign of the one, and the life of the other. To the intellect as to the senses, it is the separation of the objects, that is to say analysis, that gives order ; it is order that gives perspicuity, that light of the intellect ; it is perspicuity that gives interest, that heat of the memory.

We refer, then, to the following book the history of Djem, this great outlaw of the Ottomans, this sport of fortune, and this victim of the politics of Europe.

BOOK SIXTEENTH.

I.

THE Empire had had for a moment two Emperors.

It will be remembered, that after the victory of Jenischyr, obtained by Bajazet II. over his brother and his rival, the young Emperor of Asia, Djem, had taken refuge, with his mother, his wife, and his children, at the court of the Sultan of Egypt. It is remembered that, received as a Sultan by that sovereign, Djem, whether through discouragement, or piety, or policy, had left his family at Cairo, to accomplish, almost alone, across the deserts, the pilgrimages of Jerusalem, of Mecca, and of Medina, the three sacred cities of the Arabs and of the Ottomans. This Sultan and a Sultana, daughter of Mahomet, are the only members of the imperial family of Turkey, who have made, according to Mouradzea, the pilgrimage of the tomb of the Prophet.

His friends and his enemies lost sight of him for nearly two years in those distant peregrinations, wherein the camel of a pilgrim bore, under the costume of a Bedouin, the son of Mahomet II., and the second Emperor of the Ottomans.

II.

His mother and his young wife, daughter of a Turcoman prince of Caramania, saw him return the 4th of February, 1482. He appeared to have accepted religiously and philosophically his defeat; he resigned himself to live in Egypt in a contemplative obscurity. His treasures, sufficient for a private life in a foreign land, the respect with which he was surrounded by the Mamelukes, his affection for his mother and for his wife, the fidelity of some friends, companions of his boyhood, of his grandeur, of his reverses; but above all,

his taste and his talent for poetry, which rescues the unhappy from the sentiment of the reality to transport him into imaginary regions—all these rendered exile and oblivion of the throne more easy to him, than to the ambitious, without genius and without virtue. Although scarcely twenty-four years of age, Djem had already, in Turkey, in Persia, and in Arabia, the renown of a hero, and the celebrity of one of the most accomplished poets of Islamism. The blood of Mahomet II., his beauty and his agility of body, his pilgrimages, his exploits, and his reverses, added still to the dignity of his misfortunes. He condemned himself to inaction; but his friends, his partisans in Caramania and the enemies of his brother, did not resign themselves to his absence. Their fortune was his. They did not hesitate to gamble it anew upon his life, and to ruin him to save themselves.

III.

Kasim-Beg, that outlawed son of Ibrahim-Caraman-Oghli, who had devoted himself to the cause of Djem against Bajazet II., to recover his dominions, by this service rendered to the more popular and so the more promising of the two pretenders to the throne, had remained, after the defeat of Jenischyr, wandering, but still armed, among his former subjects in the inaccessible cliffs of the Taurus. He thence agitated the valleys, the plains, the cities: he sent incessantly to Djem, to conjure him to come and rekindle by his presence a cause dearer than ever to the Caramanians. Another partisan of Djem, as considerable as Kasim, Mahmoud-Beg, governor of Angora, and generalissimo of the Janissaries under Mahomet II., ready to betray Bajazet II. through resentment for his displacement, promised likewise to Djem, to deliver him Angora, and a part of the army of his brother, at the moment he should land on the coast of Caramania.

These solicitations, and the certainty of the succor which the Mamelukes of Syria would lend the undertaking, determined Djem to try once more his fortune. He committed his family to the care of the Sultan, his ally, and, attended by the bravest of his companions, he left Cairo the 6th May, 1482, to communicate at Aleppo with his partisans of Caramania. Kasim-Beg, Mahmoud-Beg, a great number of emirs, begs, and discontented generals of the army of Bajazet II., were come to meet the young Sultan. They entered

Cilicia, exciting to insurrection in the name of Djem, all the people and the troops they met with on their way. The popularity of Djem, the legitimacy of Kasim, the military renown of Mahmoud-Beg, dear to the Janissaries, gave in a few weeks to the pretender, provinces and an army superior to that of Bajazet. Entire Asia was about to slip from the Sultan. Ahmed-Pasha, his general in Caramania, abandoned by a part of his troops, beaten twice by Mahmoud-Beg, in the plains of Koniah, had thrown hastily into the capital, a garrison commanded by Ali-Pasha, since grand vizier. He turned back himself to face the rising population, and sought to gain time, rather than victories. Djem, Mahmoud-Beg, and Kasim, combined before the walls of Koniah, were besieging the city, which held out only through the obstinacy of Ali-Pasha. An accident saved it.

Mahmoud-Beg, in passing to the cause of Djem, had the improvidence to leave his wife and children hostages to the Turks of Angora, in the heart of Anatolia. He left the camp of Djem with a detachment of his army, in order to rescue his family from the vengeance of Bajazet. Encountered on the way by a larger body of the Sultan's troops, he fell in the conflict, and his head sent to Bajazet revived the confidence of this prince. He advanced through all the valleys with three armies, from Constantinople, from Broussa, and from Amasia, upon Angora. Djem, weakened and discouraged by the loss of Mahmoud-Beg, his best general, fell back, with Kasim, into the mountains. This battle-field, fortified by nature, rendered him equal to the increasing forces of his brother. Bajazet, before adventuring his troops in these defiles of the Taurus, sent the second agha of the Janissaries to parley with Djem. The young prince consented to the conferences. Djem, or his ambassadors, required the full sovereignty of several provinces of Asia. Bajazet II. saw, in these conditions, the dismemberment of the empire. "Tell my brother," replied he to the envoy, "that the empire is a bride who cannot be possessed at the same time by two husbands; that I will die to defend it, and that he who really means to dispute it with me, should therefore cease to soil the feet of his horse, and the sleeves of his caftan, in the innocent blood of the Ottomans. Let him retire to Jerusalem; I will engage, if he will only reside beyond my dominions, to give him a revenue of two hundred thou-

sand gold ducats, and twenty select pages, the most beautiful children of my slaves."

These propositions were rejected with indignation by Djem. "It is not gold that a prince seeks," cried he, "but empire." Ahmed-Pasha, reinforced by the numerous European and Asiatic cavalry of Bajazet, scaled then the mountains by all the gorges of Cilicia. There remained to Kasim-Beg and Djem but a few inaccessible strongholds, and some strips of beach at the foot of Mount Taurus on the sea. Kasim-Beg, who feared nothing for himself in the cliffs of the Taurus, conjured Djem to go seek an asylum and alliances among the Christian princes by passing to Rhodes.

IV.

This advice, although proceeding from a sincere attachment, ruined Djem, by diverting him from relying, rather on the faith of the Syrians, of the Egyptians, and of the Persians, which he had tried, than go to trust himself to the suspicious faith of the Knights of Rhodes, and of the Christian princes.

During the reign of his father, Mahomet II., this young prince, who then governed Caramania, had been charged to negotiate a peace with the Knights of Rhodes. Ambassadors of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and ambassadors of Djem, had frequently had conferences on the coast of Cilicia, in presence of Djem. The son of the Sultan was known to the principal knights, and frequent intercourse had taught Djem to honor in this Christian nobility, the valor and the grace of the European warriors. He appreciated their heroism; he did not suspect their perfidy. Experience was going to teach him that barbarism and a corporate policy corrupt even heroism, religion, and virtue.

The prince, sheltered, after the disbandment of his troops, in a cavern of the cliffs of Cilicia, sent to Rhodes Souleiman-Pasha, one of the last and most faithful companions of his fall, to ask the grand master of Rhodes if the knights would receive on their island the son of Mahomet II., the vanquished but legitimate Sultan of the Ottomans, and if they would engage to assure him the life, the security, and liberty, which are due in all religions to voluntary and illustrious guests.

Souleiman, in seeking to gain the coast, was arrested by the troops of Bajazet. His letters, opened by Ahmed, taught this general that Djem was still concealed in the mountains, and that he thought of fleeing by sea to the enemies of the Sultan. Ahmed dispersed his cavalry between the cliffs and the sea, to spy and to seize the fugitive.

V.

Meanwhile Djem, not seeing his emissary return, and suspecting some catastrophe, despatched for Rhodes two other emissaries in disguise, to negotiate his refuge in the island, and to ask the knights to send him a galley of the Order, to a designated spot of the Cilician coast.

The knights did not hesitate to grant all that was demanded. To receive a son of their implacable enemy, Mahomet II., flattered their generosity; to protect a Sultan, pampered their pride; to raise by their concurrence the fallen fortunes of this pretender, to restore to him the throne by the hand of Christians, and to set upon the service a reward suitable to the prize, for the interests of their order, squared exactly with their policy. The safe conduct of Djem was signed and delivered to his envoys. A squadron of galleys of the Order issued from the port of Rhodes, to explore the neighboring coast, and bring back the illustrious guest. The entire people of Rhodes ascended the towers and hills, to contemplate this change of fortune of the Christians and the Ottomans.

VI.

Meanwhile Djem and his thirty companions of flight had crept by night from their retreat, and descended to the shore, where they roamed about, impatiently awaiting the expected sails. The advanced cape of Macri still at sunrise concealed these vessels. Djem, at the tramp of an approaching body of spahis, flung himself into a fishing boat, and rowed towards the island. But first he wrote, upon his knees, a terrible adieu to his brother and persecutor, Bajazet II., and attaching this letter to the point of an arrow, he strung his bow, and launched it to the shore, at the feet of the spahis.

The spahis took up the arrow and the letter, and read :

"The Sultan Djem to the Sultan Bajazet II., his inhuman brother :

"God and our great prophet are witness to the shameful necessity which I am reduced to, of taking refuge among the Christians. After having deprived me of the just rights which I had to the empire, thou pursuest me still from country to country, and thou hast not had repose till thou hast forced me to flee for life to the Knights of Rhodes, the inveterate enemies of our august house. If the Sultan, our father, could have foreseen that thou wouldst thus profane the honored name of the Ottomans, he would have strangled thee with his own hands. But I hope that in default of him, Heaven will avenge thy cruelty, and I do not care to live, except to witness thy punishment."

Bajazet, on receiving this letter, remembered that he had a brother, and he shed tears. "Why," said he, "has he trusted himself to the Christians rather than to me ?"

VII.

Scarce had Djem launched this mortal farewell to Ottoman land, than he perceived the Rhodian squadron debouching from the headland. The galley of the admiral received him some moments after, with all the honors and the ceremonies usually paid to sovereigns, and re-entered by mid-day the port of Rhodes. Never, since the day of the retreat of Paleologus-Pasha, had Rhodes exulted with more pride or more rejoicing. The grand master, who was still D'Aubusson, the commander, and all the knights of the different tongues of the Order, came down to the quay to meet him. The entire people followed behind him. The palace of France, the most magnificent on the island, was appropriated to the use of an Oriental prince. Djem refused a moment to occupy it, unwilling to displace the French knights. "It does not become," said he to the grand master, "an outlaw such as I am, to exclude from their palace the sovereigns of the island."

"Outlaws of your name," replied, with a false respect, the grand master, "hold every where the first rank ; and may it please God that you be soon as much a master at Constantinople, as you are here." The knights of all the nations appeared to vie in generosity and deference, to lead him to

forget his misfortunes. After a round of fêtes, and the various chivalric amusements, Djem prepared to pass to Europe, to ask the aid of the Hungarians and of the Serbians, to assail the empire from another side.

Djem confided with the more security in the good faith and the interest of the knights, since the grand master had just concluded with him a secret treaty, as favorable to the Sultan as to the Order. By this treaty, of which the archives of Malta evince the existence, Djem, in the event of reigning, engaged to open all the ports of Turkey to the fleets of the knights, to give them annually the freedom, without ransom, of three hundred Christian slaves, and to pay a hundred and fifty thousand ducats of gold as indemnity for the hospitality and succor received from the Order.

But at the moment when D'Aubusson signed this treaty with his guest, he was negotiating more secretly another with Bajazet II.

As soon as this prince had learned the retreat of his brother to Rhodes, he sent thither two Greek envoys, corrupted agents of his crimes of state, who might be disavowed or otherwise, according to the event. The Greeks of the court of Byzantium, trying to regain their importance by servility, filled the seraglio of the Turks with these instruments of intrigue. Their mission was, say the historians of the Order, to poison at Rhodes the brother of Bajazet. The sequel of the events makes it more probable that the true mission was to make overtures of treachery to D'Aubusson and to the council, to appear in the next place to have been expelled from the island through the solicitude of the grand master for the life of his guest, but in reality, to bring back to Constantinople the preliminaries of this shameful negotiation between the Order and the Sultan.

VIII.

The facts but justify too well, for the honor of the grand master and of the Order of Malta, these suspicions; for scarce were the two Greek emissaries expelled from Rhodes, than the grand master, D'Aubusson, sent to Constantinople the envoys of the Order, Guy de Mont, Arnaud, and Duprat, to treat of a permanent peace with the Ottoman court.

The ill-dissembled conference was opened at Constantinople, between the knights and the two plenipotentiaries of Baja-

zet II., Paleologus-Pasha, this same Greek renegade who had failed formerly against Rhodes, and Keduk-Ahmed-Pasha, that honest but insolent vizier, who made his master tremble in obeying him. Keduk-Ahmed, like a soldier went to cut all knots with the sabre, demanded openly the extradition of Djem, and the tribute. The knights, who had sold their guest and compounded with their conscience, could not give up, on these terms, their honor, without disgracing themselves in the eyes of Christendom. The negotiations were about to be broken off, when Paleologus-Pasha, more insinuating and adroit than his rough colleague, besought him to withdraw a moment from the conferences, and to let him compound alone with the hypocritical scruples of the envoys of D'Aubusson.

As soon as the negotiation, committed to Paleologus-Pasha, had disguised under less dishonoring appearances the basenesses which the Turks exacted of the knights, the ignominious treaty was signed between Rhodes and Bajazet II. This treaty stipulated openly, that a perpetual peace should reign, under the name of truce, between the two States; that the slaves escaping from either religion, would be reciprocally delivered; it stipulated in a secret article, that the brother of the Sultan, Djem, the pretender to the empire, would be detained till death in the fortresses of the Order; that as the price of this perfidious service, the Sultan would pay annually the sum of forty-five thousand gold ducats to his brother's gaolers. Such was the ignominious price, not of the blood, but of the life and liberty of a guest, who was come to confide himself freely, and under a sacred safe conduct, to the good faith and the honor of an Order of Christian chivalry! The disloyalty of this traffic, dishonored, in Pierre d'Aubusson, at the same time religion and heroism.

IX.

The execution of the secret treaty required the most abject hypocrisies, to disguise the shame from Europe, and the accomplishment from Djem. It was requisite to persuade Europe that this prince was free and honored in the hands of the knights; it was requisite to persuade himself that his removal to a greater distance, was a condition both of safety and of return to the throne and that, in conducting him by sea

into the West, from court to court, the Order meant to present in him, to the sovereigns of Christendom, but a client, and not a captive. The council and the Knights of Rhodes, stooped with a deplorable astuteness to these manoeuvres of a corporate policy, the more impudently, that while every body reaped of the fruit of it, no one sustained the responsibility. The greatest crimes of history have not been perpetrated by tyrants, but by anonymous institutions.*

The grand master and his accomplices then colored to the eyes of the Prince the necessity of his departure from Rhodes, under pretext of the interest which they took in his life and cause. They represented to him that the vicinage of Lycia and Caramania, would permit his brother constantly to keep assassins at Rhodes, which would disable the knights from answering for his life; that the Empire, too closely watched by the army of Keduk-Ahmed, would for ever bar an opportunity of landing on that side; that Hungary and the banks of the Danube, inhabited by formidable enemies of Islamism, was the vulnerable side of the possessions of his brother; that the Christian princes of France, of Italy, of Spain, and especially the Pope, awaited but a pretext to renew the great coalitions formerly religious, now political, which could alone furnish him an army against his brother; that his presence at the courts of these princes, and his engagements to them in favor of the Christians, would insure him the unanimous alliance of Europe; and that a Sultan restored by Christendom to Constantinople, would be a pledge of the solidity of his house, and of the peace of the world.

X.

Djem, persuaded by these insinuations, himself pressed the grand master to transport him by sea to Venice, whence he might pass through Germany into Hungary, to rally around his rights and his sword the coalition of the Christian courts for his cause. His confidence in the sincerity of these perfidious friends was so entire, that he gave under his hand to D'Aubusson, plenary powers to treat in his absence, according

* A profound truth, from which the newspapers and politicians should take a lesson, in their declamations against the personal *outside* of certain modes of government. But the outside is much more easily perceived than the interior, and physicals than abstract institutions.—*Translator.*

to events, of his interests with the viziers or generals of his brother.

Meanwhile, the grand master had a galley of the Order equipped to carry Djem into Europe. Trusting no one better than his own blood with this deliberate treachery, he charged his nephew, the Chevalier Blanchefort, with secret instructions as to the veritable object of the voyage. Imperial honors rendered him on the departure from Rhodes, disguised the treachery beneath the veil of respect. Djem embarked, with thirty of his faithful Ottomans, on the galley of Blanchefort. The detailed narrative by ocular witnesses, Christian and Ottoman, of the voyage and its vicissitudes at sea, or at the different landings, leaves not a shadow of doubt as to the machinations of his gaolers. He is followed step by step into the snare.

XI.

After six weeks of mysterious navigation, Blanchefort debarked his prisoner in the port of Nice. Djem, who thought himself free, under the apparently honorable guard of his friends of Rhodes, and in one of their European chateaux, enjoyed the charms of the climate and of the shores, which reminded him of those of Cilicia. He wrote upon these smiling landscapes of Nice, some melancholy verses, which breathed of the reminiscence of his country, found beneath another sky. However, impatient to pursue his route to Hungary, he wondered at the length of the stay, and expressed to Blanchefort the order to proceed, according to his promise, to Venice. Blanchefort and his knights, depositories of the wiles of Aubusson, alleged the impossibility of leaving French territory without the authorization of the King of France, to whom Nice then belonged. They engaged Djem derisively to send one of his attendants to this Prince, to ask authority to depart from his territory. He was assured that the envoy would return in a few days with the answer, and perhaps the alliance of that sovereign. He sent the most statesman-like and literary of his viziers, Nassouh-Tschelebi, the companion of his studies in Asia. The knights who accompanied this envoy on his errand, had him arrested after three days' journey, and made away with in one of their commanderies of Provence. Four months' expectation and incertitude elapsed, and Djem could receive

no intelligence of his envoy. He believed him at the court of France, detained by the slowness of negotiation.

XII.

Meanwhile, the plague which broke out at Nice, supplied a pretext to the knights for removing their guest farther from the sea. They led him through Savoy into a dark and narrow gorge of the mountains of Bugey, named Roussillon. The Order possessed there a commandery. The flanks of wall are still seen attached there to the cliffs as if a sort of natural formation. Djem, at this sight, could not conceal from himself that it was a prison. He was, however, permitted to despatch thence two others of his companions in disguise to the King of Hungary, to obtain assurance that the route through Switzerland and Germany was free. These two emissaries, intercepted no doubt, never reappeared. Some days after their departure, an hundred knights in full armor surrounded the fortress of Roussillon, took off from Djem the thirty companions of his captivity, and left him but two or three Ottomans of his retinue. These thirty exiles were embarked at Nice, and sent back to Rhodes at the mercy of their fate.

All the peasantry of the villages adjoining Roussillon ran, say the chronicles, to perceive through the windows of the castle, the Emperor of the Turks, the guest or the captive of the Knights of Jerusalem. The Duke of Savoy, returning from the court of France where he had gone to salute the new king, Charles VIII., stopped at the fortress of Roussillon. Djem, charmed with the beauty of this prince of fourteen years, made him a present of a Damascus sword, incrustated with gold. He conjured this young sovereign to deliver him from the hands of the knights. The Duke of Savoy promised his aid; but the Order, which had its immunities and its allies in all quarters, was more powerful than a Duke of Savoy. The knights, however, uneasy at this vicinity and friendship, had Djem embarked a few days after on the Isère, then on the Rhone, to conduct him, without traversing cities or villages, into another commandery, better fortified and more sequestered, upon a cliff, almost inaccessible, of the valley of Puy in Velay. It is unknown how many months or years Djem languished here unknown to the world.

XIII.

Bajazet II., informed by D'Aubusson of the attempts of his brother to interest the Duke of Savoy and the King of France, sent an ambassador, Houssein-Beg, to these courts, to prevent them from all alliance with Djem. The Sultan, to keep up the zeal of the Knights of Rhodes in his service, deputed to them, some time after, the same Houssein-Beg, with a present of relics discovered at Constantinople. It was a box of cypress wood, containing, according to the Greek traditions, a hand of John the Baptist. This pious tribute of the Sultan, and the forty thousand ducats which accompanied it, stimulated the fidelity of D'Aubusson in the fulfilment of the promises of the Order.

Whether it was that the King of France, at last informed by Nousseuh-Tschelebi of the captivity of his master, had made some attempts to favor his escape, or that the fortress of Puy did not appear to them sufficiently inaccessible to the bribery of the Ottoman friends of the captive, they transferred him from the valley of Puy into the valley of the Isère, in the fortress of Sassenage. This stronghold, conterminous between France and Savoy, appeared to them more favorable to their projects than an inland prison. For, in case one of the sovereigns should try to wrest from them their victim, they could at pleasure have him passed across the frontiers of the other. The sojourn of the unfortunate Sultan in the castle of Sassenage, is full of mysteries and of romantic amours, which history has hitherto dismissed into the rank of fables, and which witnesses, now incontestable, as well among Turkish as Christian writers, have re-established in the rank of historic truths.

XIV.

Djem, despite his long adversities, was at the age when the heart of man seeks involuntarily in love the oblivion or the compensation of deceived ambition; he was not yet twenty-seven years. The ardent blood of his father, which flowed in his veins and glowed in his cheeks, his face at the same time pensive and heroic, his martial stature, his address in all the exercises of oriental chivalry, his exiles, his misfortunes, his melancholy, the grandeur and the rigors of that destiny which had cast him, athwart so many adventures,

from a throne in the East to a dungeon in the mountains of Dauphiny, touched the heart of Philippine de Sassenage, daughter of the lord of the castle to whom the Knights of Rhodes had confided the guard of the prisoner. The youth, the beauty, the tender compassion depicted on the countenance of the young girl, always present, gave birth in the heart of Djem to one of those attachments, slow but invincible, to which misfortune predisposes the soul, and which, presenting themselves as a mere consolation of exile, end by becoming the occupation of the whole life. The loves of Djem and of Philippine, whether it is that they were concealed by mystery from the vigilance of the guardians of the prisoner, or that a secret union and a promise to elevate his Christian mistress to the throne of the Ottomans, like so many of his ancestors, had appeased the scruples of the father—these loves charmed for several years the captivity of the prince. The chronicles of the province of Dauphiny assure that an offspring was born of these clandestine loves in the castle of Sassenage; that this child, brought up by the beautiful Philippine, under the appearance of a page, espoused, in turn, a relative of this noble house, and that the blood of Othman flows, perhaps, still in the veins of an obscure Christian family.

It was amid these leisures, embellished by love, that Djem wrote in the style of the Persian poet, Hafiz, some of his half-philosophic, half-amatory odes. The poet consoles himself, in luxuriating amid real voluptuousness, for the loss of imaginary grandeurs. One of his odes or *Ghazel*, copied by the Italian historians of his life, reminds at once of the philosophy of Diocletian, and of the poetry of Solomon and of Anacreon.

"Take thy cup, O Djem," he sings to himself, "take thy cup, and fill it with the liquor which inspires revelry, although we be in the land of exile, inhabited by the Franks. It is for destiny to dispose of us. What does it avail to resist and to shed tears? None can escape the lot that awaits him!

"A pilgrim of the holy Kaaba (Mecca), I have lately visited the sandy deserts. I have dwelt in the valleys and the caverns of Caramania; a few paces of one of the Faithful, into the sacred enclosure, where the pilgrim makes his stations around the tomb of the Prophet, is preferable to the whole extent of the Empire of Othman.

"Glory and thanks be to Allah! I am now young, beau-

tiful, and healthy still, although exiled in the country of the Franks. He who feels within him health, vigor, and youth, is every where the Sultan of the universe.

"Ah! ask Bajazet the Sultan if the throne which he occupies can make a Sultan more happy than I? No, no, the Empire is but a fugitive possession. And if Bajazet should tell you that the masters of the world are permanent, he lies!"

In fine, one of the many attempts made by the prince, with the aid of his mistress, to escape, was again defeated at the moment when descending by a cord from the donjon into the trench of the castle; he was going to flee to the court of France upon a horse posted by his friends. The unfortunate Philippine was torn from his arms as an accomplice of his aspirations to liberty.

A sequestered castle on the banks of the Rhine received for the fifth time the victim of the Knights of Rhodes. Love succeeded here again, however, in renewing, by rare messages between Djem and Philippine, a correspondence by letters, of which some fragments subsist to this day in the archives of the East.

XVI.

Thus ended those sad amours, which made him find for two years, in a single heart, the oblivion of captivity and the consolation of the loss of empire.

D'Aubusson, as if he had envied his prisoner these mitigations of a woman's pity, had him transferred to several other retired commanderies of the Order, where his captivity endured collectively for three years more. He was at last, to make more sure of him, sent to the mountain province of Limousin, in the castle of Bourgneuf, a fief of D'Aubusson, wherein the grand master himself was born. This castle was inhabited by his sister, Lady d'Aubusson. The knights built there on the summit of a cliff a square tower of eight stories, in order to lodge within the same walls the Prince, his attendants and his gaolers. Sveadeddin, from the report of one of the companions of captivity, describes as follows this tower: "Above the cellars excavated in the rock, were the kitchens; on the first story, the lodgings of the guards; on the second, the Ottoman attendants of the Sultan; on the third and on the fourth, the apartments of Djem; on the

two upper stories, the knights charged to watch over him, and to amuse him in his solitude."

XVII.

The horror and the despair of such an abode drove Djem to all contrivances to prepare his escape. Houssein-Beg, one of his confidants, succeeded in passing the outer wall, and carrying to the Prince of Bourbon the indications necessary for the delivery of his master. Djelal-Beg, another of his viziers, separated from him at Roussillon, returned voluntarily to share his captivity. He brought him news from the world of some hopes. The King of France, the King of Naples, the Duke of Savoy, the King of Hungary, and the Pope, were negotiating for his ransom with the Order of Jerusalem. D'Aubusson gave them false hopes; but such a pledge was too precious not to be held at a high price. The knights profited alike by the love or hatred borne to the hostage. Independently of the relics, of the presents, and the forty thousand gold ducats which the Order received annually from Bajazet II., D'Aubusson, by a royal cupidity which defrauded even the heart of a mother and a wife, "*extorted twenty-six thousand gold ducats* from the mother and the wife of Djem, refugees at Cairo, under pretext of employing these sums to purchase the protection and the favor of the courts of Europe to the object of their affections. The very vizier who had the deposit of the Prince's seal was bribed, and letters full of perfidious assurances of liberty, were thus pretended to be sent by Djem, under this lying seal, to his wife and mother, and to different sovereigns of the West." This forgery and swindling was called the policy of the grand master; the hero of the siege of Rhodes lent his hand unscrupulously to these State crimes.

XVIII.

During these ignominies and these persecutions, D'Aubusson, pressed by the murmurs of the princes of Christendom, who claimed Djem as an instrument of ruin against Bajazet II., negotiated, however, the liberty of the prisoner with these courts. He hoped to obtain in exchange from the Pope, new privileges of sovereignty for the Order, and the dignity of cardinal for himself. But the more he stimulated by delay

the desires of the court of Rome, the more the price of his victim was enhanced to his benefit. It was in these circumstances that, affecting a paternal interest in Djem, he sent him, from Rhodes to Bourgneuf, Sinan-Beg and Ayas-Beg, two partisans of the Prince, detained by the grand master in the prisons of Rhodes, and restored to liberty to negotiate with the captive Sultan the pardon of his captivity. The Order, ready to traffic Djem to be made a pretender against Bajazet, felt the expediency of reconciling itself in the end with a prince who might remount the throne of Constantinople, so as not to have in him an irreconcilable avenger of its perfidies.

Bajazet II., on his side, informed of these negotiations between the Order and the King of France, employed, in order to defeat them, the means which had succeeded with the Knights of Jerusalem. He sent by an ambassador to Charles VIII. caskets of cedar wood and gold, full of relics, true or false, which the conquest of Constantinople had delivered to the seraglio of Mahomet II. But these relics, often apocryphal, baptized with the most saintly names by the superstition, often fraudulent, of the Greeks, and of which the price was inestimable to the first crusaders, were fallen into discredit and even derision in the political courts of Europe. Charles VIII. would not even give audience to the ambassador of Bajazet II., who returned with his disdained relics to the East.

XIX.

The king, whom the faithful emissary of Djem, Nassouh-Tschelebi, had penetrated with compassion and with affection for this deplorable plaything of the selfish ambition of D'Aubusson, insisted with more earnestness on the release of the captive into the hands of the Pope. Charles VIII. followed in this not only the generous impulses of his heart, but the counsels of his policy. Meditating an expedition into Italy against the King of Naples, it was important to him to court the Pope by concurring in his desire of possessing the Ottoman prince.

Pierre d'Aubusson did not dare to resist longer the desires of two sovereigns so powerful. The scandal, too, of the detention of the Ottoman pretender, cried throughout Europe against the Order. The contract between the Pope and

the grand master was ratified ; the privileges and the possessions accorded by the court of Rome to the Order of Jerusalem more than compensated the 45,000 ducats paid by Bajazet II. Djem, conducted to Marseilles, then to Toulon, was delivered to the legates of the Pope, and Charles VIII. gave him an escort of honor of fifty cavalry to Rome. By a secret treaty with the Pope, the king stipulated that in case the court of Rome should re-sell this prince, who was become an object of traffic, to another power, the court of Rome would pay to France a fine of 10,000 ducats.

Pierre d'Aubusson, although a soldier, and not a priest of the church, obtained, in a cardinal's purple hat, the price of his shame and of his perfidies, a recompense which disgraced at once the man and the office.

XX.

After seven years' captivity, Djem came forth, in the style of a sovereign, attended by a pompous cortège of friends and French knights, from the tower which had served as his prison, and embarked at Toulon with his retinue, upon two galleys of Rhodes. The son of Pope Innocent VIII., Francesco Cibo, went out to meet him at Civita Vecchia, to make a triumphal entry into Rome. The Sultan of Broussa, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, advanced, arrayed in his oriental costume and arms, at the side of the son of Innocent VIII., followed by the knights of France and of Auvergne, by his friends, by his viziers, by his begs, by the ambassadors of all the Christian powers, by the cardinals, by the chamberlains, by the prelates, by the princes and the officers of the court of Rome. Lodged as a sovereign in the Vatican, and presented to the Pope by his son, Djem, remembering that he was a prince and Mussulman, testified his gratitude to his host, but refused proudly to take off his turban or bend the knee before the sovereign of another worship. He advanced with a manly dignity towards Innocent VIII., and kissed his shoulder, according to the usage of the Turks towards their equals. After this public reception, he conversed privately with the Pope respecting his history, his misfortunes, his prisons, the cruel separation from his wife, from his mother, from his children, and his desire of going promptly to rejoin in Egypt all that exile had left to him to care for upon earth.

His eloquence and his grief moved to tears the compassionate heart of Innocent VIII. However, he represented to him amicably that his hasty return to Egypt would ruin at once his own prospects and the hopes which the Christian princes had founded upon his elevation to the throne of the Sultans. He promised him the intervention of the king of Hungary, prepared to furnish an army to raise his standard beyond the Danube; he insinuated to him that his conversion to the Christian faith, would, by rallying entire Christendom around him, assure him at the same time, heaven and the throne. Djem, who had not thus far learned to honor greatly the Christian religion, in the perfidiousness of even its chivalry, the Knights of Rhodes, responded to the Pope, "that the sovereignty of the entire world could not induce him to abjure the faith of his fathers; and that this abjuration, if he had the weakness to consent to it, would justify the deposition from the throne, and the condemnation to death passed unjustly against him by the Ottoman lawyers." The Pope, as tolerant as he was politic, changed the conversation, and loaded the young prince with his protection and magnificence.

XXI.

Djem lived three years at the Vatican, in splendid exile, awaiting till the league of the Christian princes should call him into Hungary, to take the throne of the Ottomans from his brother. An envoy of the Sultan of Egypt, arriving then at Rome, kissed the dust of the feet of Djem's horse, as if he saluted the Sultan of the Turks himself at Constantinople. This Egyptian ambassador brought Djem letters from his mother and wife. These letters disclosed to him the infamous fraud of the grand master, D'Aubusson, to extort the twenty thousand ducats by forgery from their affection. The Pope was indignant, and had a part of the sum refunded by the knights.

Mustapha-Pasha, the habitual negotiator of the Sultan Bajazet, in his thorny transactions with the Christians, followed close on the arrival of Djem at Rome. His mission was, to obtain of the Pope the perpetual confinement of Djem, on the condition of fifty thousand ducats per year, payable from the Ottoman treasury. The hopes of Bajazet II. went beyond the captivity; the character of Innocent

VIII., a mild and a good man, hindered Mustapha from insinuating this to the pontiff. The hand of Bajazet was thought to be seen in an attempt of assassination committed against Djem, and punished with death by the Pope.

XXII.

But at the death of Innocent VIII., and the advent of Borgia, known by the name of Alexander VI., Bajazet II., relieved from all delicacy towards a pontiff, himself exempt from all scruple, dared farther.

The Greek and Italian agents whom Bajazet II. entertained in Europe to instruct him in the character and dispositions of the Christian princes, and especially of the sovereign pontiff, the natural mover of all the leagues against Islamism, wrote him that the venality of the conclave, the simony of the pontificate, the scandal of Christendom, had, in the name of Borgia, issued from the urn of the conclave. A Spanish gentleman, nephew to Calixtus III., living at Valencia in an occult union with a celebrated beauty named Venozza; father of a daughter more beautiful and more licentious still than the mother, and of two sons, of whom the one was to assassinate the other through jealousy as much as through rivalry of ambition, Borgia, called to Rome by his uncle, and made cardinal, had concealed his amours, and affected piety, as a candidate, of course, for the government of the church. Retired into the shade during the reign of three years which had succeeded to that of his uncle, Borgia had brought the mother of his children to Rome, under irreproachable appearances. Mystery enveloped his disorders, and those of his family. An isolated house on the banks of the Tiber, in a deserted district of Rome, covered his scandals with the hypocrisy of abnegation and of virtue. Some of the cardinals had been imposed upon; the wealth inherited from his uncle and the corruption of promises had bought the rest. He was elected Pope, without daring to believe himself in that unexpected excess of fortune, of audacity, and of fraud upon the Church. Perversity was his genius. The reign of one of the most able reprobates who have ever dishonored the throne or the pulpit had commenced under these auspices; it was to continue by murder, to end by poison.

XXIII.

Such a pontiff could with as much propriety sell the head of an exile, as he had bought the Church. Bajazet II. sent Mustapha-Pasha to Rome with a letter. This letter, which the archives of the Vatican preserve, it is said, copied literally by the hand of the apostolical prothonotary Patriarchis, was conceived in these terms :

"The Sultan Bajazet II., son of the Sultan Mahomet, to Pope Alexander, pontiff of the Church of Rome.

"Your legate has reported to me that the king of France had the design of claiming my brother Djem, who is in your hands. This desire on his part is as contrary to my interests as it is hurtful to yours, and to those of all Christendom.

"I think, and your legate thinks as I do, that it concerns your tranquillity, the increase even of your power, as of my satisfaction, that my brother, whom you have in your hands, and who must die some day, may be brought to that end without delay. His death becoming the event the most agreeable to me, will become the most useful to you. May it please you then to aid in having Djem, as soon as possible, delivered from the miseries of this life ; that his soul may, through your intercession, be conveyed into another abode, where it will enjoy a much more secure repose. If you fulfil my wishes, if you send me the body in any place beyond the sea, which you may be pleased to indicate, I will send you in advance, and to a place agreed upon, the sum of three hundred thousand gold ducats, with which you will be able to purchase estates for your children. I promise, besides, as long as I live, to maintain with you relations of good and solid friendship, and to refuse you nothing which you may desire of me. I promise that no hurt shall be done to any Christian, of any condition or quality whatsoever, by land or by sea, whether by me or by any of my subjects, unless in case of provocation. And that you may form no doubt of my promises, I swear to fulfil the conditions which I propose, by the name of the true God who created the heavens and the earth, and all which they contain, this God, whom both you and I believe in and adore."

XXIV.

Borgia was at no loss to understand from such insinuations the value of the hostage which Innocent VIII. had left in his hands. With the craft which then characterized the Romish policy of his house,—a policy of which his son, Caesar Borgia, accomplished the crimes, while the historian Machiavel was inditing the theory—the Pope gave neither too much hope nor too much despair to Bajazet II. For the first time, the sovereign pontiff, vicar of Christ at Rome, sent an ambassador to the sovereign who was vicar of Mahomet. This ambassador of Alexander VI. to Constantinople, was George Bocciardo, grand master of ceremonies of the Popes. The contemporary annalists, Ottoman and Italian, relate that Bocciardo offered to Bajazet II., either the perpetual imprisonment of Djem at the price of forty-five thousand ducats yearly, payable by the Sultan to the Pope during the life of the captive, or the immediate death of Djem for three hundred thousand ducats, payable on delivery of his corpse. Despite the authority of Sveadeddin, of Guichardin, and of Sismondi, impartial history must call in doubt this compact of murder for three hundred thousand ducats. Subsequent events, and the survival itself of Djem belie it. Bajazet II., as has been seen by his letter, would not be likely, in a matter involving the security of his vast empire, to higggle about a few thousand ducats. But between criminals of this class, blood weighs more than gold. The treaty was concluded, on condition of the forty-five thousand ducats to be paid annually, for the perpetual captivity.* The chivalry of Rhodes, and the Christianity of Rome, trafficked infamously their services towards the master of the Ottoman empire. Bajazet II. was so well satisfied with the

* What seems strange is that the Pope should not have given up the live body, and accepted the collective sum. He would thus have the price offered for the death of the prince, without incurring the religious guilt, or the public odium of the crime; the fine of 10,000 ducats to be paid to France was but a small deduction, and would have doubtless been at all events indemnified by Bajazet. Nor was there any direct compact with the captive to trammel Borgia, as in the case of his predecessor, and more expressly of the Knights of Rhodes. On the other hand, he risked by the alternative of imprisonment, to keep the odium of the act alive, and to lose the profit from day to day, in being obliged by the king of France to free the captive, as he was eventually. Our author has not sounded this transaction to the bottom.—*Translator.*

hired services of Alexander, that he felt warranted in asking a cardinal's hat for the Romish ambassador, Bocciardo, negotiator of this treaty between the two courts.

Djem, for fear he would escape from Rome, and disquiet his brother on the frontiers of Hungary, was confined by the Pope in the castle of St. Angelo, the tomb of the Emperor Adrian, since become the capitol, the citadel, the palace and the prison of the Popes of modern Rome. He languished here for two years, in a captivity, sometimes splendid, sometimes sordid, according as the Borgias, the Pope and his two sons, found their advantage in decorating or degrading their hostage.

XXV.

Charles VIII. advanced with a French army towards Rome, against the king of Naples, an ally of the Borgias. The Pope was uncertain whether the young French conqueror would respect in him the supreme pontiff of Christendom, or whether he came to repress his ambitions, and to chastise his crimes. In this doubt, he shut himself up with his son, Cæsar Borgia, and his troops, in the castle of St. Angelo, the prison of Djem, to let the French torrent pass by.

Negotiations were opened. Charles VIII. required that Cæsar Borgia, son and general of the Pope, should change sides, and join the French against the king of Naples. Politics did not make him forget generosity; he required further, that the Sultan Djem should be delivered up to him, to be treated as a sovereign, and not a captive, at his court. The interview which took place for this purpose in the prison, between Charles VIII., the Pope, and the Ottoman prince, attest the noble pride which the son of Mahomet II. maintained in his chains. "Prince," said the Pope to him, in presenting him to the young king, "is it true that you desire to go with the king of France, who wishes to take you with him to Naples?" "If I am not treated like a prince," replied Djem, with the discouragement of wounded dignity, "it matters little whether I endure here or elsewhere the captivity which vilifies through me the supreme rank, and which vilifies in you the good faith of Christians." "God forbid," replied hastily the Pope, ashamed of appearing to be the gaoler of a free guest, "that I should consider you as my prisoner here; the king of France and you are two

great sovereigns, and I am at this moment but your interpreter."

Charles VIII. cheered the heart of the Sultan by his royal encouragements, condoled in his reverses, accused his persecutors, rescued him from the tomb of Adrian, treated him as a sovereign, and confided him, during the campaign of Naples, to the grand marshal of his court, to render him the services and the honors of a magnificent hospitality.

Djem quitted Rome the next day on horseback, in the train of Charles VIII. and of Cæsar Borgia. He attended at the short campaign of the French in the kingdom of Naples, stopped five days at Velletri, a few days at Terracina. Exile, love, imprisonment, grief, unexpected joy at his deliverance, had wasted his life; death awaited him on the threshold of his prisons. Attacked by fever at Terracina, a galley carried him dying to Naples, through the attentions of his friend, the king of France.

The Ottoman, French and Italian writers of this period, when crime was so rife in Italy that every death was ascribed to murder, agree in casting the responsibility of the malady and the death of Djem upon Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia, his son. They never portray these two princes but with the poniard or the poison in hand. They affirm that the day after the forced delivery of Djem by the Pope, his grand master of ceremonies, Bocciardo, and Mustapha-Pasha, ambassador of Bajazet, arrived from Constantinople at Sinigaglia, bearers of ninety thousand ducats, the tribute due for two years; that John de la Rovère, cardinal governor of Sinigaglia, an enemy of the Borgias, took possession of the ambassadors, and of the tribute; that the Pope, frustrated of his ninety thousand ducats, which he stood in need of, determined to earn the three hundred thousand ducats offered for the murder, and caused poison to be given at Terracina to the Sultan Djem, with the design to claim from Bajazet the proffered price of this tardy service.

Other ill-informed historians, confounding names, men, dates, forge the story of a barber of Bajazet II., named Mustapha, who, at the instigation of this sovereign, and with the complicity of the Pope, would have entered at Naples into the domestic service of Djem, and produced his death by shaving him with a poisoned razor.

These two fables are alike refuted by the facts, and by sound criticism. The pretended barber, Mustapha, was no

other than Mustapha-Pasha, who was one of the highest dignitaries of the court of Bajazet, and never employed in any thing like abject or domestic treacheries. As to the poisoning by the Pope, the dates and common sense belie it likewise. It has been seen that Alexander VI. had refused, three years before, to earn thus the thanks of Bajazet and 300,000 ducats, when he could dispose alone and in the dark of his victim: Djem, however, lived; nor is this all. While Charles VIII. was approaching Rome, the Pope, from whom he came to wrest the prisoner, might have hastened to get rid of him, and sent his body for the price of blood; * Djem, however, continued to live, and was delivered alive to Charles VIII. By what fatuity would the Pope have waited to strike definitively his victim, until this victim was in the hands of another sovereign? and by what title could the Pope have claimed from Bajazet II. the price of a crime, which even in his eyes, he could not have the merit of having committed? All these suppositions are revolting to common sense. Crime in the Borgias is sometimes atrocious, but it is never stupid. Without doubt this perverse pontificate is not scant of most misdeeds; but Alexander VI. did not poison Djem. Djem died of the disease of fallen monarchs—of proscription, that poison of the soul. History owes the truth to even the reprobate.

Djem expired at Naples, on the night of the 24th of February, 1495, surrounded by the faithful companions of his exile, and of the king of France, who deplored the premature end of a prince who owed him liberty, and who might, had he lived, have owed him an empire. Despite the silly popular rumors diffused through Italy, on his pretended abjuration of the law of the Prophet, he died in the faith, and even a martyr of his religion. "O, my God," cried he, some moments before his last breath, "if the enemies of the faith mean to use me for designs hurtful to the confessors of Islamism, withdraw, rather, at this instant, my soul to thyself." These final words, retained by the witnesses of his agony, belie sufficiently his abjuration of the faith of his fathers; he preferred it to ambition and to life.

Charles VIII. wept him; he had the body embalmed

* This is as bad a reason as most of the others in this embroglio; for it was evident that the French king would have held to harsh account the Pope, unable to produce the captive either dead or alive.—*Translator.*

and deposited in a coffin of lead and cypress wood at Gaeta, under guard of his two favorite viziers Ayas-Beg and Djelal-Beg. Sinan-Beg, to whom the death of his friend restored his freedom of opinion and his country, went to Constantinople to announce to Bajazet II. the death of his brother. Bajazet II., then firmly seated on his throne, deplored the loss of a brother whom he would have loved if he had not feared him. He sent to Naples an ambassador and cortège of mourning to receive the coffin of Djem, and to transport it first to Gallipoli, then to Broussa, to the common tomb of their fathers, where terminate all rivalries.

XXVII.

Charles VIII. collected piously the treasures, the jewels, the arms, the apparel, which formed the property of the exiled Prince. He charged Nassouh-Beg, vizier of Djem, to convey them in one of his vessels to Egypt, and deliver them to his widow and to his mother.

Such was the end of the son of Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople. The rival of his brother, the sport of the Knights of Rhodes, the client of the Christians, the prisoner of the Pope, the protégé of the King of France, the victim of his destiny, he left in Europe and in Asia a romantic and poetic memory, perpetuated among the Ottomans as among the Christians, by his adventures, his amours, his exploits, his misfortunes, and his poems. He is the more accomplished Charles Edward of the Stuarts of England, transported into the country and the family of Othman. History, romance, poetry, have disputed for his name; but he has been to himself his own historian, and the Turks, who recite still at the present day his songs, account him of the number of the most glowing, most amatory and the most heroic poets of their tongue. They visit with a pious compassion his tomb beneath the palm-trees of the mosque of Broussa. "A flower clipped from the stalk of Mahomet II. upon the tomb of the Conqueror," as he had himself said, in two of his verses. He did not possess the Empire of Bajazet II., but he possessed the empire of imagination over the Ottomans.

BOOK SEVENTEENTH.

I.

Return we to Selim I.

Men who owe their usurped sovereignty to accomplices can maintain it but by satiating or by slaying the authors of their criminal rise. Whoever mounts a throne by crime can sustain himself but by blood. Such was the situation of Selim the day following the natural death or the parricide of his father.

The European ambassadoas who resided at that time at Constantinople, give us of this Prince, in their despatches to their governments, a sinister portraiture, entirely conformable to the idea which his reign was to afterwards convey of him throughout all Europe. His face presented the features of his character in relief.

"A man of forty-six years, say they, but in whom his vigor of body, kept up by continued exercise of arms, retrenches at least ten years, and who appears no more than thirty-six; of an aspect ferocious and brutally soldierish (*soldalesque*), indifferent to every thing but war; of a ruddy tint, of a cruel physiognomy, and through this analogy of character, beloved by the Janissaries; the legs were bowed, the bust long, the face round and plump, the cheeks sanguine; the eyes, prominent and restless, had a lustre which could not be fixed; the eyebrows, dark and thick, crossed their hairs upon the brow like a visor; like the Arabs, he wore no beard, but the habit of living among the Circassians had led him to adopt the usage of cultivating long moustaches, which in shading the upper lip and tapering off at the corners of the mouth, begloomed and hardened the expression of his countenance. This forbidding exterior was, however, relieved in Selim, by the splendor of his costume

and of his arms, the soldier's luxury. His caftan, or vest, was woven of purple and thread of gold; the embroideries gave the cloth the solidity of metal; his scarlet bonnet, the head-gear of Amurath and of Mahomet II., his ancestors, quite disappeared beneath the ample folds of a twisted and entwining shawl, which converted his turban into a crown. "Since the high officers of the Empire and of the seraglio appear in my presence," he used to say, "wearing bonnets of gold elevated and rounded like a cupola, a crown like to those of the Kings of Persia is the sole head-dress which befits the Sultan of the Ottomans."

II.

This appearance, at once savage and superb, covered, however, in Selim I. some instincts for the government of a great people, and even some culture of mind, which caused astonishment in such a man. His common sense was sound, his genius was daring; his angers were but the impatiencies of his will; his despotism, which brooked no answer, was but a prevalence of order at any cost, both in his empire and in his armies. His quick and sure glance unmasked character; he penetrated the intentions beneath the words; he chose well his instruments, and he broke them at the work as soon as they had served his purpose; indefatigable in council as on horseback, he never complained of toiling with his viziers; without taste for the leisures of the table or of the gardens, or inclination for the women of his harem, he disputed his time with sleep to devote it to the administration. He trusted no one but himself to see the laws of the police executed. Like the Arabian Khalifs of Bagdad and of Damascus, he frequently set out, by night and day, from the seraglio in disguises which permitted no suspicion of the Sultan, to listen to the talk of the people in the cafés, the bazars, the barracks. By a strange contrast between his ferocious character and his cultivated mind, Selim stole, like his brother Bajazet II. and his uncle Djem, some hours of leisure from the throne and the camps to consecrate to poetry this vestige of a pastoral race.* His was lyrical and belli-

* M. de Lamartine in this and several other passages deceives himself in favor of the art which honors most his own name. There is no contrast, strange or otherwise, but on the contrary a just concomitance, between the absence of exterior and even of interior culture and the

cose, like that of Antar, that poet-warrior of the desert. There is some trace of it in this magnificent image in two verses which characterizes so eloquently the brevity and grandeur of his reign: "*Like the setting sun, I have overspread the earth with an immense shadow!*"

Cruelty was less in him a natural ferocity than a system of terror. At first it extended but to his family, to his rivals, to his servants. From his advent to the throne, the people looked upon the public functions which brought the holders near his person, as so perilous, that a Turk, when he would imprecate misfortunes to another, wished him, as the direst malediction, to be "a vizier to Selim." It was a formula for wishing the death of an enemy. His viziers, in fact, in the Crimea as in Turkey, passed frequently from the divan to the block. "Accordingly," says the Ottoman historian Solakzade, "they always carried their last will and testament about them, and when they came out from the council, felt as if arisen from the dead."

The grand vizier Ali-Pasha, twice vizier under Bajazet II., and recalled to power by Selim, said to him one day, with the free irony of a man who faces an abyss, but after having measured its depth: "My padishah, I know that soon or late you will put me to death, under the first pretext that occurs to your mind; before this day arrives, grant me some hours of liberty, that I may put in order my affairs in this world, and prepare myself for the judgment of God."

"It is in fact what I have been thinking of for some time back," replied the Sultan, with a burst of laughter, wherein merriment did not seek even to mask death; "and the only thing that hinders me from granting thee this very day what thou hast been expecting, is the difficulty of finding a grand vizier to fill thy place."

III.

While Selim I. was thus scaling the throne, Korkoud, preserved alone by the protection of the Janissaries, through the confidence with which he honored them in lodging in their barracks, hastened to quit Constantinople and to take refuge

love of poetry or of music in individuals or in nations. He ends himself, indeed, the sentence by declaring this implicitly, in calling poetry the vestige of a pastoral race. Only that it is another error to ascribe to race what belongs to age.—*Translator.*

in Magnesia. He who had respected neither the throne, nor the old age, nor perhaps the life of his father, could not respect the life of a brother and a rival to the Empire. Korkoud had now to struggle, not for the throne, but for his life. He weakly prepared himself rather to treat than to fight. The faithful friends of his youth whom he had at Magnesia and among the emirs of Caramania, composed him a nucleus of partisans, sufficient, at least, to protect his life. He kept himself in irreproachable but fortified tranquillity, offering to Selim I. to recognize, to serve him, provided he was guaranteed the government of his province. A studious existence in the leisures of his palace of Magnesia consoled him easily for the loss of the throne. Abdication is easy to princes more fond of wisdom than of power.

But the ambitious and turbulent Ahmed, so long destined for the throne by his father, and so often repulsed from it by the menaces of his brother, would not resign himself to the usurpation of Selim. The importance and the remoteness of his government of Amasia and of Saroukhan, the Turcoman troops which he kept on foot there to support his cause, rather than to serve the Empire, the four sons, already at the age of warfare, whom he early had of several mothers, Alaeddin, Mourad, Soliman and Othman, forbade him to surrender without fighting. While he recruited himself a numerous army among the warlike tribes of the mountains of Amasia, the eldest of his sons, Alaeddin, traversed rapidly Anatolia, with twelve thousand cavalry, and took possession of Broussa in the name of the Sultan, his father. The possession of the Asiatic capital, so near to Constantinople, might balance, even in Europe, the usurpation of the uncle.

Selim, with the promptitude of resolution which had won him the Empire, appeased rapidly by some concessions and by some punishments the rivalries existing between the Spahis and the Janissaries. He marched with seventy thousand men towards Mount Olympus, to surprise Alaeddin within the walls of Broussa. He, at the same time, sent his fleet to blockade all the ports of Asia Minor, from the gulf of Alexandretta as far as the gulf of Smyrna, to intercept the flight by sea of all fugitives of his family, who might, by their escape, give to his reign the anxieties which Djem had given to his father, Bajazet II.

Alaeddin, too weak to resist in Broussa the imperial

army, fell back rapidly upon Ahmed, his father, in the defiles of Angora. Ahmed, soon driven back himself into the environs of Amasia, sent his two sons, Othman and Soliman, to solicit the succor of the Schah of Persia, Ishmael.

IV.

During this campaign, Ahmed had gone out from Amasia to harass the scattered army of his brother. He had left his harem in the city. Selim, informed of his absence, marched upon Amasia a troop of cavalry, with orders to surprise the city and take possession of the harem and of the family of Ahmed—hostages which he was eager to have in his hands for the purpose of immolating them or trafficking them with his brother.

The grand vizier of Selim, already grand vizier of Bajazet II., was then Mustapha-Pasha, the same negotiator whom we have seen traffic with Alexander VI. for the death of Djem. An able but equivocal statesman, Mustapha was one of those politicians who, whether through humanity or through precaution against the returns of fortune, reserve to themselves gratitude in both the parties. He had Ahmed apprized of the expedition meditated by Selim I. against his women and his children. Ahmed, lying in ambush on the route of the cavalry of Selim, fell, sabre in hand, upon the detachment, and avenged, in the blood of those spahis, the outrage which they meant to commit against his family.

An intercepted letter led Selim to suspect the connivance of Mustapha-Pasha in this deception and defeat. To be suspected by him, was to be already criminal. He had convoked before his tent a divan on horseback (a sign of urgency, seriousness and decision among the Turks). On their appearance before him, each of the viziers received a caftan of honor; the grand vizier alone received a *black caftan*, a sign of reprobation, and of preparation for death. The chiaoux, without awaiting the decree, rushed upon Mustapha-Pasha, and strangled him with a bow-string—an instrument of punishment taken from the national weapon of the Turks, which did not dishonor the memory in extinguishing life.

Hersek-Ahmed-Pasha, an old man, already tried four times as grand vizier under Mahomet II. and Bajazet II.

was invested a fifth time with a post so perilous under such a master.

Selim I., after having thrown back Ahmed beyond the frontiers of Persia, returned with half his army to Constantinople. He wished to exhaust at a draught all the blood of Bajazet II., which flowed in the veins of his nephews. Five sons of his brothers, deceased before the end of the reign of Bajazet II. lived captives in the palace of Broussa. Five officers of the Janissaries were charged to tear them from their prison and bring them to Constantinople. They were thrown together into a chamber of the seraglio, uncertain if they came to receive from their uncle liberty or death. An iron grating and a curtain alone separated their apartments from that of the Sultan. He was so fearful of being deceived by some plot of pity in the murder, that he wished himself to supervise it, an invisible witness.

Five chiaoux, holding in hand as many bow-strings, entered at a sign of Selim, presenting death to those children. They beheld it with horror, but with no weakness beneath their rank. The youngest, alone, of the age of nine years, threw himself on his knees before the headsman, and implored life with tears, promising that he would serve the Sultan as a private Janissary for the bread which he would eat, and the pay of an *asper* per day. The only answer was to strangle him before the eyes of his cousins. The four others, grouped in a corner of the room, were successively torn from the arms of each, to expire upon the carpet. The last, a prince of twenty years old, son of Alem-Schah, endowed with an heroic intelligence, beauty, and vigor, wished to avenge, at least in dying, upon the headsman, the murder of his race. Armed with a yataghan which he had hidden in his clothes, he struggled desperately with his assassins, prostrated four of them, and cut a hand of the fifth. He was going to survive, for want of an executioner, when Selim I., drawing aside, at the noise, the curtains that separated him from his victims, called fresh chiaoux to the aid of their disarmed companions. The son of Alem-Schah, after a new struggle, succumbed at last to number, and his body was thrown upon the heap of corpses. By an hypocritical respect for their rank, after having destroyed their life, the unfortunate princes, taken back to Broussa by the same Janissaries who had brought them to slaughter, were buried with honor in the tomb of Amurath, their ancestor.

V.

At this wholesale execution, of all that carried in their blood an eventual menace to the usurpation of the throne, Korkoud understood too well that resignation would not save him. He sought to rally promptly around him the emirs and the begs of his government. But Selim I., more prompt to crime than Korkoud to arms, appeared of a sudden, under pretext of hunting, at the head of ten thousand cavalry, at the gates of Magnesia. Korkoud, surprised and surrounded in the city, had only time to escape in disguise, by the garden gate, opening into a forest of plane trees. Attended by only one of his faithful friends, Piale, he succeeded in finding refuge in the mountains of Tekké; where he hoped, like his uncle Djem, to descend towards the sea, and to fly into Syria. A remnant of his past opulence betrayed him.

The two fugitive horsemen, disguised in coarse caftans, fell short of food in the cavern which they inhabited for several days. They begged a Turcoman goatherd, feeding his flocks in the neighborhood, to purchase them some bread in the village of the plain. Korkoud, to accelerate the return of the shepherd, gave him his horse to mount. The other shepherds, astonished at the blood of the horse, and the richness of the bridle, suspected that the two strangers must be princes or emirs. They gave information of their retreat to Kasim-Beg, governor of Tekké, for Selim. Kasim sent some soldiers to bring them to his palace. He recognized Korkoud, and informed Selim; the Sultan ordered him to bring on the prisoners to Broussa. At their approach, he sent Sinan-Pasha to receive his brother, as if to honor in his person the royal blood. Sinan lodged Korkoud in an imperial kiosk of the forest of Broussa, at some distance from the capital. Nothing in this reception presaged his fate to the proscribed prince. He slept in the same chamber with his companion of flight and study, the generous Piale. One night, Sinan, under a specious pretext, removed Piale from his friend's chamber. Korkoud, sleeping without distrust, was awakened to hear the decree of his death. He asked but an hour of life to make a prayer, and to write a last adieu to his brother and his executioner. Sinan accorded it. Korkoud, after having prayed, wrote with a complete freedom of mind, a letter in verse to his brother. This

funereal poetry, full of calmness, of resignation, of piety, attested the sublime philosophy of the prince, which left him in the face of death the taste and the self-possession of modulating his last sigh. At the last verse, he held forth, himself, his head to the bow-string.

The surveillance of Asia, where he dreaded a new invasion of his more bellicose brother, Ahmed, retained him at Broussa. Ahmed, reinforced by thirty thousand Persians and Turcomans, was advancing, in fact, towards the heart of Anatolia. Already he had rounded the forests of Mount Olympus with sixty thousand cavalry, throwing back before him the advanced guards of the Sultan. Broussa trembled in its walls. Selim I., calling to his aid all the Janissaries of Europe, and all the Tartars of Seadet-Ghirai, Khan of the Crimea, his ally, fell by the two flanks of Olympus upon Ahmed, and forcing him to extend his centre, he broke it by a charge of cavalry which he directed himself, upon the tents of his brother. The rupture of the centre led to the rout of the wings. The horse of Ahmed, swept off himself by the resistless current of the flight, galloped on a narrow causeway on the edge of a marsh. The slippery soil gave way beneath the horse's feet, and carried Ahmed, upset, into the trench. While he was disengaging himself from the weight of the horse and armor, a Turcoman emir, Doukaghinoghli, who pursued him almost alone, dismounted from his horse, disarmed him, and tied his hands with his cincture. Ahmed in vain offered him, in exchange for his liberty, the aigrette of diamonds which surmounted his turban. "It is too magnificent for a simple slave of the Sultan such as I am," replied the barbarian ironically. The Turks ran and conducted Ahmed to the Sultan. Selim I. refused to see him. Placed in a tent after the battle, Ahmed wrote his brother, to ask him, not now for the throne or liberty, but for mere life. The Sultan was inflexible. "Tell him," said he to the bearer of the letter, "that an Ottoman who remained in ignominious repose at Amasia at the time when we were all fighting to save religion and country from the revolt and the schism of Scheitankouli, and who, more a woman than the women, consumed his youth in his harem, is not worthy to live." Selim knew, according to the men, how to find a crime to punish in all his victims. He sent, for sole grace, a cord of gold to Ahmed. The condemned, to purchase in dying, at least, the honors of the tomb from his brother, took from

his finger a ring, in which was enchased a precious stone, which was valued by the Genoese jewellers at a year's revenue of all Asia Minor. It was a present of Bajazet II. to the most beloved of his children. "Give the Sultan," said he, "this ring, of which I beg him to excuse the small value." "And I, on my part, am going to give him," replied the ferocious victor, "the sole sandjak (fief) that befits an Ottoman prince vanquished,—a sepulchre."

Ahmed, strangled some hours after, without having seen his wife or his daughters fallen into the hands of his enemies, was buried with his five nephews in the *turbe* or tomb of Amurath II. at Broussa.

IX.

The powers of Europe and of Asia, with the exception of the Schah of Persia, hastened to acknowledge through their ambassadors the rights of usurpation, of victory, and of crime. Venice distinguished herself by the splendor and the adulation of her embassies. Russia repaired the rudenesses committed by a former envoy by the deferences and homages of the second, Alexeief. Vassili, who reigned then at Moscow, reminding the Sultan of the Turks of their Tartar origin in common, said to Selim in his letter: "Our fathers have been brothers, why should we not live as brothers?" Alexeief folded his arms on his breast in appearing before the Sultan.

Selim sent with him to Moscow Kemul-Beg, Prince of Menkoub. Kemul delivered to Vassili a letter in Arabic and one in Servian. The Russians and the Ottomans concluded their first treaty of commerce upon terms of complete reciprocity and security to their subjects. Russia, who saw already in prospect the conquest and the adjunction of the Crimea to her possessions, tried in vain to draw Selim into a league against the Ghirai, Sultans of this country. Selim I. had married the daughter of Menghli-Ghirai, the friend and supporter of his youth. He eluded all hostility against the Tartars of Crimea, become members of his family and faithful auxiliaries of the Empire. The war of Persia brooded from his youth upwards in his soul. He had three resentments to avenge upon the Persians: one national, the humiliation of the arms of Bajazet, his father; another, religious, the schism of the Sonnites and the Schiites which

distracted Islamism; the last, entirely personal, the asylum which Persia gave the sons of Ahmed, his nephews and competitors to the throne of the Othmans.

Persia, as fluctuating as the ocean in her dynastic destinies, demands a fresh survey from the narrator of those events at the moment when Selim I. was meditating against her the great expedition of 1514. She was then united and governed by one of the most warlike and politic Princes of her numerous dynasties, the Schah Ismael Sophi.

The dynasty of the Sophis were not indebted for the throne to either conquest, or usurpation, or adulation, but to virtue. A sage, named Saffi-el-din (or man of the pure faith) lived in a private condition in the depths of the mountains inhabited by the pastoral tribes of Persia. This solitary philosopher, inheriting the traditions of the pure deism which had preceded the religion of Zoroaster and that of Mahomet, adored, it was said, but the God without symbol of whom nature is the revelation, of whom conscience is the oracle, and of whom virtue is the sole worship. Nevertheless, as the religion of Mahomet professes at bottom no other dogma than this practical deism, Saffi-el-din concurred thus far with the national worship, confining himself to purifying it, like Mahomet himself, from all which might taint the doctrine or the morals with the popular superstitions or fanaticism. Persia, civilized by so many ages of existence and by so many reminiscences of the primitive religions which flowed from India into its primitive creeds, was more mature than any other nation of the East, for the philosophical, pious, and practical deism of Saffi-el-din. His creed was diffused like a flash amid darkness. The reputation of sanctity of this Eremitic was so established in Persia at the period of the invasion of Timour-Lenk, that this conqueror, at the head of two millions of men, did not disdain to go out of his way to visit the sage in his mountains. Timour, who sought the truth and who honored virtue in even his Christian enemies, listened with an humble rapture to the dogmas and maxims of this shepherd chieftain. "What do you ask me to grant you," said he to him, "in return for the sublime truths with which you have enriched my soul?"—"Nothing for myself," replied the Sophi to the master of the world; "I only ask of you the life and liberty of all the prisoners, Christian or Turkish, whom you may bring off from your

conquests." Timour made the sacrifice to the charitable sage whom he came to consult.

These prisoners, left free in Persia, at the solicitation of the solitary, established themselves with their flocks in the mountains, and adopted through gratitude the doctrines of their liberator. It was, subsequently, to those tribes of shepherds, preserved from the vices and the servitude of the rest of Persia, that the descendants of the sage owed the throne of Ispahan and of Bagdad.

X.

The son of Saffi-el-din, inherited, as with the Hebrews, the wisdom and the moral authority of his father. He preached the pure word throughout Persia and Syria, and died at Mecca, where his tomb is still venerated. Djouneid, his great-grandson, also assumed the sacred mantle of the Prophet, and continued with an immense proselytism the preaching of the holy philosophy. Ouzoun-Hassan, the Turcoman conqueror of Persia, of whom we have related the wars with the Sultan Amurath, gave one of his daughters in marriage to the apostle. Persecuted and pursued by another King of Persia, Djihan-Schah, Djouneid took refuge in the remote province of Schirwan, and died of an arrow from the hands of the soldiers of Djihan-Schah. The son of Djouneid, Haider-Sophi, died himself by the sword of the executioners of the tyrant of Persia. His martyrdom revived the faith of the Sophis. His tomb became the temple of the new creed. Two of his children, proclaimed Sultans, were elevated to the supreme rank by the people, and precipitated from the throne to the tomb by the competitors of other provinces. The third of his sons, named Ismael, sustained by the popularity attached to his name, to his virtues, to the misfortunes of his family, reunited in a few years entire Persia under his monarchy. Descended from the Khalif Ali by a remote filiation, sacred on this account to the Mahometans of Persia, followers of the son of Fatima, stranger to the tribes of the great provinces which had by turns prevailed over one another, and who beheld in him a disinterested arbiter of their differences, conqueror of Bagdad, vanquisher of the Tartars, Ismael-Schah, still young, had no more competitors at home, no more enemies abroad, except the Turks. But the schism planted between these

two branches of the family of Mahomet so vivacious a germ of hostility, that no peace between them was long or sincere. The religious hatred converted itself into national hatred; * it became the proverb of the Ottomans: "There is," said the people, fanaticised by its dervishes, "seventy times more merit before God and the Prophet in slaying in war a Persian than a Christian."

XI.

Selim I., whether it was that he partook in, or only feigned this fanaticism of his people, precluded the war by an extermination of all the sectaries of Ali in Asia and Europe. The preaching and the revolt of Scheitankouli, had multiplied them under Bajazet II. Selim had lists drawn up in secret, by his spies, of all the followers of Ali existing in the cities or among the tribes of Anatolia or of Roumelia. These lists contained the names of forty thousand outlaws, from the age of seven years along to extreme old age. Upon a signal given from the seraglio of Broussa, these forty thousand victims were immolated ruthlessly, under pretext of the national faith. The heresy was buried beneath these forty thousand bodies. The horror of this pious crime was so extenuated, at this period, by the human hecatombs which the fanaticism of kings and of peoples had sacrificed throughout all Europe in consequence of other schisms in Italy, in Spain, in France, that the Turkish historians praise Selim for his piety in this massacre, that the ambassador, Justiniani, an ocular witness, speaks of it with indifference, and that the envoy of Venice, Mocenigo, says confidentially to P. Giovio, chronicler of the times, "that," in his opinion, "no Prince ever equalled the Sultan Selim, the author of this crime, in justice and in humanity." So much does fanaticism abolish conscience in even those who are but disinterested spectators of similar atrocities.

* The reverse is the true state of the proposition; and not alone in Persia, but in all the countries of the earth. It is the religious dissension that is the reflexion of the national, or more exactly, of the gentilital or the difference of *race*. The Persian schism is the *popular* protest of the ancient Persian race against their conquerors of all ages, now represented by the last, the Tartars. And so reciprocally with the Tartars and the Turks.—*Translator*.

XII.

The cry of blood of these forty thousand sectaries of Ali excited Persia, which professed the same schism. Ismael-Schah moved from Tauris with one hundred and twenty thousand warriors, to avenge his co-religionists. He led with him over the Turkish frontiers, one of the sons of Ahmed, to claim the throne of the Ottomans, usurped by the murderer of his father. Selim was expecting this rising of Persia against him. It was not perhaps without design that he had furnished it the horrible pretext. Having mounted the throne by war, war alone could confirm him. He called then all his feudatories to the holy war, and assigned as the place of assemblage, Jenyschir, on the route to Persia. No one except an old Janissary dared object or applaud, so much had terror of his anger already stricken the nation. The old Janissary, prostrating himself before the Sultan, gave him thanks for at last leading his soldiers to the holy war. Selim, to recompense him for his zeal, assigned him on the spot one of the principal sandjaks or fiefs of the Empire: "He who has a double heart," said he, "will impart of it to others. Woe to the Ottomans who should look for repose when their Sultan looks for the enemy of their religion and of their *race*."

XIII.

Selim set off immediately for Adrianople to kindle there by his presence the same fanaticism. He recalled to him all the troops of the Danube, of Greece, of Macedon, of which his general peace with the Christian powers allowed him to dispose against Asia. Ten days after, he advanced at the head of sixty thousand men towards Constantinople, and had his tent struck outside the walls in the "plain of the elephants," near the tomb of Aïoub. He there venerated the relics of the first martyr of the Ottomans, and girded the sabre of the Sultans.

The day succeeding the ceremony, he called from Magnesia his son, Soliman, aged twenty years, and confided to him the Empire during his absence. He sent across the Bosphorus the army of Adrianople, and directed it by forced marches to Jenyschir to join there the army of Broussa. He appointed the eunuch Sinan-Pasha, the most able of his

generals and of his viziers, governor-general of Asia Minor, behind him, to the end of keeping a close watch upon his son at Constantinople, and of administering the provinces of Asia, an exhaustless reservoir of men, of arms, and of gold, for his active army.

XIV.

Arrived at Jenyschir, he wrote to Ismael-Schah a manifesto, in which, according to the precept of the Koran, he threatened before striking, and apprized his enemy to prepare for the battle. This long manifesto characterizes too well the mind of Selim I., the genius and the phraseology of the Ottoman statesman, not to oblige us to cite some passages. The soldier, the sectary, the Sultan, the statesman, the man of letters, the poet, reveal themselves in the barbarous pomp of the publicists of the East.

"I, sovereign chief of the Ottomans," says Selim I., "I, master of the heroes of the age, who combine in my person the power of Feridoun, the glory of Alexander the Great, the justice and the clemency of Chosröes; I, the exterminator of idolaters, the destroyer of the enemies of the true faith, the terror of the tyrants and of the Pharaohs of this age; I, whose hand breaks the sceptre of the strongest, Selim-Khan, son of Bajazet II., son of Mahomet II., son of Mourad, to thee, emir Ismael, chief of the Persian troops, like in tyranny to Sohak and Efrasiab, those sanguinary tyrants of Persia, and predestined to perish like the last Darius, I write thee:

"The Lord has said: We have created the heavens and the earth as our plaything." Here, after two pages of atrocious invectives against Ismael to prove to him that he is unworthy of holding the sceptre of God's creatures, he declares to him that the Oulemas of his Empire have judged, reproved, and condemned him to death. "However," adds he, "conformably to the spirit and the law of the Prophet, we are come, before commencing the war, to present thee the words of the Koran, instead of the sabre, and to exhort thee to rally to the true worship. For that reason," says Selim, "we address thee the present letter.

"We have all," he continues, in arguing with his enemy, "a different nature, and the human mind resembles the mines of gold and silver; the pure and the impure are mingled

in its slime. The most efficacious means of remedying this evil, is to sound deeply one's conscience, to open one's eyes to his faults, to invoke the pardon of the element and merciful God with a true repentance and a sincere contrition. We invite thee in consequence, to enter into thyself,* and to restore to us the territory detached violently from our dominions, over which thou hast but illegitimate pretensions.

"But if, to thy misfortune, thou persistest in thy past conduct, thou wilt see in a short time thy plains covered with our tents and inundated with our soldiers. Then will be accomplished miracles of bravery, and the will of the God of armies will be manifested between us. For the rest, hail to him who follows the way of salvation!"

XV.

The army, arrived at Siwas, on the frontiers of Persia, was passed in review by Selim. He counted one hundred and eighty thousand combatants, ten thousand mule-drivers bearing provisions, sixty thousand camels; a fleet laden with rice and barley, lay at anchor in the Black Sea near Trapezoun, from which multitudes of camels brought provisions to the camp. Ismael-Schah, informed of the number of the Ottomans, had withdrawn all the population and burned the harvests on his frontier, to place famine between him and Selim.

The Sultan, irritated at an obstacle which he ascribed to the cowardice of Ismael-Schah, sent him, in token of contempt and insult, a ridiculous present composed of a frock, a staff, a sackcloth, and a toothpick, the ordinary baggage of a dervish, in allusion to the Sophi his ancestor, who had obtained the throne through his mysticism, not by arms. The letter which accompanied this present, was written in Persian verse, composed by Selim I. himself. "Those who usurp thrones, ought, like the buckler," said he, "to present at least their breast to the arrows: The betrothed of sovereign power does not suffer the embraces but of the warrior who kisses without paling the lips of the sword."

* Our author would seem here to have mistaken the Schah's *conscience* for the previous circumspection of the territory of Persia—a thing with which, in fact, the Sultan Selim may be supposed to have been more familiar. But I leave to M. de Lamartine the responsibility of the translation.—*Translator*.

Ismael-Schah replied to this letter and present, by an ambassador who delivered Selim a casket of *opium* as a symbol of his delirium. At the same time the response of Ismael to the manifesto of the Turks breathed justice, moderation, and an imperious disdain of the threats of Selim: "I write thee this," said he to him negligently, "without turning aside from a hunt, which I continue for my pleasure in the plains of Ispahan. Do what thou wilt with my ambassador." Selim I. had the nose and ears cut off this envoy, named Schakouli-Ayi, and sent him thus mutilated back to his master.

XVII.

Meanwhile, some forty days' march through a region denuded by Ismael, separated Selim I. from Tauris, where he was awaited by the Persians. The Ottoman army, terrified at these forty days' journey through a desert, murmured and demanded mutteringly to return. The viziers and the begs charged Hemdem-Pasha, companion of infancy of the Sultan and the most intimate of his courtiers, to represent to him the repugnance of the troops and the perils of their resistance. As sole answer, Selim I. had the head cut off of Hemdem-Pasha and exposed it before his tent to the eyes of the Janissaries. Terror appeased the murmur; the army advanced slowly towards Tauris. It met no other enemy than hunger and thirst. The camels died by thousands. "Art thou dead or alive, Ismael?" wrote he in a third letter to the Schah.

But nothing could wrest the Schah from his patient immobility. The army, extenuated, touched at last upon the valleys that debouch on Tauris. At the aspect of these arid hills, where the trees burned by the Persians and the herbage withered by the sun offered but sterility and death to the eyes of the soldiers, the Janissaries surrounded in tumultuous groups the tent of their master, demanding aloud a return to the land of pasture and of harvests. Selim I. mounted his horse, and appearing of a sudden in the midst of them: "Is this," cried he, in a scolding tone, "the language of my faithful slaves? To obey in murmuring unceasingly, is it really to obey? Let those among you who wish to return to their wives and children retire. Let the cowardly separate themselves freely from the brave, armed

with the sabre and the bow in the cause of God. For my part, I am not come thus far to retrace shamefully my steps."

An eclipse of the sun, which, in a moment, obscured the day, seconded the eloquence of the Sultan. The Turks saw in it the presage of the ruin of the Persians, formerly adorers of the sun. At last two days after, Selim I. perceived at the bottom of the plain of Tchaldiran, the innumerable tents of the army of Ismael, who awaited him as in a circus walled and staged by nature for a death-struggle between two inimical races.

XVIII.

The Sultan made halt to take a survey of the field of battle and to hold a council on horseback with his most experienced generals. All, with the exception of the defterdar, Piri-Pasha, advised to give a day's repose to the army. "Moral force," said the defterdar, "is the first force of armies. If we hesitate to descend immediately into the plain and to attack the enemy as soon as he appears before us, our troops will think that we deliberate with danger, and the Persians will imagine that their mere aspect has arrested us. To see the enemy and to rush upon him is the sole strategy of the brave, confiding in God and in themselves."—"There is a man," cried Selim I.; "if I only had a vizier of that stamp!"

Placed upon an eminence which overlooked the defile and plain, he by a gesture launched his cavalry like an iron torrent into the basin. Ismael was astonished at the audacity and number, but confident in the fortified position of his camp. He contemplated as a skilful warrior the order of battle which was being formed before him in the other moiety of the plain under the eyes of Selim I. This prince, more a general than sultan, presided over all, galloping through the plain from one division to another. He placed on his right the cavalry, divided into two columns under the intrepid eunuch, Sinan-Pasha, whose courage never clouded his intellect; on the left, the infantry of Europe, under Hassan-Pasha, beglerbeg of Roumelia; between these two divisions, innumerable azabs, feudatory soldiers of the two continents; behind these, at the centre of the army, like the heart in the middle of the breast, the Janissaries, this reserve of battles, surrounded as by a rampart with the baggage waggons and

the camels, which formed them a fortress against the Persian cavalry, so justly dreaded by the Turks; the cannons, tied to each other by iron chains, were placed in batteries on two eminences on the two sides of the Turkish army. The Sultan, his viziers, his staff, his guards, placed upon a hillock behind the Janissaries, overlooked with the site and eye the array of battle. One hundred and twenty thousand combatants breathed the wrath and awaited the signal of Selim I.

XIX.

Ismael had disposed in advance his army, still more numerous, upon the stages of the plain to the East, whence he might rush upon the Turks by the centre, leaving his flanks covered by two head-lands of the mountains, inaccessible to the enemy's cavalry. His confidence, hitherto justified in twenty battles, reposed chiefly upon ten thousand picked cavalry, with mailed cuirasses, with casques of polished steel, rimmed with gold and with blood-colored plumes. The very horses of these troops were covered over with a cloth of steel, of which the flexibility left entire freedom of movement to their limbs, while protecting them completely from the arrows. The Persian horses, with their swan-like necks, their sinewy legs, their eye of fire, their foaming nostrils, their warlike hearts, longed for the carnage. Their riders made but one with their companions of war. Besides this select cavalry, armed with clubs and lances, Ismael had thirty thousand Arab or Tartar cavalry in his camp, and sixty thousand infantry seasoned by him in his twenty years' campaigning in Persia, and on the Oxus. Oustadjluoghli, Sultan of Diarbekir, was his principal lieutenant. He confided to him the command of one moiety of the army; the other he commanded himself. Their plan of battle, formed at leisure and studied on the ground, consisted in letting advance along to the centre the cloud of azabs, in abandoning them the middle of the plain, in falling after upon the two flanks of that infantry, and cutting it into segments with the breasts of the horses; then, in joining in a single charge forty thousand cavalry beyond this scattered and ruined infantry, and pouring upon the Janissaries an equestrian tempest, which would sweep into dust the reserve of the Sultan.

XX.

The battle thus combined on both sides, appeared to slip of itself from the ardor of the combatants. The azabs, advancing in close and rapid column, attained in a few instants to the fortified centre of the Persians, who awaited them, quite motionless. Ismael and Oustadjluoghli, receding to the two extremities of the plain, as if to give more impetus to their two wings of cavalry, charged with such impetuosity the isolated column, that they broke it and traversed through and through. Hassan-Pashan and his principal officers fell by the battle-axes of the cavalry of Ismael. But at the moment when the Schah pursued his charge with Oustadjluoghli, to crush the Janissaries, Sinan-Pasha, who masked the batteries with the spahis, turned round as if to fly, crossed the chains of the guns, caused the pieces to pour their grape-shot upon the Persian cavalry, and piled the field with the horses and their riders. The aged Oustadjluoghli, carried off by his horse, rolled himself at the mouth of a cannon. Ismael, passing over his body, pursued intrepidly his charge, at the head of his ten thousand veterans. But the Janissaries, ambushed behind the guns, and aiming leisurely at the horsemen, arrested by this obstacle, soon covered the ground with a second rampart of the dead. Ismael himself, struck by a ball and overturned at his horse's feet, was going to fall into the hands of the Turks. His favorite Sultan-Ali-Mirza was apparelled in the same costume, to save, in case of need, his master in the conflict, by casting doubt upon the identity of the king of Persia. He threw himself before the sabres of the Janissaries, and cried to the Turks that he was Ismael. While they were tearing him from his horse to make him prisoner, a groom of Ismael raised up the Schah, set him on horseback, and calling around him his cavalry in flight, led him back at a gallop to his tents. The Persian army vanished amid the smoke of the cannonade, and, under the impression of the fall of their king and of their general, existed no more. All fled along the route of Tauris, where the king himself, covered with blood and shame, did not dare to stop in his flight.

Selim I. slaughtered at leisure all the wounded and all the prisoners whom he found in the tents. The favorite Sultana of Ismael, surprised by the azabs in the country harem of the Schah, became the prey of the victor. Selim,

glutted with pride and vengeance by the blood of the vanquished, marched the same day upon Tauris, to add to his victory the prestige of a capital conquered. Tauris, abandoned, opened its gates. Besides the wealth and the curiosities collected in the capital and sent on to Constantinople, he also transferred thither one thousand artists and artisans selected among the best in the capital of Persia, to naturalize in his own capital the art and industry of the Persians.

But the proximity of Ismael now cured of his wound, and to whom the affection of his people was furnishing a second army, together with the difficulty of feeding a hundred and eighty thousand men in an exhausted city, forced Selim I. to quit Tauris after a halt of eight days. The pride of the Ottomans was satisfied; their ambition which had carried them so deep into Europe was not now to return back to possess the Oxus and the Euphrates. Conquering races rarely ebb upon their source. Selim, more insatiable than his soldiers, wished to visit other cities of Persia. But the Janissaries, impatient to return to their wives and children, suspecting this intention of their master, revolted with more insolence than the first time, upset their tent, surrounded that of the Sultan, and hoisting on the point of their sabres the ragged clothes which they were covered with, to show him the excess of their fatigue and their privation, forced upon him with loud cries an immediate return into Turkey.

XXI.

Selim I. concealed his anger under an affected pity. He gave orders to raise the camp and to resume the route to Kars; but attributing to his grand vizier, Mustapha-Pasha, the insubordination of the Janissaries to which he had been constrained to yield, he signified to him his disgrace, as formerly Mahomet II. had signified his death to the grand vizier Mahmoud.

The army marched in silence towards Erivan; the Sultan and the grand vizier were conversing in the midst of a group of generals. All of a sudden Selim stooped, and spoke some words in a low voice to one of the mutes who marched on foot at the head of his horse. The mute, obeying the secret order of his master, approached unperceived the horse of the grand vizier, cut the girth of the saddle and

rolled Mustapha, covered with hootings and with confusion, in the dust. These hootings of the army at a vizier unworthy by this fall to command an equestrian people, served as a pretext for dismissing a servant who knew not, said he, to inspire the respect of soldiers. Piri-Pasha, the intrepid counsellor of the sudden attack of Ismael, at the last council of war, was made grand vizier in place of Mustapha. But, before disbanding the army at Erzeroum, Piri-Pasha, already disgraced, had given place to Sinan-Pasha, the man of all his viziers most according to the heart of Selim. Sinan-Pasha was charged to lead the cavalry of the army by the route of Angora to Constantinople.

XXII.

Returned to Constantinople, Selim, still resentful of the disorders of the Janissaries during the campaign of Persia, convoked and commanded them to denounce themselves the secret instigators of these seditions which dishonored the army. Whether to avert from themselves the penalty of their transgressions, or to please the Sultan, who suggested to them to denounce those he wished to ruin, the soldiers named their own agha, Iskender-Pasha, their segban-baschi, Othman, and the grand judge of the army or *cadi-asker*, the virtuous Djafar-Tchelebi. Without waiting other proofs, Selim ordered to be strangled before his eyes the two chiefs of the Janissaries, and their bodies to be thrown unburied to the dogs and ravens of the beach.

The grand judge Djafar was protected from such a punishment by the sacred character with which he was invested. A *fetwa* or judicial decree was necessary for the capital execution of a grand judge of the army, equal then to the mufti. Selim had him summoned before him to procure perfidiously a *fetwa* pronounced by his own lips and unknown to him against himself. These *fetwas* in Turkey are anonymous, so that the name of the accused may not influence the decision of the judge or of the mufti consulted by the Sultan. "What chastisement does he merit," demanded Selim of Djafar, "who provokes to sedition and to crime the soldiers of Islamism?"—"Death," replied Djafar, "if the crime is proved."—"Thou hast then, without suspecting it, pronounced against thyself thy sentence," replied the Sultan. Djafar, innocent and indignant, abandoned himself without

restraint to the most vehement reproaches against the ingrate who thus laid snares of death for the most faithful of his servants.—“Thou wilt thyself die still young and reprobated for the pure blood with which thou art stained,” said he to the Sultan, “if thou dost not repent of thy crimes; thou wilt die of remorse like the Khalif Haroun-al-Raschid, murderer of Djafar the Barmecide, the most devoted and the most just of his ministers.” The eloquence, the poetry and the virtue of Djafar gave in vain to his last words the accent of a judgment of God against his murderer. Selim stifled his voice with the cord.

XXIII.

After having vainly sought in terror and in bloodshed a remedy for the insubordination of the Janissaries, Selim I. sought it in a more hierarchical and less independent organization of this body. The Janissaries, divided hitherto into three corps of different origins, as we have narrated upon the different formations of those prætorians, were composed of sixty-two squadrons of Janissaries properly so called, of thirty-two *odas* or messes of game-keepers, of a hundred companies of *yayas* or infantry. He placed all these corps under the absolute command of a single agha or general appointed by the Sultan himself, and no longer designated by seniority. Under this agha a subordinate agha, four generals, and an imperial commissary—the eye of the Sultan in the superior administration of these cohorts—were invested with the general command and with the sub-command over all the Janissaries. This organization concentrated the promotion and discipline in his own hand.

XXIV.

Before setting out for Egypt, of which he meditated more and more the conquest, Selim I. wished, by the establishment of an imposing marine, to counterbalance on the two seas the fleets of Rhodes, of Genoa and of Venice, which were still humbling his flag by their superiority. He remembered Piri-Pasha, dismissed for his insufficiency in council, but valued for his energy in execution. He had him called then one morning to the seraglio. “I have not slept all night,” said he; “enable me to sleep. So long as that race of scor-

pions, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Christians of Rhodes, the Neapolitans, the Sicilians, the Spanish, cover with impunity the sea with their vessels, I do not reign over Asia and Europe, of which this sea is the cincture. I am prisoner in an empire of which they occupy the routes and gates. I must have a navy proportioned to the greatness of my possessions: art thou willing to give me it? What means hast thou to propose to me?

"When you convoke the divan of your viziers," replied Piri-Pasha, "have me called up, overwhelm me with reproaches for my neglect to create you during my administration an arsenal befitting your power. Order me imperiously and with menaces to equip you five hundred vessels of war, and let this order, bruited outside the divan, reach the ears of the foreign ambassadors. They will apprise their courts of it, their princes will tremble, and will hasten to renew with you the truces which will insure you a long security for your projects on Egypt."

Selim did next day what was concerted with Piri-Pasha. He visited with all his viziers the port of the Golden Horn, where he laid out the ground for an arsenal. The structure was put up rapidly by Piri-Pasha, and peopled with able Greek artisans and sailors, and thus gave promptly to the Ottomans a naval establishment not inferior to the arsenal of Venice. The continental and the maritime truces were eagerly renewed by all the Christian powers with a state which created a sea army equal to its land army.

XXV.

Selim I., during these constructions, went to visit Adrianople to expedite by his presence the recruitment for the army of Egypt. Sinan-Pasha, his grand vizier, seemed to serve too slowly his impatience for conquests. He meditated substituting for him Ahmed-Pasha, five times called to, and five times deprived of, the functions of grand vizier. Selim confided to Ahmed his approaching elevation. The old man, broken down by age and infirmities, excused himself on the score of years. To escape more surely from an appointment which he dreaded, he apprized in secret Sinan-Pasha of the purpose of their common master. Sinan let it be seen that he was aware of his approaching fall. The Sultan believed that this minister, to retain his place, had counselled Ahmed

to the refusal which he had motived by feigned infirmities. His anger, always as prompt to strike as to suspect, broke out in the divan against the vizier. He drew his sabre from the sheath to cut off the head of Sinan. The eunuch parried the blow, escaped from the palace, mounted a horse which was awaiting him in the court, and fled into the mountains of the Hemus, where he baffled the headsmen or chiaoux who pursued him.

Selim, sobered from his prepossessions and from his anger, looked in vain around him for a minister capable of filling the place of so able a vizier. He had it published in Adrianople and in the villages of Mount Hemus, that the Sultan had discovered the innocence of the grand vizier, and that he gave him back his favor. Sinan informed by his friends of the repentance of his master, dared to trust in it and to return to Adrianople. Selim restored to him his functions and his friendship; he cursed the fit of anger which had gone near to cost him the most faithful and the most skilful of his viziers.

XXVI.

Sinan preluded the war of Syria and of Egypt by the conquest of Diarbekir, capital of the province of that name, on the undecided frontiers of Persia, occupied by the Kurds, a population sometimes allies, sometimes independent of the Persians. He gave the charge of this expedition and the preliminary conferences with the Kurds to a Persian man of letters, Idris, illustrious for his talents both as a writer and negotiator. Idris wrote afterwards a history of the Ottomans to the time of Selim. The Turks owe him a part of their renown, diffused by him through the Persian tongue. The city of Diarbekir is the ancient Amid of the Persians, at the mountainous sources of the Tigris, to which the rapidity of its current has given this name (*tir*) which signifies *arrow*. Timour had conquered it and given it to the Turcoman princes of the "White Sheep." The Kurds invited thither Idris, and through him delivered it to the Ottomans. The city, surrounded with walls and towers of black granite, casts, like Jerusalem, its shadow upon dreary valleys, peopled with sepulchres. A few gardens watered by derivations from the Tigris shade the city with fig, with apricot and pear trees which remind one of the orchards of Damascus. The history

of Timour by Ahmed-ben-Arabschah, describes the citadel as inaccessible to conquerors.

The neighboring city of Mardin and the whole province of Kurdistan submitted, after some vicissitudes, to the arms and policy of Idris. The fortress of "Oblivion," thus named from the horror of its dungeons, the cities of Nizibe and of Dara, which rise adjacent to the banks of the Tigris at the point where it passes into northern Mesopotamia, followed the fate of Diarbekir. Nizibe, formerly celebrated, was no more visible but by its ruins; Dara, surrounded with walls sixty feet high and ten feet thick, showed at a distance its sixty towers on the horizon. Mossoul, which the Tigris only separates from ancient Nineveh, which Nouredin had embellished with mosques and with palaces by the hand of the artists of Bagdad, and which has given by its feminine industry the name to the cloth called muslin, an aerial tissue designed for turbans, was at the same time wrested from the Persians and annexed to the Ottoman empire. Ancient Edessa, a city environed like an island by an arm of the Tigris, possessed successively by Alexander, by the Persians, by the Arabs, by the Crusaders, by the Kurds, passed from Ismael-Schah to Selim. The whole region between the Euphrates and the Orontes became an Ottoman province. Idris delivered to the chieftains of the different tribes the standard, the drum and the horsetails, insignia of the sovereignty of these new feudatories. The Ottoman empire owes to its policy still more than to its arms these provinces where it had received birth, of which it knew the language and the manners, and which it rather seduced than conquered to the yoke of the Turks. Idris was one of those negotiators who are themselves alone worth an army. Selim, who appreciated his genius, designed him to pacify and organize Egypt after the conquest. But death removed Idris before his time; his name, his writings, and his pacific conquests have immortalized his services to the Ottomans.

BOOK EIGHTEENTH.

I.

SCARCELY had the spring of the year 1516 dissolved the snows of Mount Taurus—a barrier like the Alps between Turkey and Syria—than Selim I. put in motion his grand vizier Sinan-Pasha with a vanguard of forty thousand men on Cæsarea of Cappadocia. Sinan-Pasha was to march thence towards the Euphrates by the Iron Gates. The Iron Gates open Syria between two precipices of the Taurus cleft asunder by a convulsion of the earth.

The Sultan was disguising still, by an oblique march from the Iron Gates upon the Euphrates, his design of invading Syria and Egypt. Sinan-Pasha was supposed only to borrow the extreme border of Syria, to the end of conquering the Persian country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, and of going to protect Mecca and Medina against Ismael-Schah. The Mamelukes of Egypt and Syria were not deceived by these pretexts of encroachment upon their territory. They advanced with a numerous cavalry as far as the Iron Gates to dispute the passage with Sinan. Selim, informed by Sinan of this assemblage of the Mamelukes, which intercepted his route, convened the divan to deliberate on a declaration of war upon the masters of Egypt and of Syria.

The pretext of the impiety of the Mamelukes in pretending to oppose the pious crusade of the Ottomans to Mecca and Medina, authorized the declaration of war in the eyes of the faithful. Selim, according to the precept of the Koran, which says :—" You must not punish your enemy before apprizing him by a manifesto," sent Karadja-Pasha and the grand judge of the army to the Sultan of Egypt to bid him "*to reflect or to tremble.*"

This Sultan was at that time Kanssou-Ghauri, raised to

this military sovereignty by his courage and by the will of the Circassian Mamelukes. He replied to this message only by assembling fifty thousand men at Aleppo, second city of Syria, fronting the defiles of the Taurus, and which covers at once the route of Damascus and that of Beyrout.

II.

Selim I., starting from Constantinople immediately after Sinan, was already at Aintab, at ten marches from Aleppo, with a hundred and twenty thousand men, the choice of the veterans of the empire. Kanssou-Ghauri sent him back his ambassadors, after having loaded them with irons and with verbal invectives, according to the usage of the Circassian warriors. He sent with them nevertheless an Egyptian ambassador to propose to the Turkish Sultan to remove all motives of war by undertaking to act as mediator between him and Schah-Ismael. Selim, to render the quarrel more irreconcilable, had the hair and the beard shaven off the envoy of the Mamelukes, and had him led to the frontiers of Syria, stript of his turban, coifed with a woman's bonnet, mounted on a lame and bare-boned ass, for the purpose of exciting the laughter of the people.

To sustain these outrageous insults, Selim debouched with sixty thousand men into the plains of Syria, between Aleppo and the foot of the Taurus. A vast pasturage named the prairie of Dabik was the field of battle of the two armies. Selim, who dreaded the cavalry of the Mamelukes, renewed against them the tactics to which he owed the victory of Tauris against the Persians. He established in his front a rampart of wagons and of camels to break the impetuosity of the charges of the Circassians, and he masked upon the two flanks an artillery by so much the more formidable that the Mamelukes had hitherto disdained the use of it in open field. The battle was, on the side of the Circassians, but a charge and a flight. Terrified by the number of the Ottomans, dismayed by the impassable obstacles opposed by Selim to their horses, cannonaded right and left by the fire of the guns which a curtain of Janissaries covered and uncovered by turns, they abandoned their Sultan and galloped off towards Aleppo. Kanssou-Ghauri, aged over eighty years, was the last to turn reins to save at least the honor of his race. Surrounded by a cloud of spahis, he was hurled from his

horse by a tschaousch who cut off his head, and took it to Selim attached to the pommel of his saddle by the white beard. The Sultan, indignant at this outrage to old age, to the throne, and to heroism, had the tschaousch put to death for his sole recompense. Having entered Aleppo on the traces of the fugitive Mamelukes, Selim found there a million of ducats in the treasury of the Egyptians, and heaps of barley and wheat for the provisioning of his army. The inhabitants of Aleppo, enslaved to a foreign race, received the Turks as liberators. The reign of the Circassians was but the yoke of a soldiery. Masters for masters, the Syrians preferred the newest.

Aleppo at that time reckoned within its walls two hundred thousand inhabitants, rich and industrious. Bounded on one side by the Orontes and the delightful valley of Antioch, on the other by the Euphrates, its territory and its commerce made it the rival of the opulent Damascus. Entire Syria could not hesitate to follow the fate of its capital. Selim stopped there but the time requisite for the establishment of a government. Abandoning the seaboard of maritime Syria to its own fate, he left Mount Lebanon on his right, and advancing through the fertile valley of Baalbeck, between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, he encamped a few days after upon the table-lands which overlook the queen of Mesopotamia and of Syria, Damascus. The Arabs, the Druses, the Maronites, nations covering Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon with their warlike tribes, opened to him of themselves the gates of Damascus.

The aspect of this city made him almost forget at a first view the majesty and the marvels of Constantinople. Lying at the foot of the last mountain stages of Anti-Lebanon from which the eye surveys, as from a promontory, its walls of black and yellow marble, its cupolas, its minarets as numerous as the forest of masts in a port; watered by the winding branches of the azure-tinted Chrysorhoas which part off around its ports and go to fertilize its gardens, and which afterwards reunite to form lakes in its plains; shaded by a circular forest of fruit trees, which let fall their products upon pastures as rich as those of the Alpine valleys; capital of the desert, port of the caravans of Bagdad, of which you see from aloft the long files of camels ploughing slowly the plains, unlimited save by its sky of rose and azure; peopled by four hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom the palaces, the fa-

tories, the shops, emit a buzz of life through the sultry air—Damascus by its climate, by its soil, by its industry, its magnificence, its monuments, its population, its reminiscences, would have sufficed for the desires of a conqueror less insatiable than Selim. Its history consecrated it no less than its splendor in the eyes of the Turks. "Symbol of beauty on the face of the earth," say of it the Mussulman poets of Arabia, "plumage of the bird of paradise, necklace of the celestial doves, Irem of unnumbered columns;" honored by the Prophet himself, who had visited it during his journeys in Syria, with a verse of the Koran; in which he writes that "the angels of God have spread their wings upon this city;" abode of the Khalifs before Bagdad, adorned with a mosque superior to that of Cordova, of Jerusalem, and of Cairo, the roofs of which are supported by forty columns of porphyry, of serpentine, of rose marble, and of Egyptian granite; wherein six lamps swung on chains of gold illuminated the cupola, and which has a copy of the Koran from the hand of Ali himself, the favorite and secretary of the Prophet; pilgrimage of the whole East, tombs of the widows of Mahomet, elevated by Nouredin to the rank of the most lettered cities of Asia; neighbor to the holy cavern of Rouboua where the Mussulmans go to venerate the cradle of the prophet Jesus; presenting at every step, within its walls and without, monuments, vestiges, tombs of prophets, of saints, of sages, of poets, of Islamism,—the prestige of Damascus to the Turkish army exalted still the grandeur of the possession. Selim sojourned there at leisure to relish the conquest of it, and converse with its men of lore, of letters, or of sanctity, of which the names were venerated throughout Islamism. He forgot a moment there the cares of war, to compose some mystic poetry known by the title of the "Divan of the Persian poems of Selim."

III.

Selim I. resumed not till the following spring the route of Egypt. Egypt, distracted by factions striving for the throne, after the death of the old Sultan slain at Aleppo, was agitated without union under the Mamelukes. Sinan Pasha advanced by Gaza, the last city of maritime Syria before entering the desert of El-Arish, which separates Syria from Egypt. His artillery, as at Aleppo, dispelled the vanguard

of the Circassians, which had advanced to the gates of Gaza to dispute with him the passage. Selim followed with a hundred thousand combatants through the Jordan, Safad, Jerusalem and Ramla. He arrived, without meeting an enemy, before the walls of Cairo. Toumanbaï, at last elected Sultan of the Mamelukes, but betrayed by the leaders of the opposite party, awaited the Turks behind Mokattam. He fought for honor and for death rather than for victory. Twenty-five thousand Circassian cavalry were left dead upon the banks of the Nile. Toumanbaï and two of his intrepid Mamelukes swore not to survive their race, and to carry Selim himself with them in their death. They rushed with a band of heroes upon the centre of the Ottomans, where was seen afloat the standard of the Sultan, and swept all before them. They thought they had despatched the Sultan with their sabres; they had stricken but the grand vizier, who covered his master with his body and died in his stead. "I have gained Egypt," cried he, "but I have lost Sinan." Cairo opened like Damascus to the Ottoman army. The Mamelukes, taking confidence from a proclamation of general amnesty, re-entered it to recognize the sovereignty of the victor. Selim, after having lulled their suspicions for some days, surrounded the city with his troops, and massacred fifty thousand of them in three days. An example of extermination followed in our own days towards the remnant of this foreign aristocracy, that clung to Egypt like a leprosy to an enervated body.

IV.

Toumanbaï, who escaped the conflict, came to brave again the Ottoman cavalry. Six thousand spahis fell by the sabres of the Mamelukes. The boats of the Nile and the rapidity of their horses in the desert preserved the latter from the army of Selim. He sent Mustapha Pasha, his usual negotiator, to Toumanbaï their Sultan, to offer him the possession of Egypt and peace, on condition of paying the tribute of a feudatory. Mustapha Pasha and the five hundred horsemen who escorted him were massacred at the foot of the Pyramids by the Mamelukes.

The war continued without result against that nomad cavalry as indiscernible as the dust of its deserts. The treachery of an Arab sheik, sold by cupidity to Selim, terminated it.

Toumanbaï, separated a moment from the body of his cavalry, had asked a refuge of the sheik of a tribe formerly saved by him from the prisons of Cairo. He trusted himself to the gratitude of the tribe. Hassan-Miri, chief of this tribe, had feigned fidelity to the proscribed Sultan. He went to meet him and entertained him by a festival in his tents. Toumanbaï, exhausted with fatigue and wounds, left his companions at the festive board, and retired to rest in a cavern which bordered on the river. During the sleep of the Sultan, the perfidious Arab informed the Turks of the retreat of his guest. The agha of the Janissaries ran with five hundred cavalry. The mother of Hassan-Miri, suspecting the treachery of her son, had conjured him in vain not to deliver the Sultan. "God punishes traitors," said she to her son. Cupidity, that vice of the Arab, prevailed over hospitality, that virtue of the desert. The agha of the Janissaries, Ayas Pasha, entered the cavern where Toumanbaï lay asleep. He manacled his hands with his belt, set him on horseback, and led him to Cairo. "God be praised," cried Selim on receiving the vanquished, "now Egypt is mine."

V

The rolling of the drums and the salvos of artillery announced to Cairo that its Sultan was captive. Selim had his hands unbound, seated him on his divan and treated him as a brother. After some mutual reproaches, on the injustice of the war and on the massacre of the ambassadors, "Sultan of Roum," said the Sultan of Egypt, "it is not thou who art blamable for our misfortunes and the fall of this empire, but rather those traitors whom I see there by thy side," pointing with a gesture to the begs who had sold their country to Selim. Toumanbaï, of whom the Sultan admired the manly beauty, the brilliant costume, the serenity and the eloquence, was committed as a guest rather than a prisoner to the tents of Ayas-Pasha, agha of the Janissaries.

Another beg of the Mamelukes, Shadi-beg, general of Toumanbaï, betrayed like him by an Arab tribe, fell a few days after into the hands of Selim. His youth, his grace, his vigor, struck the Sultan with admiration. He wished to see if the intelligence of this Caucasian race responded to the beauty of the countenance. "The man is hidden in the

tongue," says a proverb of the Turks. "What hast thou found thus far in this world?" demanded Selim of him. "Nothing good," replied Shadi-beg. "Then why dost thou fight for contemptible things?" "It is not for this world that I fight, but to obey the Koran which says: '*Arm yourself against him who arms against you. He who fights for his property and his family, dies a martyr.*'" "I have marched against you," said Selim, "but to punish you for dethroning and murdering your sovereigns." "All calumny!" replied Shadi-beg; "we have obeyed for thirty years the father of Kaitbaï, our Sultan, and we have punished the son only because he violated our laws. It was the will of God; death is the end of all life; the world will not perhaps last for thee any more than for us, for God has said to the Prophet: 'Thou art but a corpse, and they are but corpses, and on the day of the last judgment you will all accuse each other before the Lord.'"

VI.

Selim treated the two princes, Toumanbaï and Shadi-beg, as guests rather than as captives. He meant, he said, to carry them to Constantinople, and to load them with honors. But having heard one day in passing in the streets of Cairo one of the people cry: "Long life to Toumanbaï!" the Sultan dreaded to leave alive princes whose reverses had not extirpated the name from the heart of their former slaves. Under pretext of according the *talian law* to a beg of the Mamelukes, whose father had been hanged by the father of Toumanbaï, he delivered this Sultan and Shadi-beg to the son of the victim, who hanged them with his own hands on the spot where his father had suffered this ignominious execution.

He then organized Egypt into a tributary province of the empire, dividing the authority into several civil and military magistracies, distributed among the Arabs and the remnants of the Mamelukes who had sold their caste and their country for their ambition. He employed a month in visiting the mosques, the academies, the libraries, wherever the successors of the Khalifs had left the traces of their learned theocracy. Regardless of anterior civilizations, of which the monuments recalled but paganism, he did not even deign to honor with a passing glance the pyramids, those enigmas

which contained under their mountains of stones but superstitions or sepulchres.

He quitted Egypt, leaving Khairaddin in the citadel of Cairo, with a garrison of five thousand men to dominate the Nile. And to assure himself against the attempts at independence of this governor, he sent his wife and his children hostages to Philippopolis. A thousand camels laden with gold and silver (!), with precious stones and arms, bore off behind him the treasures of the Mamelukes. The last shadow of the Khalifa, Motawakkel, whom the oppressors of Egypt feigned to honor at Cairo, while despising him, followed Selim into Syria.

VIII.

Returned at length with the army at the end of the month of July, Selim I. discharged his son Soliman from the cares of the administration, of which he had acquitted himself with modesty and with wisdom during the campaigns of his father. He made him rich presents, and sent him into the remote government of Saroukhan. He invested at the same time with the hereditary sovereignty of the Crimea Mohammed Gherai, eldest son of the royal family of the Tartars of the Crimea. He attached him farther to the empire by assigning to that prince and to his successors a revenue upon the Ottoman treasury, of one thousand aspers per day. "Do you know," he used sometimes to say to his grand vizier, Piri-Pasha, "that I caress these Tartars, because I fear them more than the Mamelukes and the Persians? Their horses do not require shoeing. They swim across rivers which our armies could scarce pass on bridges; they march in a day as far as we could in five. I wish to keep them in the pay of the empire, that they may remain always faithful by the ties at once of blood and interest." This prudent policy had never, until the conquest of the Crimea by the Russians, failed the dynasty of the Sultans. The heart of the Tartars of the Crimea is still Ottoman.

IX.

Pope Leo X. occupied at this period the throne of St. Peter. He had brought from Florence to Rome the taste of the Medicis for letters, for commerce, and the arts. This

Pope, more political than pious, and more philosopher than pontiff, sought to awake in Europe a literary crusade in favor of Greece, like that which the poetic liberalism of our days excites in public opinion for the Hellenæ. Leo X. and the pontifical court, more impassioned for the revival of letters and of the Platonic philosophy than for the vestiges of Christianity in the East, colored to the eyes of Christendom this classical zeal with the appearance of a fervent zeal for the holy places, the scene of the Christian mysteries of Jerusalem. The sovereigns of the West dreamt no more of renewing the adventurous and popular expeditions of the Crusades. They wished nevertheless to be agreeable to the Pope and to their Catholic subjects, by ensuring to the rare pilgrimages to the holy places the respect due to objects of veneration of the western world. The court of Spain, more devoted than all the other monarchies of Europe to the court of Rome, sent for this purpose an ambassador to the court of Selim. This court wished to get confirmed by the new master of Syria, the franchises and the privileges of the holy sepulchre, as well as the free access of pilgrims, by paying an annual tribute, like that the Catholic powers paid before the conquest of Egypt to the Mameluke possessors of the holy places. The Turks, who consider Christ as the greatest of the prophets, inspired by God before Mahomet, venerated themselves this tomb. Their religion, which prescribes pilgrimages as an act of faith and piety, understood and favored in the Christians this visit to consecrated places. That unreflecting but universal instinct of humanity which leads men to attribute I know not what miraculous and sanctifying virtue to the very dust which has been trodden by the supreme sanctity of the divine man, concurred with this respect for the pilgrimages. Selim then received with favor the ambassador of the court of Spain. He promised him to conclude with his sovereign a treaty as to the immunities and privileges of the holy sepulchre, as soon as the king of Spain should send a plenipotentiary invested with the powers requisite to validate the conventions.

X.

His viziers were urging Selim to the conquest of Rhodes. He did not feel himself possessed of the naval forces or the time necessary for an enterprise in which Mahomet II. him-

self had failed. One day as Piri-Pasha, his grand vizier, had launched unknown to him from the arsenal a vessel of war newly constructed and armed, and had her proudly manœuvred on the sea of Marmora before the seraglio: "Send back those nutshells into the arsenal," said the Sultan, angrily, "I have not men, to work those vessels; you wish to intoxicate me with my power, to incite me to besiege Rhodes, and to renew under my reign the humiliation experienced by my predecessors. The hour is not come, and besides," added he with sadness, "Providence does not leave me time for long enterprises; life is sinking within me."

This melancholy presentiment was but the first shudder of the plague which he had inhaled at Adrianople some months before. He wished to return thither to breathe the air of Hemus. But arrested on the way by a fever and by the inflammation of a bubo in the armpit, he dismounted from his horse, and expired in a tent on the very spot where he had fought the parricidal battle with his father; as if Providence had lain in wait for him upon this scene of his guilty ambition; to show him the nothingness of all, and even of crime!

XI.

Selim I. was wept for but by Piri-Pasha. This grand vizier concealed his death from the soldiers and from the people, until the arrival of Soliman his son. The physicians, in burying him in secret in his tent, found on his body seven marks of the color of blood, which answered, said the astrologers, to the seven great murders of his two brothers and his five nephews with which he had ensanguined his reign. He had introduced into the government the same ferocity of will by which he had conquered the throne. He piled with the dead his divan as well as his camp. His mufti, the casuist of the empire, Djemali, rendered him sentences always consonant to his ambition and to his anger. The Ottomans called Djemali the "mufti of the basket," because he replied by a curt *yes* or *no* thrown into a basket which descended from his windows, to all the questions which were addressed him by the people or the cadis. His sentences however did not always suit the wrath of Selim. One day as the Sultan rode along with the mufti, in the route from Adrianople to Constantinople, Selim reproached Djemali with his indulgence.

"Why," said he to him, "hast thou not authorized by a sentence the death of the four hundred merchants whom I have condemned to die for having carried on a commerce in silk with Persia? Is it not allowable to put to death two thirds of the inhabitants of the earth for the good of the other third?"—"Yes," replied Djemali, "if the existence of those two thirds entailed the misfortune of the others. But the disobedience of those merchants is not juridically proved." The Sultan on his return to Constantinople had the merchants set at liberty, and wished to confer upon Djemali, in addition to the office of mufti, the charge of judge of the armies both of Europe and Asia. Djemali refused, unwilling, he said, to weaken in him the independence of the mufti by a political ambition.

Selim left in dying a sinister example, by usurpation over his father and by the murder of his brothers, to the Ottoman sovereigns. He had added a victory in Persia to the renown of his race, and two conquests, Syria and Egypt, to his nation; but he perverted the morality and the policy of the Ottomans by the barrack influence encouraged in the Janissaries, against which he strove in vain after having begged of them the throne; by a sanguinary despotism substituted for the paternal absoluteness of the manners of his family; and above all by the scandal given in him to the East of a crowned parricide. The Tartar reappeared in him under the Sultan. He had given new vigor to the conquering character of the Ottomans in war, but he had strengthened it above all in barbarity and in blood. His reign is one of those which you would wish to efface from a people's history, for it afflicts and humiliates humanity.*

* This humanitarian estimate does very little justice to the services and even the character of Selim I.—*Translator*.

BOOK NINETEENTH.

I.

NATURE seemed to have designedly united in Soliman, son of Selim I., all the qualities requisite in a prince to elevate a nation, by war, by legislation, and by policy, to the height of its destiny. We have hitherto seen these gifts, distributed unequally among the Ottoman sovereigns, make of one a warrior, of another a father, of a third a law-giver, of a fourth a conqueror, of the last a restorer of the Ottoman arms; but we have not yet observed in any these gifts united in a single person with the prodigality, the equilibrium, and the harmony that make the great man. This great man was going at last to appear in Soliman II.

Soliman was twenty-two years old at the moment when the death of his father called him, without impatience, without crime, and without competition, to the throne. The precocious majesty of the sovereign was blended in his features with the gracefulness and the modesty of youth. His countenance would have suited only a Sultan. The energy of his father, tempered by the gentleness of his mother,* daughter of the Khan of the Crimea, more Circassian than Tartar, beamed through the shade of the swarthy tint of his complexion. He appeared at once younger by the features, and more mature by the expression, than his age. "His forehead was broad and protuberant at the summit, 'like a fruit that is swollen by the juice,' says a Turkish poet of his

* It is remarkable that this most enlightened, humane, and magnificent of Turkish sovereigns should be descended of parents purely Tartar on both sides; while the greater portion of his predecessors, as well as also of his successors, were of mothers of the civilized, or at least of the Caucasian, races. The author's "more Circassian than Tartar," is but conjecture.—*Translator*.

- time; "his nose was aquiline, the mouth grave, the oval of the cheeks lank and almost feminine in the delicacy of their outlines; his downy beard did not yet veil either the melancholy of his lips, or the firmness of his chin. His dark eyes, covered with lids rather heavy, and shaded with remarkably long lashes, looked direct and deep, but without intimidation and without pride; they dropped frequently, like those of a young man accustomed to dread the scrutinizing gaze of a father. The shadow of his vast turban of white muslin, and the weight of the folds of cloth of which this turban was formed, forced Soliman to bend the neck and to droop somewhat the head beneath the mass of head-gear, and the immobility of this senile attitude contrasted with the infancy of the features. Without having the soldierly stature of his father, he bore well the gold-embroidered caftan of the cavalier, and managed the sabre, the bow, and the horse, with the dexterity of a Tartar chieftain."

Such was, according to the correspondences of the ambassadors and the portraits of the Venetian painters, the exterior appearance of Soliman II. at the outset of his reign. His soul responded to this physiognomy. It was full of natural endowments, of aspirations after glory and virtue, of modesty, of inclinations to the good and the beautiful, of courage moderated by justice, of noble ambition, and of magnanimity of instincts. His virtues, to unfold themselves needed but freedom from his father's constraint and the possession of the supreme power, to irradiate them over a whole people. The love of women, the only weakness to be dreaded for such a character, was not in Soliman a vice, but an additional virtue of his nature. Capable of excessive tenderness rather than of shameful sensualities, love might intoxicate, but never could deprave him. What he looked for in his harem was not voluptuousness, but affection. The caresses of a slave were humiliating to him. The heart of a lover equalled in his eyes the possession of an empire. The severe compression under which he had lived under Selim I., at one time far from Constantinople in his governments of Saroukhan and of Magnesia, at another in the administration confided to his youth during the war with Persia, had given him early a natural policy conformable to the delicacy of his situation. He was thus broken to court managements before he came to reign. He had had trial of the throne before ascending it. He had been taught by a precocious necessity

to know men and to choose them—those two primary necessities of sovereigns.

II.

As soon as Soliman, upon intelligence of the death of his father, had arrived from his government in the suburbs of Constantinople, the decease of the Sultan was made known to the soldiers. The Janissaries ran about wailing through the camp, dashed their caps to the ground, and pulled down their tents in token of grief. This soldiery was overwhelmed to lose a master so like themselves, and so disposed to subordinate to them the popular interests.

Piri-Pasha set the Sultan's seal upon the wagons that contained the treasure. He charged Ferhad-Pasha to conduct slowly the funeral cortège of Selim, and arrived himself at Constantinople to open the palace to Soliman II. The new Sultan was there closeted with the grand vizier until the arrival of the coffin of his father. The 1st October, 1520, at noon, the Janissaries ranged in lines in the courts of the seraglio, the mufti, the oulemas, the grand judges of the army, the pashas, the begs, the emirs, the high dignitaries of the capital, kissed the hand of the son of Selim. This prince, accompanied by the grand vizier, went out on horseback from the city, to meet the funeral procession, and dismounted to join it on foot. The body was deposited upon the sixth hill of the city, a spot destined in advance for the construction of a mosque which would eternalize the memory of the deceased. Soliman, before returning to the seraglio, laid the first stone in the foundation of the paternal monument.

III.

But the Janissaries, without respect for the sorrow of the son, interrupted his tears by clamors for their price of obedience to the new reign. They had wrung from Selim I., their corruptor, fifty ducats each. They demanded eighty of Soliman II. The usage, now become law, did not permit the Sultan to huckster with those who gave or withheld the empire. The money wagons of Selim were opened, and the sum thrown to the soldiers with shame for their cupidity.

Soliman began his reign by an act of gratitude. He

appointed vizier his preceptor Kasim, pasha of three tails, an old man whom he regarded as a second father. He the same day restored to liberty all the Egyptian slaves brought from Cairo by Selim. He discharged from prison all the merchants confined for trading with Persia. The Ottomans and the Christians saw in these reparations of the iniquities of Selim the presage of a reign of justice. A single man in the whole empire tried to profit by the transition of one reign to another, by a revolt against the new Sultan; this man was one of those Albanians by turns servile and treacherous to those who employ them. He had already betrayed to the Turks the Khan of the Tartars; he was now betraying the Turks to himself. His name was Djanberdi Ghazali. Appointed governor of Syria by Selim, he raised the standard of revolt in the city of Damascus, declared himself independent, crossed Mount Lebanon, insurrected the Arabs and the Druses, took possession of Beyrout, and uniting twenty thousand mercenaries in his pay, dared to march upon Aleppo.

Soliman disdained to cope in person with so mean a rebel. He ordered Ferhad-Pasha, his third vizier, a man of counsel and of war, fit to conquer and to pacify, to march upon Aleppo. Ferhad, at the head of eight thousand spahis, raised by his prompt appearance in Syria the siege of Aleppo, pursued Djanberdi to Damascus, gave him battle before the very walls of that city, massacred or dispersed all his partisans, and sent the head of the traitor to the feet of the Sultan. The Sultan, on receiving this tribute of the sword of Ferhad, wished to send the head of Djanberdi to the Doge of Venice, Loredano, his ally, to make him participator in the joy of this victory. The envoy of Venice at Constantinople found it difficult to make him understand that the sovereigns of the West did not exchange between them the heads of their enemies.

IV.

Ayas-Pasha, the faithful servant of Selim I., was appointed governor of Syria. Ferhad-Pasha, sent with his victorious army to the frontiers of Persia, was charged to observe the movements of Ismael-Schah, who disposed himself to avenge on the son the reverses which he had experienced from the arms of the father.

But already the brutality of the Hungarians, who massacred in full peace the ambassador of Soliman, Behramtschaousch, called the young prince towards other of his provinces. Ahmed-Pasha, beglerbeg of Europe, received orders to form the nucleus of an army at Ipsala, and to assemble there thirty thousand azabs of the sandjaks or fiefs of Europe. Ferhad-Pasha, whom his victory of Damascus had made illustrious, was directed upon Sophia, capital of Bulgaria, with his veterans of Syria, thirty thousand camels laden with munitions, and twenty thousand wagons of barley and wheat for the nourishment of so numerous an aggregation of men. The Sultan himself, eager to acquire the glory of arms requisite to his pacific authority after a merely military reign, set out from Constantinople with Piri-Pasha, the most experienced general of his father, forty thousand spahis, and thirty thousand Janissaries. Never, since the days of Amurath and of Huniade, had such torrents of men traversed the valleys of Bulgaria.

Soliman himself, encamped in the tent of a common soldier, on the banks of the Danube, in front of Hungary, urged during ten days and nights the construction of a bridge for the passage of the army across the Save, above Belgrade. During these preparations, the grand vizier, Piri-Pasha, going before his master with a detachment of the Janissaries who had crossed the river upon rafts, surprised the Hungarian city of Semlin, carried the fortresses, exercised bloody reprisals on the prisoners, and diffused terror and flight through the plains of Peterwardein. The bridge, completed the 28th July, was swept away the 29th, by an overflow of the Save. Scarcely was it repaired when Soliman, now sure of being able to intercept the succor which the Hungarians might try to send to Belgrade, laid siege with all his troops to this city, twice the scene of reverses to the Ottomans. Belgrade, although this time heroically defended by a handful of knights, alarmed at being cut off on both the banks, betrayed by the Bulgarians and the Servians, capitulated at the twentieth assault, under the ruins of the principal tower, called the "Tower without fear." All the strongholds of Syrmia, Carlovitz, Mitrovitz, Perkas, Vilok, fell from terror at the fall of Belgrade. Soliman, generous in triumph, wrested the Hungarian knights from the vengeance of his soldiers. He did not permit the prisoners of war to be made slaves. He dismissed the Servians into their mountains to spread

among their countrymen the magnanimity of the new Sultan. The Bulgarian soldiers were conveyed to Constantinople, where they colonized, in the gloomy forests that covered the banks of the Bosphorus, the cleared districts and the villages which still at this day bear the name of Belgrade.

The sickness and death of three of his children in the cradle, brought him back after this triumph to Constantinople, where his glory was saddened by mourning. The ambassadors of the Western powers congratulated him upon the conquest of Belgrade, the bulwark thenceforth impregnable against Hungary and Poland. A new treaty of peace, of reciprocal commerce and navigation, with Venice, stipulated between the Venetians and the Ottomans all the terms of the international law in use at present among the most civilized nations. The protection of vessels, of cargoes, of property, of liberty, of religion, in all the ports and upon all the territories of the empire, was assured by formal titles to all the subjects of the republic, and successively to all the subjects, nautical, commercial, and religious, of all the other Christian nations. Soliman II., at his first step, advanced the Ottoman nation from the jurisprudence of barbarism to the common law of reciprocal hospitality. Europe, astonished, blessed the name of the son of Selim. His internal administration took the same character of equity, of magnanimity, of mildness, as his external policy. His viziers no longer trembled for their heads, and received judicious recompenses for their services and free counsels. His old preceptor, Kasim-Pasha, fourth vizier, having begged the repose necessary to his advanced age, Soliman assigned him a revenue of four thousand ducats, and made him a present of the palace and the garden which he inhabited at Magnesia while he was giving him instruction in government and politics.

V.

Master of Belgrade, this last advanced citadel of the Bulgarians upon the territory of Europe, there remained for him but to free his Asiatic seas from the terror which the island of Rhodes, always armed and menacing, inspired in his maritime possessions. A glance of his policy upon the West guaranteed to him the immobility and perhaps the indifference of Christendom. Pope Leo X. was struggling with the German monk Luther, who detached frag-

ments of Germany, of Switzerland, of Italy, of France, from the Roman Catholic centre. The King of the Hungarians, Louis II., was debating against the nature eternally anarchical of his Polish and Hungarian aristocracy. Charles V. and Francis I., by turns victors and vanquished, were preparing to turn Europe into a field of battle. England, following her king in his schism, was going to dismember in a day three kingdoms from Catholicity.* The crusade of universal monarchy, formed of Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Spain, the West Indies, then recently discovered, gave more concern to the Christian world than the tomb of Christ at Jerusalem. The Knights of Rhodes, abandoned to themselves as an advanced post upon Islamism, might be attacked with impunity in the East without the fear that an arm would be raised in the West in their cause. Soliman, perfectly informed by his *ambassadors*† of the disposition of these courts, understood that the hour was come to avenge upon Rhodes the great humiliation of Mahomet II.

More loyal than Mahomet II., he wrote to the grand master of the Order to demand the cession of the island, as necessary to the surety of his dominions. He swore to him upon the Koran to respect the liberty and property of the Order, and to permit the Knights to transport their treasures, their vessels, and their religious institutions to a site less prejudicial to the power of the Ottomans in Asia. Their institutions and their honor, not to say shame, forbade the Knights of Jerusalem to negotiate, even peace, with the Mussulmans. On the return of the ambassador, Soliman, for whom Piri-Pasha had built a navy, gave the command of the fleet and of the army of expedition to his vizier, Mustapha-Pasha. This fleet, of three hundred sail, bore twelve thousand combatants.

As soon as the fleet of Mustapha had debarked his twelve thousand Janissaries on an open angle of the island, the three hundred vessels, discharged of their troops, of their artillery, and of their provisions, set off anew in the view of the Knights, for the Gulf of Marmoritza, and

* This is meant of course but loosely, for Lamartine is well aware that the complacent conversion of England did not dismember Ireland in a day, or at all.—*Translator*.

† Soliman had no fixed ambassadors; the Porte had none for a long time after; the author must have meant either spies of the Sultan or the resident ambassadors of Christendom near the Porte.—*Translator*.

transported thence the Sultan and a hundred thousand combatants, there awaiting, to the beach of the island. It was the 28th July, 1522, the anniversary of the day on which Soliman, the preceding year, had made the first assault upon Belgrade. One hundred pieces of heavy artillery and the twelve colossal ones of bronze, which had breached the towers of Constantinople under Mahomet II., commenced launching against the fortifications of Rhodes their balls of twelve palms in circumference. These rocks of metal, of which the print is still observed upon the walls of Rhodes, attest by their volume the reality of this fabulous artillery. The island, invested by a hundred and twelve thousand fighting men, by thirty thousand sailors, by three hundred vessels, and by the multitude of slaves who followed so numerous an army, had retired bodily into the city. Forty-five thousand inhabitants of the country, with their families, their flocks, their provisions, their farming implements, sheltered under the arches of the gates, in the churches, in the casemates, awaited their safety from the intrepidity of the Knights and from the impregnability of their bastions.

VI.

The grand master was Villiers de L'Ile-Adam, one of those men who transform the nature of human things, and who rise so superior to fortune by their character, as to make their very reverses serve to adorn their memory. L'Ile-Adam was French like D'Aubusson. As brave, but more virtuous than the saviour of Rhodes, the perfidies of policy never sullied in him either the heroism of the soldier or the faith of the Christian. He had no other title to the grand mastership, which had but lately been conferred upon him, no other claim, than the veneration of his brethren. Absent from Rhodes during the election, the peril of the Order silenced envy. He was called because he was necessary. A single Knight, a Portuguese, named Amaral, chancellor of the Order, protested through a detestable rivalry of ambition; declaring that if "Rhodes was to be governed by L'Ile-Adam, he would as soon have it become the slave of the Ottomans." It is even said, though without positive proof, that Amaral sold to Soliman a secret information of the hour and means of attacking the island.

Be that as it may, L'Ile-Adam, apprised of the dangers

of the island, hastened to sail from Marseilles with a party of French Knights to come to fight or die at the post which his brethren had assigned him. Scarcely debarked in the island, he employed in fortifying the city the talents of an Italian engineer of Brescia, named Martin Engui. Martin Engui was the Vauban of the age; he had both his genius and virtue. Rhodes, by his works, became in a few months the almost inaccessible citadel of Christendom in the seas of the East. A third wall of enclosure, embracing the two interior which had defied the forces of Mahomet II., enveloped with a triple cuirass the city. Five principal bastions, at the five angles of the circumference, became so many citadels independent of each other, confided by L'Ile-Adam to the Knights of the five provinces, responsible for their defence and animated by the emulation of each for his nation. A movable army of succor to fly in aid of the most menaced breaches was confided to the command of the most renowned hero of the Order, the Chevalier de Grolée, born in the mountains of Dauphiny, that classic land of Knights, which gave birth to Bayard. Six thousand knights, or soldiers, expert in arms, of whom war was the trade, to whom death was a martyrdom, composed the army of succor, which the narrow radius of the city permitted to act at once at all points of the circumference.

Such was the defence of Rhodes when Soliman invested the place by sea and land.

VII.

Soliman, after having anchored his three hundred vessels and covered the hills of Rhodes with the clouds of his tents, sent a last message to the grand master to offer him terms of peace before commencing to bombard the place. "Look well to it and reflect," said this message to L'Ile-Adam; "if thou acceptest not what I propose, I swear by the Koran I will reduce the capital to a level with the grass that grows at the foot of the walls." Neither religion, nor heroism, nor honor, allowed L'Ile-Adam to give up the country of his Order to the Ottomans. It should be his tomb. The siege was opened by the fire of three hundred pieces thundering night and day upon the city. The Knights responded with an equal but a covered fire, which for thirty days kept off the scaling-ladders of the enemy from the foot of

the bastions. During this reciprocal thundering of batteries, which, say the ocular historians, set seething the channel of Lycia and shook down rocks from the precipices of the Taurus, ten thousand Armenian miners were excavating, unknown to the besieged, immense subterraneous places under the foundations of the bastions. The thirtieth day of the siege, while the Knights attended with the grand master at mass in the cathedral dedicated to St. John, a commotion like an earthquake shook the roof of the edifice, and suspended on the lips of the priests the sacred chants by a cry of terror. It was the bastion of England, that crumbled by its inside flank into the gulf of fire excavated by the miners under its foundation. L'Ile-Adam on his knees, arose with the intrepid bound of a man whom peril animates instead of disheartening. "*Deus in adjutorium meum intende,*" cried he, uttering a verse of the Psalms which the discipline of his profession obliged him to recite daily—"may God assist me!" And rushing sword in hand from the temple: "Let us run to the breach," cried he to the Knights, "it is the sacrifice of blood that this moment demands of us." He flies to the dust of the crumbled bastion, seizes a pike, engages hand to hand with the azabs who are scaling the ruins, overturns ten of them himself into the yawning mine, gives time to the Chevalier de Grolée to arrive with his six thousand veterans rallied from the churches, and throws back the Turks to the foot of their batteries.

VIII.

These mines, these stormings, these exploits, these diverse fortunes of an obstinate siege were renewed at all hours of the day and night till the 24th September. Soliman began to dread the check of Mahomet II. He convoked all the viziers to a divan of war in his tent. Piri-Pasha, of whom the genius was audacity, showed him with a gesture the narrow space which the city occupied on the flanks of the island, and the immense superficies of the tents, the soldiers and the ships, that covered the hills and waves. "So long as we unskilfully equalize," said he to his generals, "the forces of the besieged with ours, by not attacking but a point of their circumference at once, we will leave the superiority to those men who fight in equal number under cover of trenches, against men who fight with no other shelter than their sabres.

Let us profit by our immense superiority of number, and give a general assault instead of those partial ones, in which are consumed our time and the army."

The general assault was ordered for the following day. Soliman, that his eye might take in at one view the attacks on the five bastions, and that the Sultan might be everywhere visible to his troops, had constructed during the night, a wooden platform on an advanced mamelon of the hill of St. Stephen, and viewed, from this point, visible to all and seeing all, the climbing of his hundred and twenty thousand soldiers over the walls, already turned into mounds of rubbish. Seven times the Turks appeared at the summit of the walls, seven times the Sultan, through the smoke of the cannon and the flashing of the sabres, saw their bodies roll into the ditches. Thousands of Turks came to die inside the walls; thousands of Christians died in throwing them back into the ditch. Night and lassitude separated them, without either having gained or lost an inch of ground. L'Ile-Adam had fought every where; his blood had stained the standard which he had twice torn from De Grolée to rally the Knights to the supreme symbol of religion and honor. He was carried off victor, but wounded, on a litter of pikes to his palace. Seven hundred Knights and three thousand soldiers were buried in their triumph. The peasants of the island, the old men, the children, the very women, fought in this long conflict of an entire day. An object of special regret was a young Greek woman, of a ferocious courage as remarkable as her beauty, whose extended body, with the open arms around another body, obstructed the archway of the gate St. Nicholas: it was the bloody corpse of a young girl of the island of Cos, mistress of a young knight of the province of Auvergne. Having seen fall at the foot of the wall where she was watching the battle, the lover whom she followed with eyes and heart through the smoke and conflict, she had returned, deranged with grief to her chamber, strangled with her own hands her two twins in the cradle, to rescue them from the slavery of the Turks whom she thought already masters of Rhodes; then putting on a uniform of the Order and the arms of her lover, she ran to fight and to die upon his body in the breach. The Rhodians united in the same tomb the French Knight, the Maid of Cos, and their two infant children.

Fifteen thousand Turks filled with their bodies the ditch of St. Damien.

IX.

Soliman, who could not accuse the bravery of his soldiers, accused the unskilfulness of his generals; but he did not punish them for their reverses. Like an indulgent and equitable judge, he contented himself with scolding Ayas-Beg, Beglerbeg of the army of Europe, for sending the seraskier, Ahmed-Pasha, into Egypt, and substituting the Capitan-Pasha or high admiral Mustapha-Pasha for Behranbeg. These new generals multiplied in vain the assaults against all the bastions of the different nations of the Order; they every where encountered heroes.

Eighty thousand Turks had perished in three months before the walls of Rhodes, either by fire or by the sword, or by the maladies which the putrefaction of the dead diffused through the air of autumn. But Soliman had a consciousness of his will and the resources of an Empire. The valleys of Lycia, which debouch from the interior of Anatolia into the Gulf of Marmoritza, poured into him incessantly new reinforcements; his fleet, new supplies of provisions. No cost of gold, or time, or blood, was in his eyes too high for Rhodes. He wished to date his reign from the enfranchisement of the Archipelago, as he had dated it from the enfranchisement of the Danube. He was not ignorant of the exhaustion of the city. It is said that the high chancellor Amaral instructed him, by letters launched at the point of an arrow from a tower of the port, as to the extremities to which L'Ile-Adam was reduced with the remains of his combatants. The Knights gave credit to these popular rumors founded on the known animosity of the chancellor against the grand master, and on the odious expression of Amiral respecting the election of L'Ile-Adam. The confessions wrung by torture from a Portuguese servant of Amiral confirmed, but too slightly, these suspicions. Amiral, arrested and accused, was vainly indignant that the deposition of a cowardly or perfidious servant, obtained by torture, should prevail over forty years of fidelity and services to the Order, to religion and to honor. He was beheaded by decree of the Council, and he died denying the crime. Corporations in their reverses must cast their misfortune upon treachery. His death could not retard by a day the fall of the island.

The forty thousand peasant Greeks, imprisoned for four months back within the walls of a city which was crumbling

about them, and which was going to deliver them to the slavery or to the sword of the Turks, murmured against the pertinacity of the Knights, and implored a capitulation which would save at least their life and their liberty from the vengeance of Soliman. They conspired openly against the oppressors of the island, who gambled the blood of their Greek subjects against a vain corporate honor. They showed each other on the neighboring Archipelago and on the coast of Cilicia the Greek cities subjected to the yoke of the Turks, and enjoying under that tolerant dominion their goods, their religion, their usages, their commerce. The Greek party and the party of the Knights were at drawn daggers within the walls, while the Turks were assaulting the fortifications.

Soliman, informed of all by his Greek spies, resolved to open at any cost a broad road to the heart of the city. He accumulated in a single battery forty pieces of the largest calibre, distributed hitherto on different bastions of the place. A continuous fire, vomiting blocks of marble and lead, pulverized, and at last levelled a breach inaccessible to the besieged. A torrent of balls and bombs rolled uninterruptedly through this breach from the heights of the city to the port. The city, traversed through and through, could not unite its fragments under this perpetual reign of death. Soliman, to join persuasion to terror, ordered to be hoisted, on the 10th December, a white standard upon his tent. The firing ceased: two Turkish parleyists approached, holding up in their hands a letter decorated with the cipher of the Sultan. Conferences were opened, and on the 22d December, the muezzins called, in sign of conquest of Islamism, the believers to prayer from the lofty steeple of the cathedral of St. John, converted into a minaret, while the Turkish music executed *fanfares* on the summit of the tower of St. Nicholas.

X.

Soliman meanwhile had drawn off the army to some distance from the city, to avoid pillage, and to leave the Knights and the population of Rhodes time to evacuate honorably the city defended so heroically. The seraskier Ahmed-Pasha came, in his name, to invite Villiers de L'Ile-Adam to a conference in his tent. The grand master, confident in

the word of the victor, attended, accompanied by a Knight of each tongue to be his witnesses before the entire Order. The old warrior awaited long in the open air like a suppliant, exposed to the wind and snow before the tent of Soliman, till the divan, at the time in session, should have finished its deliberations. The Sultan, informed of this lack of respect to age, to rank, and to misfortune, hastened to send him a caftan and a pelisse of honor, and to have him introduced into his presence with all the ceremony of sovereign to sovereign. He complimented him upon his courage and his virtue, worthy, he said, of the great warriors of whom he had read in history. He congratulated the Christians on having heroes such as he: "If I had servants as valiant as you," added he, "I would prize them higher than one of my kingdoms."

Villiers de L'Ile-Adam wore upon his countenance the grief and humiliation of one vanquished. "Console thyself," said the Sultan to him, "it is the lot of sovereigns and warriors like us to conquer and to lose by turns, at the whim of fortune, cities and provinces." He accorded the grand master and the Knights all the conditions of surety and honor in their retreat, compatible with the victory. L'Ile-Adam returned to the city, as admired by the vanquisher as by the vanquished. The day following, Soliman, dressed as a common askindji and attended only by two pages in the same costume, mounted horse and came to visit, under guarantee of truce, the city which he was going at last to possess. He entered at the hour of the repast of the Knights the palace of the grand master, and the hall wherein these monk-warriors messed in common. He asked to see L'Ile-Adam, through one of his pages who spoke the Greek. L'Ile-Adam, recognizing the Sultan, received him as guest and not as sovereign. The young man and the old man conversed a long time on the terrace of the palace which commands a view of the city, of the sea, and of Asia Minor, encircled like a garden by the snow-capped mountains of Cilicia. The Sultan, penetrated with esteem for the hero of Rhodes, proposed to him a longer delay, and easier conditions for the evacuation of the island. The grand master made him a present of four magnificent cups of gold enriched with topazes, which decorated the treasury of the Order. Soliman was affected to tears on contemplating the preparations for eternal exile which the victory and the capitulation imposed upon these

aged officers of Rhodes, of whom this island was become the country. "It is not without sorrow and shame," said he to his pages in remounting his horse, "that I force this venerable Christian to abandon in his gray hairs his home and his possessions."

XI.

L'Ile-Adam, to hide from day the shame and tears of his departure, embarked in the night upon the galleys of the Order, and on the Greek vessels lent by Soliman, with five thousand inhabitants of the island, Knights or families of the island attached to the Order, and who preferred to follow its fortunes, to residence in a country subjected thenceforward to the Mussulmans.

The vessels of L'Ile-Adam, tossed about by the wintry waves, wandered from shoal to shoal across the Archipelago for twenty-two days before attaining, one by one, the Venetian side of the island of Candia. Villiers de L'Ile-Adam debarked here with his colony of exiles, and passing them in review upon the beach, wept with them their lost country. He passed the winter at Candia, in the jealous and cold hospitality of the Venetians. The Kings of Europe, indifferent to the decay of this sovereign monastery of warriors, which thenceforth embarrassed rather than subserved their policy, remained deaf to the complaints of the Knights. The King of Spain, more docile to the influences of Rome, accorded them the island of Malta, then arid and unpeopled, as an advanced post, not now against Asia, but against Africa. They carried thither the feudal, monastic, and aristocratic spirit, that obsolete genius of an institution born of other times, and which could have been preserved but in an island. L'Ile-Adam, on landing on this barren rock, without other horizon than the waves between Africa and Spair, regretted bitterly the verdant hills, the glades, the purling waters and the majestic prospects of Rhodes. The landed wealth of the Order, still intact upon the continent, rebuilt in a few years a city, ports, and powerful arsenals on the rocks of Malta. But the remoteness from the coast of Asia, the idleness, the opulence, the decay of the religious spirit, the licentious morals of a military fraternity who had the rules without the faith of a monastic institution; in fine, ambition, intrigue, national rivalries, anarchy, depraved rapidly this convent of

nobles and soldiers, a posthumous vestige of the crusades, destined to perish by the Christians themselves.

The hero of Rhodes, L'Ile-Adam, already a witness at Malta of this corruption of the institution of which he had illustrated the fall, died of grief rather than old age, in contemplating the vices, the disorders and the insubordination of this military anarchy which fanaticism itself had ceased to sanctify. But the fame and the virtues of this great man prolonged the destinies of the Order by the immortality of his name.

XII.

Rhodes, fallen, carried with it in its fall all the neighboring islands of the Greek Archipelago which were in the dependency of the Knights: Cos, Lëros, Kalymna, Nisyros, Chalcis, Limonia, Telos, Symé. The Greek women of the isle of Symé were famous as divers for plucking the sponges and the coals from the bed of the sea. Soliman, who had employed them during the siege to knot the cables under water to the rings of the rocks for the purpose of approaching the war engines to the walls, accorded them the privilege of wearing turbans of white muslin, a privilege till then confined to the Mussulman women. He had commenced during the siege to build a new city of Rhodes, in a broad and fertile valley on the spot where rose the antique Rhodes, called the "Valley of Hyacinths." The traces of these Ottoman constructions, mingled with marble ruins and the pedestals of the statues of the nymphs under orange bowers, strew still the ground where Soliman elevated his Kiosk. But immediately after the evacuation of the island by the Knights, the Sultan turned to repair the ramparts of the conquered city, availing himself of the immense works of the Christians to defend for ever the island against their return.

Soliman, after the sojourn of a month in his conquest, left a portion of the army at Rhodes to rebuild it, and returned to Constantinople with the renown of a prince twice conqueror in a reign of less than two years. His triumphs resembled more those of the Greek emperors of Byzantium than the savage triumphs of the Tartars. His genius was already more European than Asiatic. His policy and his heart led him to meditate in silence a complete change of viziers, more conformable by their ideas and their

manners to his genius than the rude viziers formed in the camp of his father. He had temporized with these soldiers, raised to the divan by their popularity with the soldiery, while he had not as yet won for himself that military fame, so dear to a conquering people. But now that Belgrade, and Rhodes, brought by him as presents to the empire, equalled almost in the eyes of the Ottomans the gift of Constantinople by Mahomet II., he was free to shake off the yoke of his divan, and to reign, no longer as a protégé, but as a master of his armies. He looked around him for a grand vizier according to his genius. Chance and friendship had prepared him one, at once according to his heart and policy. He had the sagacity to discern him, he had the pleasure to love him, he is going to elevate him to that rank he seemed predestined to by nature.

XIII.

The history of Ibrahim, favorite of Soliman II., is one of those narratives quite common in the manners of the East which the West would think to read like the chimeras of fable. Ibrahim was the son of a poor Greek fisherman of Parga, on the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic. Surprised one day in the smack of his father by some Turcoman pirates of Cilicia, the child, remarkable for beauty, was sold a slave, at Smyrna, to a rich widow of the valley of Magnesia, to tend her gardens. The graces and the intelligence of the boy, which flattered the pride of this widow, led her to pay a maternal attention to his education. She had him instructed by the most renowned teachers of Magnesia in the Koran, the languages, eloquence, poetry, music especially, which the voluptuous inhabitants of Ionia preferred to all the arts. Whether with the intention of adopting him, or of setting him off for sale or hire, she also dressed him in the richest costumes. She paraded his endowments of nature and of education. She displayed his beauty in the public places, in having him follow her ostentatiously. She was envied this beautiful slave by both men and women.

It was at the time when young Soliman, sent by his father into his government, inhabited Magnesia. One day, in hunting on horse in the meadows of the valley, Soliman heard on the bank of a stream the delicious notes of a flute, which fell across the plane-trees upon his ear, and which

attested in the player an art or a genius uncommon in a simple shepherd. He approached; he saw Ibrahim, he was charmed with his face, with his answers, with his talent for music. He purchased with the prodigality of an heir to the throne this young slave. He admitted him to his seraglio, gave him his liberty, was intoxicated with the sound of his instrument, was astonished at his knowledge, his intelligence, his expertness in all the exercises of mind and body; he perfected his education by the lessons of his own teachers; relished more and more his conversations, and made him the favorite companion of his studies and his recreations. From the son of a poor fisherman, and the slave of a village woman, Ibrahim became at twenty the friend of a future Sultan. His modesty and his fidelity justified this passionate favor of his master.

At the death of Selim I., Soliman brought his young favorite to Constantinople, to the Danube, to Rhodes, to form him at once to war, to government and to politics, without as yet giving him other functions than those of confidant and friend.

Ibrahim, endowed with the prompt and universal aptitude of the young Greeks of Dalmatia, advanced in science, in courage, and in genius with his fortune. He thought, fought, and administered secretly with the Sultan. His modest intimacy did not lead the viziers to bear envy to a flute-player. They saw thus far in this young man but an instrument of the pleasures of his master.

XIV.

Meanwhile Soliman had resolved to rid the state of the ignoble government of those soldier-demagogues whom his father had introduced from the camps to the seraglio. He wished to govern by himself, and the Ottoman manners did not permit the personal government of the Sultan. He sought a vizier who would govern the empire by his direction. He availed himself of a rivalry between Piri-Pasha, the grand vizier, and Ahmed-Pasha, which agitated the divan, to dismiss Piri and to exile Ahmed by giving him the governorship of Egypt. Young Ibrahim was then appointed grand vizier, to the astonishment and to the confusion of all the old war companions of Mahomet II., and to the applause of the people, weary of their oppression and their turbulence.

Piri-Pasha retired with dignity into his gardens of the Bosphorus, full of honors, and with a pension of ten thousand ducats. The ambitious Ahmed departed with vengeance in his heart, resolved to make his master repent of the preference given to a man unknown in the camps.

Scarcely invested with the government of Egypt, Ahmed tried to corrupt the Janissaries by the promise of gold and dignities. His temptations did not shake the old fidelity of these Ottoman troops. He then addressed himself to the Mamelukes, the previous masters of Egypt, and promised them a restoration of their dominion, if they would recognize him as their Sultan, and join him to expel the Janissaries from the citadel of Cairo. The Mamelukes flocked in crowds to his standard. In a bloody battle before the ramparts of the citadel, the Janissaries, victorious, repulsed Ahmed, and slew over four thousand of the Mamelukes. But an old Circassian, acquainted with a subterraneous passage, informed Ahmed, who by this means entered in the night time the citadel, surprised and massacred the six thousand Janissaries, and proclaimed himself Sultan of Egypt upon the bodies of his countrymen. He surrounded himself with viziers, divided the provinces among his accomplices, and put to death the envoys sent by Soliman to recall Egypt to its fidelity.

But treachery soon overturned what had been built up by treachery. One of the three viziers appointed by Ahmed, named Mohammed-Beg, had remained at bottom secretly devoted to Soliman, and watched for the hour of vengeance in the very divan of the traitor. By his orders a band of Turks, ambuscaded in a house of Cairo, kept themselves in readiness for a signal from Mohammed-Beg. One day, as Ahmed came out from the citadel with a small suite to take a bath in the city, the posted Janissaries of Mohammed-Beg rushed in arms from their ambuscade, assailed the guards of the Sultan, and forced the doors of the bath. Ahmed, apprised by the tumult, had but time to escape by the roof and fly on horseback to take refuge in the fortress. But Mohammed-Beg had the gates opened to the Janissaries who pursued Ahmed. He promised the Turks and the Arabs the division of the traitor's spoils. The enclosure of the citadel became at once a field of battle between the partisans of the usurper and the Turks. Ahmed escaped from death but by flight. Attended by some twenty mounted Mamelukes, he

crossed the Nile by swimming, and took refuge in the desert with an Arab sheik, who delivered him up to Mohammed-Beg. His head was sent to Constantinople. Egypt, a moment troubled, returned to obedience. Mohammed-Beg, recompensed for his fidelity to Soliman, was appointed intendant-general of the revenues of the Nile, under the new governor of Egypt, Kasim-Beg.

XV.

Soliman drew still closer after this triumph the ties of friendship which united him to his young vizier, by giving his sister in marriage to his minister. Such a favor was well adapted to discourage envy. The magnificence of the festivities celebrated in the palace and through the capital on this occasion, added to the authority of the vizier the prestige of affinity with the master of the empire. Four months after these nuptials, the Sultan sent Ibrahim to Egypt with a fleet of two hundred sail, having on board an army of honor. The end of this voyage and of this cortège, was to regulate with sovereign arbitrariness some questions of rivalry between the governor of Egypt, Kasim-Beg, and the intendant-general, Mohammed-Beg. To augment the majesty of his grand vizier and his favorite by an act which seemed to make him a colleague in the empire rather than a minister, Soliman accompanied Ibrahim as far as the Prince Islands. The Ottoman historian of this reign, Djelalzadé, remarks that this deference, almost obsequious, of the Sultan joining the cortège of his vizier, is unique in the history of the East. But Soliman meant to aggrandize in this day to the eyes of his people the prestige of his own authority, by honoring it himself in the friend who was its depository.* Nature and rank had made him too great to apprehend comparisons and rivalries with his servants.

* The grave reader should be cautious of taking to the letter those refinements of intention and profundities of policy which our historian, in his usual spirit of "hero-worship," finds throughout in Soliman. The simple motive in the Sultan was the feminine weakness of *favoritism*, which in reality was conspicuous in the character of Soliman, as Lamar-tine himself describes it to have been in his features. In prince or peasant, this inclination is an infallible symptom of infirmity of intellect or of character, or both.—*Translator*.

XVII.

Soliman, during the absence of his grand vizier, had shown that he imparted vigor to his minister, but that he derived it but from his own character. During a sojourn which he made at Adrianople to recreate himself in the exercise of the chase, the Janissaries of Constantinople, still ill-subdued, had revolted. The pretext of the revolt was the prolonged absence of the young Sultan, who consumed, said they, his time in the forests of the Hemus, instead of attending to the public business in the capital. They pillaged the palace of the grand vizier Ibrahim, of Ayas-Pasha, of the defterdar and the district of the Jews. The capital in consternation deemed itself relapsing to the times of Selim.

Soliman received intelligence of these seditions and pillages while he was stag-hunting in the valley of Toundja, near Adrianople. Without returning to that city, he set off for Constantinople, and attended by a small party of his familiars, he arrived unexpectedly at the palace of "Fresh Waters" in Europe, a Kiosk of pleasure in a shady valley at some paces from the suburb of Aïoub. Apprised by the fugitives from the city, and by the vociferations of that soldiery of the fresh excesses with which the Janissaries were consternating the capital, Soliman remounted horse, rushed into the midst of the revolters, rebuked them, recalled them to discipline, made them ashamed of their disorders, and ordered them to enter their barracks and to declare their instigator. At first listened to, soon insulted, he is thrown back by the sedition still increasing to the gates of the seraglio, where his horse, stricken by the axe of a Janissary, is cut down under him. The Sultan, under the hail of stones and arrows showered upon his head, turns round, strings three times his bow, kills with three arrows three of the Janissaries nearest the palace. Then arming himself with his sabre, he defends with a band of bostandjis the accesses to the seraglio against the multitude, and gives time to the spahis to run to the succor of their master. The Janissaries, astonished at a majesty so intrepid, and covered with the public imprecation of the capital, fall at his feet, fly or return to their barracks. Soliman marches thither, harangues them, his bloody sabre still in hand. He pardons the soldiers; he punishes with moderation the chiefs; he dismisses Mustapha, the agha of the Janissaries, suspected of weakness or of complicity in these ex-

cesses. All return to order. But Soliman, convinced by this disorder that the idleness of these pretorians is the perpetual danger of the throne, had recalled Ibrahim from Egypt to concert with his vizier a prompt and a popular war—the necessary diversion to the turbulence of these soldiers.

On the return of Ibrahim, the war always holy, national, popular, that is to say the war with Persia, was resolved upon. Let us cast a glance upon this empire since the defeat of Ismael-Schah at Tauris.

XVIII.

Ismael-Schah, although master still of entire Persia by the retreat of Selim after his useless victory of Tauris, had died of shame and grief at Ardebil. His son, Tahmasp, aged ten years, had peaceably succeeded him. The Ouzbeg Tartars had availed themselves of the minority of this child to invade Khorassan, a frontier and leading province of Persia. Young Tahmasp, inured to war beyond his years, and aided by the generals of his father, beat back the Tartars. He longed to avenge upon the Turks the affront of the field of Tauris and to conquer back the borders of Mesopotamia, now indented into the Ottoman empire. His armies, gradually reformed and obedient to his hand through the glory which the young sovereign had reconquered for them, were ready for a new struggle with the Ottomans. Thus two princes, alike young and eager for glory, one at Ispahan, the other at Constantinople, awaited in like impatience the hour of coping with each other upon the field of battle of their fathers.

Soliman wrote his rival a declaration of war in the style half savage, half chivalric, of the princes of the East. But the advice of the grand vizier determined the Sultan to arrange first some quarrels of the empire on the Danube with the Hungarians, the Wallachians, the Moldavians, the Transylvanians, before carrying his armies one fifty days' march from Constantinople to the heart of Persia. These counsels prevailed with Soliman. His youth gave him patience, that virtue of well-conceived designs. Pretexts for action on the Danube were not wanting; although they were not all legitimate.

The widow and the infant, aged seven years, of the last sovereign prince of Wallachia, languished in the captivity

of Selim at Constantinople. The boyards or feudal barons of the country, indignant at this disinherison of the son of the prince, elected sovereign in his place a monk of their race named Radul. The deputies whom the boyards had sent to Selim to obtain his sanction of their election, had been strangled as rebels. Recourse was had to arms. The monk-sovereign, vanquished by the lieutenant of Selim, had implored the aid of the Hungarian Count John Zapolya, another Huniad. The Turks, dreading the intervention of the heroic Zapolya, feigned to recognize the right in the boyards to elect their prince. Three hundred Turkish cavalry brought to the monk Radul the investiture of the Sultan; but at the moment when the monk reached his hand to receive the letter, the standard, the drum and club, the symbols of sovereignty, the Turkish commissary struck him dead at his feet with his club. Zapolya, at the rumor of this treachery, crossed with his Hungarians the frontier of Wallachia, and re-established after five victories another monk of the same family upon the throne of the Wallachians. This second monk Radul, ill-consolidated in Wallachia, treated with Soliman; he came to Constantinople to give himself up to the generosity of the Sultan. Soliman retained him there with honor. He sent another boyard, Wlad, to govern in his own name in Wallachia. Soon after he recalled Wlad and restored the tributary principality to Radul.

At the same epoch, one of those bellicose sovereign bishops who fought, governed, and catechised at the same time in these barbarous countries, Paul Tomori, had humiliated the Turks by a victory won over Ferhad-Beg, the general of Soliman in Syria. The head of the Ottoman general cut off by the bishop, forty stands of colors, and a multitude of slaves, had been sent by Tomori in homage to the king of the Hungarians. Frangipani, general of the Emperor Maximilian, called from Italy to the Danube with sixteen thousand of his veteran soldiers, who sold their blood to princes, had likewise vanquished Kosrew-Pasha in Croatia. The honor of the Ottoman name and the reparation of so many reverses, called for a decisive campaign on the frontiers of the empire.

Soliman conducted it himself; Ibrahim commanded under him. The government of both was but a single conception. These cares of empire, instead of distracting their friendship, did but concentrate it in a constant community of will

and action. Independently of the daily meetings of the divan, at which Soliman attended from a barred window looking on the hall, the two friends wrote to each other every hour of the day, and often slept in the same chamber to instruct each other, in even the intervals of sleep, in affairs of state. Soliman, disgusted with the ignorance and the rusticity of the warriors, the viziers and the courtiers of his father, found only in Ibrahim the mental elegance, the instructive conversation, the political views, which characterized himself. Passionate for music like Saul, like Mary Stuart of Scotland, like Charles II. of Spain, or like Frederick of Prussia, the talent of Ibrahim at playing the flute or the violin, was an additional attraction that attached him to his favorite. The sounds of these instruments unbent the cares of the throne.*

XIX.

One hundred thousand men and three hundred pieces of cannon departed in his train from Constantinople. He left his capital with confidence in the hands of an enlightened mufti, and of a caïmacam or sort of dictator, whose fidelity had been well tried in Egypt. It was on the 23d April, 1526, a day particularly auspicious to the Ottomans, because among minor reasons this day was a Monday, the day on which the Prophet Mahomet undertook the two great journeys of man, namely, birth and death.

The journal of the campaign life of Soliman, kept under his eyes hour by hour during his long reign, permits history to follow step by step the march of the Sultan. The army advanced in a single column to Sophia. A severe discipline protected the cities and fields of Bulgaria from all damage by the passage of the army. The Sultan and the vizier separated at Sophia to march in two columns upon Peterwardein, a stronghold of Hungary, in the plains beyond the Danube. Peterwardein, surrounded by the hundred thousand men of Soliman, and by another hundred thousand auxiliaries who came to join them on the Danube, fell in twelve days before Ibrahim. The Sultan entered it through an avenue of a thousand heads cut off its Hungarian defenders. He followed thence the Danube and the Drave as far as Essek.

* What romance!—*Translator.*

Two hundred thousand Turks passed here the Drave on a bridge constructed by the engineers of the army, and advanced slowly on a marshy soil as far as Mohacz, a name then obscure, but illustrated since by the blood of the two races which there mingled in battle. The Hungarians, fortified, awaited the Turks on the hills planted with vines, which overlook the marsh of Krasso. The war-cry of the Ottomans, God wills it! (which had been also the cry of the crusaders, for all the nations enroll God in their cause), broke spontaneously from the whole Ottoman army at the sight of the Hungarians arrayed upon the heights of Mohacz. It was the 28th July, 1526, towards the close of the day. Ibrahim came to the tents of his master several times during the night, to concert with him the plan of the battle.

At sunrise, Soliman, covered with a cuirass embossed with gold and silver, his brow decorated with a white turban surmounted with three black heron plumes, placed himself upon an eminence whence the eye could take in both armies. Surrounded with his viziers and his pashas, he distributed by a word to each his posts, his parts, his orders. He knew that victory lies in the mind rather than the arm of the general. He convened to this council of war not only his generals, but even veteran soldiers selected in each company, so that the plan of battle should circulate through their lips to all ranks.

After having promulgated and explained rapidly these dispositions, he turns smilingly towards an old Janissary named Altoudja, who, cuirass on back, casque on head, quiver on shoulder and sabre in hand, attended mutely at the deliberations. "Let us see," said he to the soldier, "if thou hast not something better. Hast thou no advice to give to thy padischah?" "Yes," replied the veteran, "to go at them as soon as possible." This counsel appeared the surest of inspirations to the Sultan. "O, my God," cried he in lifting his hands to heaven, "force and victory are in thee alone; come to the aid of the people of thy Prophet." As these words passed from mouth to mouth along the front of the army, all the cavalry precipitated themselves from their horses, holding the bridle between their teeth; they prostrated themselves in the dust, extending their arms as in prayer; then they remounted and brandished their sabres to the eyes of the Sultan. From his experience of the compact and irresistible impetuosity of the masses of the Hun-

garian cavalry, Soliman had ordered his soldiers to open before the charges of these squadrons, and then to shut their ranks, in order to avoid the shock, and to smother them between their flanks. With this view, he had kept a void in the immense space between his line of battle and his baggage and reserves, so that the base of his movements could not be reached and compromised by the sudden irruptions of the enemy's cavalry. Ibrahim commanded in chief the army of Asia, Kosrew-Pasha the army of Europe in second line; the Sultan in the midst of the Janissaries, like a cloud concealing in its womb the thunderbolt, held the reserve in his hand.

The battle followed the very phases which the genius of Soliman and of Ibrahim had laid down in advance. The Hungarian cavalry, under the command of the Bishop Tomori, swept like a resistless billow through the army of Asia, which opened its ranks before it, and was annihilated between the first and the second army of the Ottomans. The king of Hungary, Louis II., with the bravest of his knights and the cuirassed cavalry, rushed in turn upon the army of Europe and the army of Asia, traversed the two lines beneath a cloud of arrows and a shower of fire, and reached the eminence where the Sultan awaited with thirty thousand Janissaries. There the batteries of chained cannons were unmasked, and made large voids in the flanks of the Hungarian horse. But all that were not swept down by the grape-shot, used might and main to scale the eminence where gleamed the golden cuirass of Soliman. Thirty of the king's knights, bound by oath to die together or to take the Sultan of the Turks, succeeded in gaining the summit of the mamelon. Separated from their padischah by the tumult of the conflict, the Janissaries were repelling on the flanks of the mamelon the assaults of the king. A group of pages and of eunuchs died at the feet of the Sultan to cover his body. Already the knights could touch his cuirass with the points of their lances, when the Janissaries ran up, at the cries of the pages, and houghing from behind the Hungarian horses, struck down the riders in their blood. Their severed heads were the first trophy of the victory. The main army of the Ottomans held the Hungarian army imprisoned between three walls of steel and of fire, that is to say, the army of Europe, the army of Asia, and the reserve or Janissaries. The discharge of artillery cut it into segments. Some fell in seeking to fly;

others, struck down by the Janissaries in their flight, were buried with their horses in the mire of the marsh. King Louis disappeared, and no trace was ever found of his body. His helmet of badly-tempered steel had been cloven, said the pages, by the spear of a lance; the blood inundated his shoulders; his horse swept him off almost lifeless towards the marsh. The stagnant water of the Danube was his only tomb. It was the second king of Hungary whom the ambition of his nobles urged to his misfortune in an unequal conflict with the Turks since the fatal day of Varna. It was the second crowned hero of whom the victorious Turks looked in vain for the body among the dead on the field of battle. Two hours had sufficed to decide the fate of the two princes and the two races. The Danube rolled down for two days and two nights the bodies of men and horses that had precipitated themselves in the river, to escape the sword and fire of the Turks. The plain and the marsh had ingulfed the rest. The music of the two Ottoman armies grouped by Ibrahim at the close of the day upon the eminence which bore the tents of the Sultan, diffused its notes of victory through the dusk above the silent plain. Next day, the Sultan with Ibrahim rode slowly over the field of battle, searching for the body of the king of Hungary, consoling the wounded, congratulating the soldiers, and enjoying, but without inhumanity, his fortune.

XX.

With a military parade like those of the kings of Persia or of Alexander, Soliman, seated on a throne of gold in a tent of scarlet, received the day following the homages of the viziers, of his pashas, and of his generals. He fixed with his own hand an aigrette of heron plumes upon the turban of the grand vizier. A pyramid of four thousand heads of the vanquished, crowned by the heads of the barons, of the knights, and of the bishops slain in the battle, arose before the door of his tent. Thirty thousand Hungarian bodies were buried by his orders in immense trenches dug by the akindjis on the margin of the marsh. The conflagration of Mohacs lighted with its flames this sepulture of the heroes of Hungary. The prisoners escaped from the massacre of the akindjis were collected in convoys and sent to people the

valleys of Asia. The women, the children, the old men, were restored to liberty and left in their country.

Soliman, now without an enemy before him, advanced as far as Ofen (Bude), which opened its gates. He treated this capital as a paternal sovereign, not as a conqueror. The life, the goods, the religion, and the honor of the inhabitants were protected from the ferocity of the soldiers. He took off with him but a few statues and the learned library of Ofen. A bridge thrown rapidly across the Danube bore the army to Pesth. He received in this city the deputations of the Hungarian nobles. He promised them to recognize as their king John Zapolya, the candidate raised by them to the throne, and of whom the ambition and the political incapacity assured him of a feudatory without danger to the empire.

XXI.

The year 1528 commenced by a third campaign of Soliman in Hungary. The cause of the war was the competition for the Hungarian throne between John Zapolya, elected by the nobles and clients of the Turks, and the Arch-Duke Ferdinand of Austria, brother to Charles V., who had given him this crown. The diet of Presburg, in 1526, swayed by Charles V., had declared Zapolya an usurper. Vanquished at Tokai by Ferdinand, refugee with Sigismund, King of Poland, Zapolya invoked the aid of the Poles and of the Turks to reseat him on the throne. The French seconded this application against the brother of Charles V. Louis Gritti, natural son of Andrew Gritti, Doge of Venice, an Ottoman diplomat, favorite of the grand vizier and of the Sultan, and their counsel in all the affairs of Europe, served ardently in the divan the cause of the French, of the Poles, and of Zapolya. Ibrahim, drawn over by the efforts of the French ambassador and of Gritti, to the interests of Zapolya, received in public audience the ambassador of the Hungarian pretender.

"Why has thy master," said he to him, "not asked earlier the crown of Hungary of the Grand Seignor? Has he not sufficiently understood what was meant by the preservation of the royal palace of Ofen by our care at the time of the burning of that city?"

The second vizier, the old and brutal Mustapha, spoke more rudely to the Hungarian: "What dost thou hope for,"

said he to him, "and how dares the courier of a ban of Transylvania such as thou, call the Sultan father of so paltry a prince as thy master? Where are thy tributes and thy presents? How has thy master dared to enter the city of Ofen on the dust trodden by the feet of the horse of our padischah? Dost thou not know that every part of the earth on which has fallen the shadow of the Sultan or of his horse, is for ever subject to his dominion?"

"We have slain King Louis of Hungary," resumed with more mildness the adroit Ibrahim; "we have conquered his palace, we have eaten and slept in his halls, his kingdom is ours. It is folly to think that kings are kings in virtue of the crown; it is not gold, it is not precious stones nor the diadem that make men reign, it is steel. The sabre forces to obedience, the sabre must guard what the sabre has conquered. Let thy master recognize the sovereignty of the Sultan, and we will exterminate not only Ferdinand, but also all his friends; we will level their mountains beneath the feet of our horses. We are not slumbering, we are ready for the campaign; we find the two rivals exhausted by their contest, and the armies of the Sultan will vanquish both without difficulty. I do not talk to thee in the manner of the Turks, that is to say, with brevity; the Turks say little and do much. Thou art surprised to see me smile? I smile at thy coming to claim back a country acquired by the edge of our sabre. Know that we have talons more terrible than the falcons; our hands remain where we have once set them, unless they be cut off. Retain well these words, for they are the truth. As the earth receives each drop of rain that falls, so we listen to each word that is addressed us. You still think of Belgrade. I see that thou hast drunk of the wine of Smyrna, and that the cups of Tokai have caressed thy lips. Thou speakest to us of Poland; know, that without making war on Poland, it yields us at this moment over fifty thousand ducats annually, because the Tartars sell the Turks all the slaves which they make in Poland, and the Poles pay us their ransom. If we wished it, in a single campaign, we would place it by fire and sword at our discretion."

XXIII.

The ambassador of Zapolya saw the secret favor of Ibrahim through the eloquence, half Greek and half Tartar, of

the young grand vizier. The following day Soliman received him in the midst of his court. "I accept," said he to him, "the alliance of thy master. Hitherto his kingdom has not really belonged to him, it is mine by the right of conquest; but in recompense of his attachment to my person, I will protect him so effectually against Ferdinand of Austria, that he may sleep upon his two temples."

"Now," added the grand vizier, "we will style thy master king, and no more ban of Transylvania. The Sultan will march in person against his enemies. Go, we do not ask him for either tributes or presents."

A diplomacy so adroit was abundantly remunerated by the great and legitimate sovereignty which it was to exercise in Hungary, through the chief chosen by the nation itself. The policy of Soliman and of Ibrahim equalled the refinement of the courts of Europe most famous for ability, and surpassed them in eloquence. The Greek genius and the Ottoman genius, associated in the two-headed government, completed by intellect what it had outlined by arms. Louis Gritti, devoted by interest to Ibrahim and to Soliman, contributed his knowledge of European courts, and his Italian keenness. This occult counsellor grew daily in favor at the seraglio, and might aspire, by professing Islamism, to the government of the country of his adoption. Zapolya appointed him afterwards ambassador near the Porte.

XXIV.

The Archduke Ferdinand, on his part, sent an ambassador to Soliman, to claim of him the throne of Hungary. "Why do you not also ask Constantinople?" responded derisively the Sultan. "Your master has not yet had with us sufficient relations of neighborhood and friendship; go and tell him that I will soon make him a visit with my whole cortège." He made him distribute purses of gold and dismissed him.

Some weeks after he appointed Ibrahim generalissimo of the army against Austria, with a supplementary salary of six thousand ducats for the campaign. Two hundred thousand men followed the Sultan and the vizier beyond the Danube. Zapolya had just received the investiture of the kingdom at Mohacz, on the same plain manured three years before with the bodies of thirty thousand Hungarians. Soliman crowned him in the palace of Ofen, and

marched from thence against Ferdinand on the route of Vienna. He besieged in vain the capital of Austria, defended by its walls and by sixteen thousand heroes. After assaults and sorties without number, Soliman ordered the general storming for the 14th of October. A breach of fifty toises by the side of the gate of Carynthia seemed at last to offer a passage to the Ottomans. The courage of the Germans filled it with the bodies of Janissaries. Discouragement, murmuring, panic, ebbed from the ditches of Vienna to the camp of Soliman. Twenty thousand Turks had perished under the walls; a cold and rainy autumn threatened to devour the army on its return. Ibrahim raised the camp on the night of the 15th October, covering by the silence and the darkness a retreat not unlike a flight. The salvos of the cannon of Vienna saluted at dawn the departure of the Ottomans. The bells of the church steeples, which had not rung since the siege began, broke forth into carols of joy. "What is this noise?" asked Soliman of the Croat Zedlitz, one of the prisoners whom he was carrying in his train. "It is a sign of festivity and joy," replied Zedlitz. Soliman, without being irritated at this joy, which contrasted with his own sadness, arrayed his prisoner in a caftan of honor, and sent him back to Vienna. He meant to seduce those he failed to vanquish, and to prepare the way for peace. "Noble and generous captains," wrote the grand vizier to the Viennese by Zedlitz, "know that we were not come to conquer your city, but to pursue your Archduke Ferdinand who disputes with us Hungary. You can send us ambassadors to treat of the lot of your compatriots our prisoners."

At the first halt of the army after the siege of Vienna, Soliman recompensed his viziers, his generals, his soldiers, so as to give to a reverse the appearance of a triumph. He wished to hoodwink fortune, not having been able to subdue her. Ibrahim, for whom Soliman, it is thought, destined the crown of Hungary, if the campaign of Vienna had been decisive, delivered this crown to Zapolya in returning through Ofen.

The Sultan and the army re-entered by Belgrade into the frontiers of Turkey. Hungary, distracted between Zapolya and Ferdinand, preserved him from all uneasiness about those provinces.

XXV.

While new ambassadors from Ferdinand of Austria came to solicit at Constantinople the recognition of this prince as king of Hungary, France continued to press the Sultan to refuse the increase of power to the house of Austria. It was at the instigation of France that Soliman undertook the campaign of Hungary and of Vienna. The Duchess d'Angoulême, during the captivity of Francis I., had sent to Soliman Count Frangipani to dissuade him from all concession to Austria, and to promise him the aid of France in arms and in vessels against Ferdinand. The answer of the Sultan, written by Ibrahim, is a monument of the political intelligence, as well as of the style of this minister. We transcribe in full this specimen of a diplomacy which the West even then called barbarous :

"In the name of the clement and merciful God !

"By the grace of the Most High (whose power be forever honored and glorified, and whose divine word be exalted) ;

"By the miracles abundant in blessings of the sun of the heavens of prophecy, of the star of the constellation of the patriarchs, of the pontiff of the phalanxes of the prophets, of the coryphæus of the legion of the saints, Mohammed the Most Pure (may the benediction of God and salvation be with him !) ;

"And under the protection of the sainted souls of the four friends, who are Aboubekre, Omar, Othman and Ali, (may the benediction of God be upon them all !) ;

"Schah-Sultan, Soliman-Khan, son of Selim-Khan, always victorious ;

"I, who am the Sultan of Sultans, the king of kings, the distributor of crowns to the princes of the world, the shadow of God upon the earth, emperor and sovereign lord of the Black Sea and of the White Sea, of Roumelia and of Anatolia, of the province of Soulkadr, of Diarbekir, of Kurdistan, of Alderbidjan, of Adjean, of Scham, of Haleb, of Egypt, of Mecca, of Medina, of Jerusalem, and of the whole of the countries of Arabia and of Yemen ; and besides, of a number of other provinces which, by their victorious power, have been conquered by my glorious predecessors and august ancestors (may God illuminate the manifestation of their faith !) ; as well as of numerous countries which my glorious

majesty has subdued by my own flaming and triumphant sword; I, in fine, son of Sultan-Selim, son of Sultan-Bajazet II., Schah-Sultan, Soliman-Khan;

"To thee, Francis, who art the king of the kingdom of France;

"The letter which you have addressed to my court, the asylum of kings, by Frangipani, a man worthy of your confidence, and certain verbal communications which you have committed to him, have apprised me that the enemy menaces and ravages your kingdom, that you are now prisoner, and that you ask succor and support in this quarter to obtain your deliverance. All that you have said has been laid before my throne, the refuge of the world; the explanatory details have been perfectly understood, and my august science embraces them in all their bearings. In these times, that emperors should be defeated and captive, there is nothing that ought to surprise. Let your heart be recomforted! let your soul not be dejected! This being so, our glorious predecessors and our great ancestors (may God illumine their last hour!) have never failed of entering on a campaign to fight the enemy and to make conquests; and I myself likewise, walking in their footsteps, have subdued in all seasons powerful provinces and fortresses of difficult access; I have slept neither night nor day, and my sword does not quit my side. May the divine justice (whose name be blessed!) render us the doing of good easy! may his views and his will appear in open day, to whatsoever they may relate!

"For the rest, interrogate your envoy on the state of affairs, and upon all events whatever; rest convinced of what he will tell you, and know that it is so."*

XXVIII.

About the same time Soliman wrote to Francis I., who had claimed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem:

* I fear few readers will be pious or poetic enough not to side with the West, and be of opinion that this curious document is a barbarian emanation. Indeed, if it has any thing of civilized diplomacy, it is the rambling and perhaps studied inanity. For *cunning* even still remains the infant character of diplomacy, and barbarians, it is known, excel in cunning. This trait is signal in the last paragraph, which, like the postscript of a female epistle, suggests no doubt the purport of the whole despatch.—*Translator.*

" You have made known to me that there exists in the stronghold of Jerusalem, forming part of my well-guarded dominions, a church formerly in the hands of the people of Jesus, and which has afterwards been changed into a mosque; I know the particulars of all you say to me on that subject. If it was only a question of property, in consideration of the friendship and the affection which exist between our glorious majesty and you, your desires could not fail to be gratified in our presence which dispenses felicity. But it is not a question of goods movable or immovable; the object here concerns our religion; for in virtue of the sacred orders of the most high God, the creator of the universe and the benefactor of Adam, and conformably to the laws of our prophet, the sun of the two worlds (upon whom be benediction and salvation!) this church is from time infinite converted into a mosque, and the Mussulmans have there made the *namaz* (canonical prayer). But, now to alter by a change of destination the place which has borne the name of mosque and in which the *namaz* has been said, would be contrary to our religion. Besides, even if in our holy law this act was tolerated, it would still not be possible for me to grant your urgent request. But with the exception of the places consecrated to prayer, in all those that are in the hands of the Christians, no one, under my reign of justice, shall trouble or molest those who inhabit them. Enjoying perfect security under the wing of my sovereign protection, it is permitted them to perform their ceremonies and the rites of their religion. May this be so! (*amen.*)

" Written in the first decade of the moon of moharram-al-haram, in the year 935 of the Hegira (middle of September, 1528 of Christ). From the residence of Constantino-ple, the well fortified and well guarded."

XXIX.

The rivalries for the patronage of Hungary, the encouragements of France, the need of venting exteriorly the restless turbulence of the Janissaries, and above all, the passion of coping with Charles Fifth, that Soliman of the West, brought back in 1532 the Sultan to Belgrade. Two hundred and fifty thousand men preceded him. M. de Rançon, ambassador of France, was there awaiting him. Fifteen thousand Tartars, commanded by Sahib-Gherai, brother of the

Khan of the Crimea, perpetual allies of the Ottomans, there joined the army. This campaign, which was but a succession of sieges against the cities and the castles of the magnates rebellious to Zapolya, signalized especially the discipline of the army and the magnanimity of Soliman. He delivered almost every where the conquered cities to the Hungarian heroes who had best defended them against him, contenting himself with vanquishing and obtaining an oath of fealty to the King, whom he protected against Charles Fifth.

The Turks, who encountered a multitude of strongholds and numerous detachments of intrepid volunteers, without any where finding an army, soon returned with a booty of forty thousand slaves. On entering Belgrade, Soliman addressed the Empire and the courts of Europe and of Asia letters of victory. He there accused of cowardice Charles Fifth, who did not dare, he said, to come in person to defend Germany against him. "A prince," said he, "whom it is as difficult to find on the field of battle as in the company of women."

The King of Poland, Sigismund, sent ambassadors to Belgrade to implore his alliance and protection against the Tartars of the Crimea. Soliman accorded the Poles their request; he forbade the Khans of the house of Gherai to renew their incursions against Poland. The 18th November, he returned victor without battle to Constantinople.

But while Charles Fifth appeared to give way before him in Germany, the Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria, commander of the fleet of Italy, of the Pope, of Spain, purged the sea of the Ottoman vessels, bombarded the coasts of the Morea and insulted with impunity the very mouth of the Dardanelles. The Turks, invincible upon the continent, have rarely controlled the sea. Independently of the fact that the naval genius is not that of shepherd races, another cause explains to history this inferiority of the Ottomans. Upon land they fought themselves; on the sea, they fought by Greeks, their slaves or their subjects. The Greeks, excellent sailors, but subjects or slaves, did not find in their faith, in their pride of race, the principle of heroism which gave victory to the Mussulmans, upon the field of battle. Besides, naval wars are not of those aggregate levies in which no more is requisite than courage and impetuosity; naval warfare is an art. An army may be extemporized, but not so with a

fleet. A naval administration has been always wanting to the Turks. Seated upon three seas, upon two straits and an archipelago, they have never known how to possess and to employ them. Each race has its genius, more potent than geography over its destiny. The admiral of a small maritime republic which possessed but a rock and a port on the Mediterranean, like Genoa, made blush and tremble the master of Asia and of Europe at Constantinople.

XXX.

These humiliations on his coasts and the desire of pursuing in Persia the abortive projects of his father, Selim I., rendered Soliman II. more accessible to peace with Charles Fifth and Ferdinand. He received at Constantinople their ambassadors, and consented himself to send, for the first time since the foundation of the empire, an ambassador to Vienna. Ferdinand received this ambassador upon a throne covered with cloth of gold, surrounded with the nobles of Bohemia, of Austria, and some magnates of Hungary, his partisans. Peace under the name of truce was concluded by the intervention of Charles Fifth himself, who consented to promise the Sultan the restitution of the ports of the Morea, conquered by Doria, and to send to Constantinople the keys of the fortress of Gran in token of deference. Soliman, on his part, engaged to respect the possessions of Ferdinand in what remained to him of Hungary.

These conditions agreed to at Vienna were brought back by the ambassadors of Ferdinand to Constantinople for the ratification of the Sultan. The narrative of these ambassadors to their courts, extracted from the Spanish archives, characterizes naively the times, the places and the men. Ibrahim, the grand vizier, received with ill-dissembled joy the keys of Gran from their hands, promising them to rest satisfied with this homage, and not insist upon the real delivery of the fortress.

"Ibrahim," say they, "left them a long time standing, and they had an opportunity of contemplating the features of the great minister who actuated with his intellect the world from Vienna to Bagdad. He resembled the Sultan; his face was oval and delicate, the eyes dark and caressing, the complexion embrowned by six campaigns, the mouth half opened and exposing the glistening teeth, separated from each other

and sharpened at the point like the seeds of a pomegranate. He spoke to them with the eloquence and vaunting natural to the Albanian Greeks. At first, said he, the pay of those Janissaries who make the Danube and Euphrates tremble was but a half asper per day; we have since been able to raise it successively, without feeling the weight, to two, to three, to five aspers; the private soldiers now receive eight. Our marine necessitates enormous expenses; but the treasury is so rich that it is scarcely perceived. No longer ago than yesterday, I have taken from the treasury in aspers a *thousand horse-loads*, that is to say, two millions of ducats in gold, to equip a fleet against Italy. . . . Fifty thousand Tartars would suffice to subjugate the world. . . . We are not so barbarous as the Christians are pleased to represent us. I have had myself in Hungary thousands of women, of children and of prisoners led into your forests to hide them from the akindjis, and to preserve them from slavery; I am not alone in this, many others of us have done the same. It is I who govern this vast empire; what I do remains done, for all power is in me; I confer offices, I distribute provinces; what I give is given, what I refuse is refused; even when the great padischah wishes to grant or has granted something, if I do not sanction his decision it goes for nothing, for all is in my hands—war, peace, policy, treasury. I mention these things to give you confidence to explain yourselves without reserve to me."

Having examined the seal of Charles Fifth upon the treaty: "My master," said he, "has two seals, of which one is in my hands, for he desires that there should be no difference between him and me. If he gets new clothes made, he orders the like for me; all that I wish built, he pays for from his own purse. It is he who has constructed at his expense this palace, this hall where I receive you. . . . My emperor has given Hungary to John Zapolya, and nothing shall deprive him of it. I will have great consideration for Queen Mary of Hungary (the dispossessed queen, widow of Louis II., slain at Mohacz); she will receive back her personal estates and her dowry. . . . If she had remained an hour longer at Ofen, she would have fallen into my hands. She would have been treated by my master like a sister. . . . The glory of great sovereigns consists in honoring the vanquished. . . ."

And as the ambassadors looked at one another astonished at such language, and seeming by their countenance to

attribute to the Venetian Gritti an eloquence so civilized and so magnanimous, Ibrahim perceived their idea in their silence, says the Latin manuscript: "Do not think," added he smiling, "that these words are prompted me by Gritti; it is not Gritti who makes me will and say what I will and what I say; it is I who make Gritti will and say what I think proper. I repeat it that you may not forget it, I am the master, and what I will, the Sultan wills it." *

XXXI.

This style of language was betraying already the intoxication of the *flute-player*, raised by the friendship of his master to the level of the throne, and who would not fail to soon aspire above it. In this tottering of a mind becoming dizzy by its elevation, people foresaw the not distant fall of his fortunes.

The recital of the final conference of the ambassadors with Ibrahim, unveils still more the genius and the boasting of the Greek, become master of his master.†

At the close of this conference, Ibrahim led Soliman himself, at night, to the house of their confidant, Gritti, interpreter and intermediary of the negotiation, to converse familiarly with the envoys of Austria and of Spain. The viziers and the courtiers were indignant at this derogation from etiquette, and murmured against a favorite who had, said they, filched by sorcery the understanding and the liberty of his master.

* This is certainly characteristic, not alone of the "Albanian" Greek, but of the prattling vanity of the Greek character in all countries and all times. Another feature, much more deep, which it illustrates in general history, is the puerility of *intellect* which is compatible in rude communities with vast displays of conquering energy, and even some governmental shrewdness. It is that the faculties of *physical* action, whether conquering or commercial, attain their summit, while the *intellect*, in all beyond, is still in infancy.—*Translator*.

† Here follows some two or three pages of the same stuff, which I omit. The sample given had its interest, and perhaps some instructiveness, as showing the mental and moral character of a *great* minister of the East. But to give more of it would be nauseous to graver readers. The jactancy or gasconade is exemplified sufficiently. And for the "genius," I must think I also consult the credit of our historian in suppressing such curious evidence of the ability of Ibrahim, whom M. de Lamartine ranks among the first statesmen of history.—*Translator*.

XXXII.

Scarcely had Soliman II. ratified the truce and dismissed the ambassadors, than he reappointed Ibrahim seraskier or generalissimo of the army of Persia, and sent him to Koniah, the capital of Caramania, to muster there the army, and to prepare for the campaign. Iskender-Tschelebi, an able administrator of the finances of the Empire, accompanied Ibrahim to Koniah as kyaya or lieutenant of the seraskier. His riches and his luxury equalled his influence with the troops. He had the genius of military strategy. Twelve hundred cavalry, the contingent of his domains in Asia, marched in his train; six hundred slaves, magnificently dressed and having the head adorned with embroidered bonnets, served his tents. Ibrahim hardly equalled the sumptuosities of Iskender, and dreaded to be outshone by his kyaya in the eyes of the troops and the heart of the Sultan. Guardian of the treasury of the army in quality of defterdar or minister of finance, Iskender-Tschelebi, although honest, gave, by his magnificence, room for suspicion. A base intrigue of Ibrahim gave body to these surmises. One night, during the march of the chariots that carried the treasure, a cry of *thieves! thieves!* raised by some soldiers in the confidence of Ibrahim, arose around the wagons and stopped the march of the army. Ibrahim ran up; he ordered the arrest of thirty of the guard escorting the treasure. These men, interrogated and prompted by the enemies of Iskender, declared in presence of the implements of torture that they were accomplices of Iskender in pillaging the wagons of the gold for him.

The grand vizier did not venture further for fear of chafing the authority of the Sultan, who had himself appointed the kyaya. The calumny, authenticated by the declaration of the guards of the treasury, sufficed to ruin gradually the rival of Ibrahim. Iskender, who foresaw his ruin in the lurking enmity of the grand vizier, sought to ruin *him* in turn, by advising him to go directly to the heart of Persia, at Tauris, where he must fall into some snare set by Tahmasp for his greed of glory. Ibrahim followed this counsel, and marched with an hundred and fifty thousand men upon that city. He entered it without battle, and addressed to the Sultan a triumphal recital of his conquests. Soliman, with an army of reserve, advanced himself upon Tauria.

He entered it a clement victor, the 27th September. The two armies united, encouraged by the inaction of Tahmasp and by the defection of his allies, directed themselves rashly upon Hamadan by impracticable routes, strewing their footsteps with horses and with camels dead of hunger. Ibrahim, attributing to Iskender, head of the staff of the army, these disasters, had him degraded from his functions of defterdar by Soliman. Bagdad at last opened its gates to the Sultan. It was the end of the glory of this expedition, in which Soliman wished to rival Alexander, the conqueror of Babylon. Bagdad, in his idea, was to be at the east of his vast empire what Belgrade was at the west.

The immemorial sanctity of this city of the khalifs added in the mind of the Ottomans, to its strength, its magnificence, its situation. Tradition had made it a city almost fabulous. It was the "House of Salvation," consecrated by the spiritual throne of the successors of the Prophet, armed apostles of the "law without shadow." Almanser, the second Abasid Khalif, had founded it near the ruins of Babylon on the eastern banks of the Tigris not far from the Euphrates. The fertility of its territory, scorched by the sun, but watered by two rivers, had given it the name of Eden or the *garden*, whence is derived Bagdad. Rice, dates, lemons, figs, oranges, citrons, melons, pomegranates, sugar-cane, raisins, apples, apricots, peaches, color the country with tints of gold. The caravans of India, of Arabia, of Persia, of Syria, of Egypt, meet there to barter their natural productions for the precious stones, the elephants, the horses, the cloths of silk, of wool and of cotton of Hindostan. One hundred and fifty towers flank its walls, which enclose twelve leagues of palaces and bazars. Its quays, a natural ditch on the side of the Tigris, are constantly embarking travellers, pilgrims and merchandise for the Persian Gulf. The river envelopes it on two of its sides and fans it with the coolness and salubrity of the waters. The tombs of the saints of Islam are the mile-stones along the routes; their glistening cupolas shine afar to the view of the caravans, like the diamonds of a spiritual crown. The monumental tomb of Zobeide, wife of Haroun-al-Raschid, attests there the magnificence of love and of grief. Arabian academies attract thither the sages, the students, the poets of the East. The pyramids of human bones, ill effaced by the sand, recall the conquest and the desolation of Timour. Soliman forgot

himself for four months in this capital, which reminded him at every step that he was master of the palace of the masters of the world. He visited the ruins of Babylon; he invoked, according to the superstitious rites of the orientals, the genii buried beneath the mounds of brick and rubbish. It is there, according to the Persian traditions, that these genii render oracles of fortune and of ambition to the conquerors who consult them. It is there, also, that the simple camel-herds of the desert learn the charms which have the power of transporting to heaven the women whom they love. "They then inhabit for a moment the morning star; they play upon a lyre whose strings are tresses of the moonbeams, and they lend to the sounds of this lyre the dances of the stars."

The heart of Soliman, already smitten to enslavement by one of those women, the dream of padischahs as of shepherds, was credulous to these evocations and superstitions of love. This woman, whom he had left reluctantly in his harem at Constantinople, and whose charms had competed in him with the passion for glory, was the young Russian slave, Roxelana, of whom the history will presently occupy so large a place in his life.

XXXIII.

Letters of victory dated from Bagdad and addressed by Soliman to all the princes of the world, informed them of the triumph of the Sultan. Ibrahim wrested during this sojourn an involuntary crime from his master. Under false appearances of embezzlement and treason, Iskender, delivered to the grand vizier by the Sultan, was hanged ignominiously in the market-place of Bagdad. His brother, more irreproachable still than he, was decapitated the same day. Eight thousand slaves of Iskender-Tschelebi were confiscated and joined to the personal slaves of the Sultan; seven of these young slaves, formed in the school of the defterdar for the service of the empire, became afterwards grand viziers. This iniquitous and vindictive murder, contrived by Ibrahim, gave a hint for the vizier's own ruin to the Sultan, should he desire a future pretext to get rid of him. The French ambassador, Laforest, came in the name of France to Bagdad to congratulate the Sultan on his triumphs in Asia. France seemed to have the instinct of the Ottoman alliance,

her best guarantee against the fears of a universal monarchy, whether of Spain, or of Germany, or of Russia. The two nations, athwart their different religions, identified themselves in one policy. France and Turkey have been alarmed for their existence only at the moment when Napoleon forgot this vital policy of France, through an ambitious compliance to the covetousness of the Russian Empire. The present war expiates and rectifies this false diplomacy of the vanquisher of Austerlitz.

A first treaty under the name of "capitulations," assured to France for her subjects, her co-religionists, her commerce, the same liberty, security, justice and privileges in Turkey as in their native land. The two nations interdicted each other, reciprocally, the right common in those times of making prisoners of war slaves. It was the last treaty negotiated and signed by the grand vizier Ibrahim. Fourteen years of power and almost of sovereignty had exhausted the favors of fortune. The murmurs of envy and the suspicions of his master worked secretly against him. It has been seen by his murder of Iskender at Bagdad, and by the insolent ostentation of his power to the ambassadors of Charles V., that those murmurs and those umbrages were not without pretext. His head, ardent and enfeebled by the very excess of his prosperities, had become dizzy with ambition and ingratitude. An influence more secret, but more affectionate and more assiduous, began to counterweigh his influence in the soul of Soliman. The love of the Sultan, hitherto concentrated in the harem, was about to find access into his policy.

BOOK TWENTIETH.

I.

THE Sultana Validé, mother of Soliman, had introduced into the harem of her son, a slave, Russian, Polish or Circassian, of marvellous beauty, named Roxelana. Some French historians give this slave another origin. They pretend that she was born in the South of France, that the pirates of Tunis had kidnapped her an infant, from the coasts of Provence, and sold her at Constantinople to the chief of the eunuchs of the Sultana Validé. No authentic document, no probability even, justifies this romantic origin of the Sultana, who governed afterwards through the heart of Soliman the court and empire. All the contemporary historians, Greek, Ottoman and Italian, agree in styling her the *Russian* Sultana, whether it was that she was born in fact of Muscovite parents, or rather that, abducted, as was common at this period, by parties of Cossacks from the Poles or the Circassians, and sold by them to the Greek merchants of the Black Sea, she had been trafficked under the name of Russian in the slave mart of Constantinople. Her Caucasian features and her character, at once simple, seductive and savage, like that of the races born subject to slavery, seemed to give her more resemblance to the daughters of Circassia than to the women of Europe. She seemed ignorant herself of what rank she was born; she had known no family or country other than harems and eunuchs. Her beauty, according to the portraits or the traditions of the seraglio, attests rather that mixture of the Asiatic and Tartar blood, wherein the dark eyes, the silken lashes, the creamy paleness of the tint, the languor of attitude habitual to the Persian beauties, contrast with the rounded outline of the face, with the shortness of the nose, the thickness of the lips and the warm

coloring of the skin, traits peculiar to the daughters of the Caucasus.

Whatever may be the fact as to the birth-place of Roxelana, the education which the Sultana mother was careful to give her, to make her one day worthy of the eyes and the heart of her son, had made her at fifteen the marvel and the mystery of the harem of Validé. Her cultivated mind equalled her charms; she joined to the sensual arts of music and of dancing, taught to the odalisques for the pleasure of the Sultanas and the Sultans, the study of the foreign languages, of history and of poetry, which gave more thoughtfulness to her physiognomy, exuberant with youth.

II.

Soliman II. had had hitherto but a Circassian slave for wife. A recent law of the empire decreed that the Sultans should never marry free women, taken from high families of their subjects or from princesses of foreign courts, to the end that no tie of politics, of affinity or of blood, should alter the sovereign impartiality of the supreme master; that while superior to all his subjects by rank, he should be inferior to them by birth on the mother's side, and that the meanest of the Ottomans, in calling the Sultan *the son of a slave woman*, should feel himself the equal and even the superior of his padischah.

This Circassian slave, dear to Soliman for his first loves, was still more dear for the four children which she had given him, since and before his reign. No rival had hitherto for a day distracted the eyes or counterbalanced the affection of the young Sultan. His heart was, in love as in friendship, of those that are attached instead of cloyed by enjoyment. He had passionately loved the Circassian; he sought for no other sentiment. But death having taken off from him already three of her sons, the Sultana Validé feared that the empire, which had remaining but a single heir, might repose on a too fragile expectation. Without hatred towards the Circassian, she desired to give another love to her son. The day on which, for the first time, in a feast given by the Sultana mother, the charms, the wit and the talents of Roxelana were unveiled to the eyes of Soliman, this love took possession forever of his soul. Roxelana, elevated to the rank of favorite odalisque, partook at first obscurely, then

openly, with the Circassian in the heart of Soliman. The passion which she kindled and nourished in him, passed from the senses to the soul. Mother of two sons, the delight of his eyes, confidant of his policy, queen of his seraglio, regret of his heart during his campaigns, recompense of his glory upon return from his expeditions, she reigned not only over the harem, but secretly also over the empire. Submissive as a daughter to the Sultana Validé, modest and caressing with the Circassian, she encouraged the respect of Soliman for his mother; she deadened by her munificences and subordination, the jealousy of the first wife. These three women, living hitherto in a harmony which made the happiness of the Sultan and the repose of the harem, concerted with each other in their affection, in their attentions and in their ascendant over his resolutions.

III.

For a long time back, the omnipotence of the favorite, the grand vizier Ibrahim, of whom the ambition was revealed from day to day with more insolence, had given umbrage to the three Sultanas of Soliman. It has been seen from his language at the conference of peace with Austria, that he gave it loud expression, as if to ascertain himself his absolute empire over his master. Not content with the friendship which had raised him so high, he aspired to full equality with his benefactor. The throne of Hungary had tempted him; it is said, that he even deemed this throne too inferior for him, and that he dreamt of that of the Ottomans, accustomed to behold him partake it as a colleague rather than a minister of Soliman.* As if to presage to others and to himself his future greatness, he had affected, during the Persian war, to join to all his other titles, that of Sultan, which is a sort of sacred privilege reserved by usage to the chiefs and to the princes of sovereign races.

Soliman had seen in this pride the first gleam of the ambition of the flute-player of Magnesia. Distrust and jealousy had entered for the first time into his soul.

A dream resembling a remorse, which he had had at

* This pretension of usurpation, even though it were but a public surmise, is another sign of the defect of character which I have suggested in this lauded Sultan. Conceive a vizier attempting, or the public believing, such a project against Selim or against Mahomet II.—*Translator.*

Bagdad a few nights after the execution of the defterdar Iskender, had disturbed his mind for some time past. He fancied seeing the defterdar, immolated to the jealousy of Ibrahim, crowned in heaven with an halo of innocence, and reproaching him bitterly for having conceded the life of one of the most faithful of his servants to the insatiable ambition of a vizier, who wished to leave no other man of mark than himself in the empire, not even the master of the empire. The phantom of Iskender, after these reproaches, had stooped upon the Sultan to strangle him. The horror and fright had awakened Soliman.

This dream was the reflection of the thoughts that agitated him by day. He had carried friendship to weakness; this friendship became fear, and remorse punished him for its own excess. But the Sultana Validé, his mother, and the Sultana Roxelana, his favorite, had alone the confidence of his agitations. These two women fostered and envenomed them by enumerating the favors and the grandeurs which he had conferred upon a favorite, always haughty, already criminal, by and by ungrateful, and who, in arrogating, said they, in the eyes of the Ottomans all the merit and all the glory of the reign, left the Sultan but the responsibility of his crimes. Soliman had so aggrandized his friend that he began to fear him. Master of the army, of the Janissaries, of the oulemas, of the high officers of the seraglio, who all owed him their fortune, and who were accustomed to see in him the shade of the Sultan, Ibrahim might by a word eclipse his master, call an infant to the throne to perpetuate his empire during an obedient minority, or perhaps, annihilating at once by the same crime, the whole Imperial family, get himself proclaimed, as brother-in-law of the Sultan and as father of a son sole descendant of Othman, the guardian and master for life of the empire. The audacity of taking the title of Sultan without the consent of Soliman, seemed an eventual preparation for this crime. These shadows of conspiracy, besides the coloring of the Sultanas, were perhaps also somewhat aggravated by domestic indications which did not permit Soliman to hesitate longer between friendship and the security of the throne. But to reveal his suspicions would be to notify the conspirator to hasten the moment of his crime. To strike the blow surely, it was necessary to anticipate. Soliman, in the interest of his life, of his throne and of his family, concealed from all, except his mother and

the two Sultanas, the resolution which so painfully tasked his friendship. Dissembling by prudence, he let nothing of his suspicions or of his vengeance be perceptible in his face. While he was meditating the murder of the rival, he continued perfidiously to caress the friend.

IV.

By a privilege of favor which dated from his youth at Magnesia, the familiarity of Ibrahim, whom the Sultan treated like a brother, did not stop even at the threshold of the harem. He was accustomed to come daily, after the divan, to sup with Soliman in the palace of the women; he used to sleep in his room upon a bed which the eunuchs prepared for him by the side of that of his master. The night of the 5th March, 1536, Ibrahim, without distrust, supped with Soliman and slept at his feet. Soliman feigned to have fallen asleep; but scarce had Ibrahim become really so, than at a signal concerted between the Emperor and the Sultanas, four mutes, instruments of the secret executions of the harem, posted in an adjoining chamber, raise the curtain, and rushing, cord in hand, upon Ibrahim, passed the fatal noose around his neck, and awakened him with a bound for death. The struggle of the young and vigorous Albanian against the four mutes was not less terrible than his stupor, to judge from the tumult which was heard that night from the gardens in the interior of the harem, from the confusions with which the body of the favorite was covered, and from the traces of his bloody hands which were shown for a century after on the walls of the chamber. The rumor ran that the Sultan, by the murder of his favorite, had avenged not only a political crime, but also some of those domestic, mysterious and unpardonable attempts, for which the intimacy of the harem might have given the opportunity and the audacity to this young vizier.

Be that as it may, the seraglio learned in the morning the disgrace of Ibrahim only by his body thrown by the gate of the harem. If he had a faction, it was stifled with him: if he was innocent, gratified envy made him guilty. No one lamented a fortune raised so high, and fallen in a night from omnipotence to death. Ibrahim had at least abused his prosperity; it is the ordinary failing of parvenues to greatness. He had taken fortune as a right, and his friend as

an instrument of his fortune. He had served well his master; but he ended with serving himself in the name of his master. A prodigy of favor, a prodigy of ingratitude, he became a prodigy of the versatility of fortune. A day had elevated him, a night had overturned him. The Sultan, after having left his body to be seen by the public as an explanation of his crime, ordered him to be buried almost obscurely at Galata, in the garden of a poor convent of dervishes. His sole monument was a cypress-tree, like to that in the shade of which the padischah had encountered, just fourteen years before, near the rivulet of Magnesia, the boy slave playing his flute. His innumerable slaves and incalculable treasures reverted to the source whence they had proceeded, and were annexed to the property of the seraglio.

The Ottoman historians remark that Ibrahim was strangled on the same day of the month on which Cæsar fell in the Senate of Rome; as if the history of the ambitious Roman, which the ambitious Greek studied ceaselessly in Plutarch, had meant to assign him prophetically, at the same date, the punishment of ambition, long successful, but always at last deceived. But Ibrahim, the restorer of the authority of his master, vanquisher of the Hungarians, menacer of Vienna, subduer of Tauris, conqueror of Bagdad, deceased without reverses, and perhaps without other crime than his greatness, left no less, although so young, an example of one of the ministers the most consummate and successful of the Ottoman Empire.

V.

Ayas-Pasha received next day the seal of the empire, taken by the mutes from the person of Ibrahim. Ayas-Pasha was an Albanian Greek like his predecessor; he had adopted Islamism in his youth, with that indifference which characterizes the promiscuousness of creeds in Albania. Three of his brothers, brought up in the Christian religion, were monks in a convent of Velona, his mother's country. The remembrance of this mother and of these brothers, and the habit of seeing the practice of different worships, made him propitious and even partial to the Christians. He had neither the genius nor the dangers of the character of Ibrahim. His merit in the eyes of Soliman, was, that he could never either eclipse or betray him; he enjoyed a reputation

modest but reliable. He was reproached but with a single passion which effeminates, but which among the Ottomans does not deprave, that of voluptuousness. So great a number of slaves and of favorites peopled his harem at Constantinople, that there was counted one year no fewer than forty cradles at once in his seraglio, and that at his death, he left after him, says the chronicle, one hundred and twenty children to perpetuate his family.

Ayas-Pasha, without pretending to govern himself, confined himself to being the pliant but upright instrument of the genius of Soliman. The Empire under this master, who had, through generosity, left his works to be attributed to his favorite, did not perceive the transition from one vizier to another. The mind and heart of Soliman never showed to more advantage than after the death of his minister.

VI.

Fortune had just presented him with the sole man who was wanting hitherto to the Ottomans, a seaman. This man was Khaïreddin, known in Europe in the popular traditions of our coasts by the name of Barbarossa. His history, stripped of the fables which disfigure it, was dictated by Soliman himself to a Turkish annalist of the naval wars of the Ottomans.

Khaïreddin Babarossa was the fourth son of a spahi of Macedonia, named Yacoub, retired from service and established at Mitylene in the trade with Smyrna and the coasts of Africa. His sons, impatient of a fortune more rapid than that to be acquired by slow traffic, entered the privateering or pirate business in the Archipelago. Their exploits and their spoils, wrested from the Christian vessels of Rhodes, of Venice and of France, had carried their name to Tunis. The Sultan of Tunis enrolled them in his pirate squadrons, and soon gave them the command of expeditions against the Spanish ports of Africa. The three brothers of Khaïreddin perished in fighting with him against the Spanish, from whom they conquered Algiers.

The last master of Algiers made homage of the sovereignty of this city to Selim I. to assure himself of a supporter against the Christians and the Barbary States. He built fleets, landed frequently in Sicily, struck terror into the coasts of Italy, of France and of Spain, burned the vessels

of these powers, engaged with even Andrew Doria, the naval hero of the West, vanquished him, took off eighty thousand Moorish slaves from Andalusia, and transported them to Algiers to people Africa. Called to Constantinople by Soliman II., he came attended with a fleet of forty-five sail, which dispersed, in passing the entrance of the Adriatic, the combined fleet commanded by Andrew Doria.

The Sultan confided to his care the construction and equipment of an Ottoman fleet. Creator and admiral at once of this fleet, he took possession of the Mediterranean as of his native element. He sailed towards the coasts of Italy, burned the vessels, and ravaged the coasts of Calabria, thought of the conquest of Sicily and of Malta, took the fortresses and villages on the borders of the Gulf of Naples, carried off the inhabitants into slavery, and diffused every where the terror of the name of Barbarossa, substituted by the popular fear for the name of Khaïreddin. The garrisons of the Pope and of the king of Naples were insufficient to protect even their cities. Nocturnal descents and sudden invasions carried into the interior the pirates of the Ottoman admiral.

It was on one of these sinister nights that the city of Fundi, a sheltered and delicious site between Rome and Naples, although surrounded with walls and towers, was carried and sacked by Barbarossa. The nocturnal assault of Fundi was suggested to the admiral not by the thirst of pillage nor by that of blood. The renown for beauty of two sisters, daughters of the prince of Gonzaga, had spread from Italy to Constantinople by the verses of poets and the enthusiasm of pilgrims. One of these sisters, almost deified by the chants of the Italians and the Spanish, under the name of Jean of Aragon, was living at Rome; the younger and the more beautiful, Giulia, inhabited at Fundi the palace of her husband, Vespasio Colonna, a Roman prince. Khaïreddin glowed with the desire of presenting to Soliman this Helen of Italy. Informed by his spies of the sojourn of Giulia at Fundi during the summer season, he put in with a numerous squadron to the gulf of Gaeta, landed with seven hundred Turks upon the coast, slipped up under shade of the olive groves, surprised the sentinels, scaled the walls, waking with a start, fire and sword in hand, the sleeping city. All perished or fled before these assassins; hundreds of girls and women, half naked, were driven under the sabre to the vessels.

While Barbarossa was breaking in the gates of the Colonna palace, designated by the spies to the soldiers, Giulia, surprised in her sleep, escaped in her night dress through the gardens, which communicated by a secret door with the open country. A gentleman, her equerry, charged with protecting the palace in the absence of her husband, attended her, sword in hand, to die in defence of her honor. He placed the fugitive before him on a horse, and set off, supporting her in his arms, through the dark, from the cries and the flames of the city burning behind him. The Turks pursued him in vain to the gorges of the mountains; their prey escaped through the devotedness of the squire. The day in dawning found Giulia and her savior in security behind the hills of Abruzzza; but the modesty of Giulia blushed and was indignant at having been profaned by the eyes of her savior. The squire, poniarded some days after by her order, received death in recompense for his devotion to his mistress.

The soldiers of Khaireddin, furious at having missed their prey, arranged themselves upon the altars and the tombs of the Colonna palace. This awful night of the pillage of Fundi resounded throughout entire Italy, and increased the terror of Barbarossa upon those seas. The painters diffused as widely the portraits of Giulia Colonna, the involuntary cause of this ruin to her place of residence.

VII.

Appointed capitan-pasha, Barbarossa conquered Tunis and the port of Gouletta. Andrew Doria, with the army of Charles V., reconquered them from him after a heroic siege. The Spaniards, on re-entering Tunis, surpassed the ferocity of the Turks. Thirty thousand inhabitants were massacred for the crime of Mahometanism in a Mahometan race; ten thousand slaves reduced to the condition of brutes. Charles V. restored Tunis to Mulei-Hassan on condition of a vassalage degrading to this Moorish sovereign.

During these events in Africa, Soliman II., in a third campaign of Persia, re-entered Tauris and Bagdad, and treated the Persians with the lenity of subjects. He brought off with him from this campaign as much benediction as glory.

Barbarossa, on the return of the Sultan to Constantinople, determined him to declare war against Venice. The

vessels of the republic had seconded the expeditions of Andrew Doria, admiral of the combined fleets of Spain and Italy in the Morea. Soliman II., confiding in the naval genius of Barbarossa, committed to him the Adriatic, and marched himself with his two sons, Mohammed and Selim, and the grand vizier, upon Valona.

The vanguard of Barbarossa, composed of twelve vessels and commanded by Ali-Tchelebi, encountered Andrew Doria coming from Messina at the entrance of the Adriatic. The sun as yet had reached with its rays but the topmost hills. In proportion as it lit the decks, Doria was observed erect upon the forecastle of his galley, covered with a scarlet mantle, with drawn sword in hand, pointing out to his captains gathered in a circle around him, the Turkish vessels which each of them was to attack in particular. The fire opened with the day; in two hours the twelve Ottoman vessels, sunk or burned, had disappeared before the fleet of Doria.

The Genoese hero had paid with his blood for this victory; he was returning wounded into the gulf of Messina, when Barbarossa appeared with sixty galleys and ten thousand men for debarkation before Apulia; they fell back by the order of Soliman upon Corfu, the ancient Corcyra, the queen of the Ionian islands. This island was the maritime bulwark of the Venetian Archipelago. All the forces by land and sea of the Venetians were strained to defend it. Barbarossa debarked in it twenty-five thousand men under the command of the grand vizier, Ayas-Pasha. The entire island, with the exception of the city of Corfu, became the prey of the Ottomans. After a murderous siege, Soliman abandoned this place, which had proved impregnable to his arms, as he had abandoned Vienna. This prince, very different from Mahomet II. and Selim I., never persisted obstinately against fortune. He calculated the value of the blood of his soldiers. He knew how to subordinate pride to humanity. He returned humiliated to Constantinople.

His lieutenants avenged this reverse in Hungary by the extermination of three armies of Austria, and Barbarossa, by the expulsion of the Venetians from the fortresses of the Morea and of the islands of the archipelago which they had conquered back under the reign of his father. Syros or Syra, celebrated by Homer for its verdant cone spotted with the white fleeces of its sheep; Scyros, where Achilles, in the apparel of woman, had seduced Deidamia; Patmos, where

John the Evangelist had written the Apocalypse, that book of prophecies of the Christian religion; Ægina, crowned with its temple of Jupiter, soaring white above the summit of the forests overagainst the white Parthenon of Athens; Paros, whose marble quarries had supplied divinities to the old world, recognized the sovereignty of Soliman.

VIII.

During an expedition of the Sultan into Moldavia, to restore a tributary prince expelled by the ambition of his brother, Barbarossa, issuing from the port of Constantinople with a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail, overran without opposition the sea of the Archipelago and that of Egypt, and ravaged for the first time the island of Candia, a veritable insular kingdom of the Venetians, defended by cities as well fortified as Rhodes and Malta. From Candia, the Ottoman admiral sailed towards Prevesa, adjacent to Actium. This coast was menaced by a fleet of two hundred vessels, Venetian, Spanish, Pontifical, and Genoese, commanded by Doria. The sole tactic of Barbarossa, that which always insures the victory at sea to the most intrepid, was the impetuosity of his manœuvres. He launched in full sail his twenty-five galleys into the heart of the coalesced fleet, boarded it, fired it, scattered it in segments upon his wings, and forced Doria, vanquished, to take shelter behind the batteries of the isle St. Maure. The captured vessels brought in triumph to Constantinople, consoled Soliman for the reverse of Corfu; he made Barbarossa the almost sovereign arbiter of the sea.

While the Sultan was thus establishing the supremacy of the Turkish flag in the Mediterranean, he caused Suleïman, a pasha of Egypt, to build a fleet of eighty vessels on the Red Sea to subdue Arabia, and to threaten even the Indies. Despite the age and the infirmities of Suleïman the Corpulent, which hindered him from rising off his seat and moving without the aid of four athletic slaves, that admiral, of a mind as active as his body was unwieldy, overran the Red Sea, subjected Aden, entered the Indian Ocean, besieged and ravaged the Portuguese possessions on the Indian coast, and returned after ten months' voyage to Suez, laden with spoils and with slaves. The Sultan called him to Constantinople, and gave him the rank of vizier, in recompense of his naval expedition in Arabia.

IX.

Ayas-Pasha, the grand vizier, died of the plague in the midst of his maritime triumphs. Soliman II. appointed in his place Loutfi-Pasha, a literary and prudent Albanian, one of the historians of this reign, who best elucidates the events. Loutfi-Pasha had married one of the sisters of the Sultan; but his coldness towards the Sultana his wife, soon punished by his dismissal, did not long leave him the administration of the empire. He concluded, thanks to Barbarossa, a short peace with the Venetians.

Austria, on her side, negotiated with Soliman to obtain her part still disputed by Hungary. Zapolya, the ungrateful client of the Turks, had concluded unknown to them a perfidious peace with Ferdinand of Austria. "These kings," cried Soliman on learning this treachery of the two princes, "are unworthy to wear crowns, since neither the fear of God nor the fear of shame before men have been able to hinder them from violating gratitude and their oath."

Zapolya died at Ofen a short time after his perfidy had become known at Constantinople. Fifteen days after his death, his wife, Queen Isabella of Hungary, was accused of having simulated pregnancy and delivery to retain as mother and as regent the throne on which her marriage with Zapolya had placed her. Indignant at this odious accusation, maternal affection for her son overcame in her soul the instincts of modesty. She presented herself with her child in her arms before the ambassador of Soliman II., and uncovering with a blush before him her breast swollen with milk, she pressed some drops of it on the lips of the infant to prove that she was really a mother, since she was a nurse. The ambassador, touched by this gracefulness, at once feminine and bashful, knelt before the young widow, placed his hand upon the child, and swore by the name of Soliman that never another king than the innocent son of Zapolya should reign over the Hungarians.

X.

Ferdinand of Austria was advancing and already besieging Ofen. Soliman II. hastened to defend the widow and the infant. In the year 1541 the Sultan, after having dismissed Loutfi-Pasha and appointed in his stead Suleiman the

Corpulent, aged eighty years, but a warrior to the last, led two hundred thousand men into Hungary. The new grand vizier, Suleïman-Pasha, remained in Egypt under pretext of supervising the armaments necessary for the campaign, but in reality to keep an eye upon Mustapha-Sultan, son of Soliman II. and of the Circassian, whose nascent ambition and popularity gave umbrage to the favorite Roxelana. Roustem-Pasha, son-in-law of the Sultan, who had married a daughter of Roxelana still in infancy, and who, by the influence of the Sultana, had been appointed second vizier, attended Soliman into Hungary charged with the details of the army. His presence answered to Roxelana for the counsels that should prevail in her absence in the tents of the Sultan. The ascendant of this favorite increased, instead of diminishing with years. Her beauty was still in its bloom, and the maturity of her mind added, in the soul of the Sultan, confidence to attraction. Since she had ceased to dread a rival favorite in a minister, she sought to surround Soliman with men of experience in war and business. Roustem and Suleïman-Pasha shared between them the influence which she lent them for the glory of the Sultan.

XI.

The campaign of Hungary was but an ostentation of the forces of Soliman II. in Germany. On approaching Ofen, he addressed to the young king, son of Zapolya, a present consisting of four chains of gold of enormous weight, and of four war-horses magnificently equipped. Bracelets, necklaces, Indian muslins for Queen Isabella, accompanied this present. The Ottoman manners forbidding the queen to come herself before the Sultan her protector, she sent reluctantly her child, aged only a year, with the nurse, under conduct of the Hungarian monk Martinuzzi, her counsellor. The child was conveyed in a gilt chariot. The magnates of the court of Zapolya, Petrovich, Podmaniezky, Toeroek, Verboeczy, and Bathiany, escorted him on horseback. Three waiting-maids were in the carriage with the infant king. At the door of the Sultan's tent the child, scared by the glitter of the arms, refused to let himself be taken, and clung crying to the breast of the nurse. This woman was obliged to take him herself in her arms before the throne of the Sultan.

This prince, distrusting the fidelity of the Hungarians

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since he had discovered the understanding of Zapolya with the court of Vienna, had resolved to take possession himself of Ofen, and to take Queen Isabella and her son to Constantinople, to be until majority the guardian of the widow and the infant. Isabella, informed of this design by her agents in the seraglio, had courted by rich presents the friendship of Roxelana and of the Sultana Mihrmah, daughter of Soliman and wife of Roustem. These two Sultanas acted through Roustem on the mind of Soliman, and inflected his policy through his heart. He contented himself with occupying Ofen by his troops, and annexing this important fortress to the empire until the reign of the infant king. He assigned to Isabella, as royal residence, Transylvania. The aga of the Janissaries notified the widow to quit the palace and to purchase yokes of oxen to transport her treasures and her furniture into her new abode. The magnates, accomplices of the negotiation of the court of Ofen with the court of Vienna, were sent captive to the fortress of the Seven-Towers at Constantinople.

XII.

Soliman returned slowly to Constantinople without having encountered an enemy. During his expedition Barbarossa had vanquished Charles V. and Doria, or rather the elements had conquered for him in the harbor of Algiers. One hundred and fifty Spanish and Italian vessels had been shattered in a tempest, aggravated by a sea-fight, near the coasts of Algiers. The flag-ship of Doria himself was swallowed in the waves. Ferdinand Cortez, who had some years before annexed the empire of Mexico to his country, escaped by swimming, and was a moment a slave of the Mussulmans of the coast. Charles V., deprived by this disaster of the reinforcements and provisions he was expecting by sea, retired, vanquished by the elements, from the ramparts of Algiers, leaving the land to the Arabs and the sea to Barbarossa.

The ambassadors of France, Paulin and Laforet, as if they had had the instinct that Africa would one day be a possession of their country, had followed Soliman into Hungary to encourage him to this naval campaign against Charles V. They interfered also with a zeal more Ottoman than Christian in the negotiations of Soliman with Venice, to

dissuade this republic from all alliance with Germany against the Turks. Soliman charged Barbarossa to concert in all things with the king of France. Paulin and Pellicier even embarked on the Ottoman fleet. They were on board the ship of Barbarossa when this admiral put in to Messina, bombarded it, and carried off among the spoils the daughter of the Spanish governor Don Diego, whose celebrated beauty had tempted the temerity of the Ottoman admiral. He made her his wife.

The fleet, still directed by the two French diplomats, overran the Mediterranean, took in provisions in the islands of the gulf of Gaeta, approached the mouth of the Tiber, made Rome tremble and the Romans to flee into the Sabine mountains. It came at last to anchor at Marseilles in a friendly port, and rallied there the French squadrons to lay siege together to Nice. Barbarossa, the scourge of the sea, was at Marseilles, the hero of the fetes and the enthusiasm of the populations of Provence. The patriotism of the nation saw much rather an ally in a Sultan, than an enemy in a Mussulman. The antipathies of religion gave way to the sympathies of policy. France dreaded more the European monarchy of the house of Austria, than the Asiatic preponderance of Soliman. Nice saw for the first time upon its sea, the Ottoman and the French flags united to secure the equilibrium of the European powers.

XIV.

These years of peace were employed by Soliman in reforming the administration of his vast provinces, from Bagdad and Ethiopia to Ofen. Meanwhile, Ferdinand, tired of negotiating at Constantinople, had laid siege to Pesth. Soliman, indignant, resumed the route of the Danube. The entire empire seemed to issue with him from the capital. The 25th April, 1543, the gates of Constantinople saw defile the armed cortege of the padischah. Three hundred rows of mules, of seven animals each, bearing the baggages and the treasures of the court; nine hundred saddle-horses led by their grooms; nine hundred ranks of dromedaries, or race-camels, five thousand four hundred in number, laden with munitions and with provisions; a thousand armorers to repair the arms; five hundred miners to sap the walls, eight hundred gunners to serve the pieces, four hundred agas, kyayas, &c.,

charged with the accounts and administration of the army, the high dignitaries of the seraglio, the cup-bearer, the high-treasurer, the marshal of the court; two thousand spahis on horseback at the head of which floated their red banner; two thousand *ouloufedjis* or troops in the pay of the Sultan, under their green banners; two thousand foreign cavalry under white banners, two thousand *salibdors* under yellow banners; then the members of the *divan*, the secretaries of state, the judges of the army, the four viziers of the cupola—so named because they alone have the privilege of sitting in the *divan* under the cupola that lights it; the other viziers preceded by horse tails, the signs of their dignity, the game-keepers, the falconers, the grooms of the Sultan leading the horses particularly appropriated to his service, animals picked from all the provinces of the empire, Arabian, Persian, Turcoman, Caramanian, harnessed with saddles embroidered with gold, and with bits and stirrups of silver; twelve thousand Janissaries armed with sabres, with lances, with arquebuses, bearing before this select corps three horse tails dyed with henna; behind them seven banners striped with bands of gold, and seven horse tails floating at the point of tall lances, an hundred trumpeters and as many drummers, their instruments swung from the neck by chains of gold; four hundred *solaks* or body-guards enveloping the Sultan with a cloud of steel, of plumes, of banners, of quivers in motion; in fine, Soliman himself mounted on a Persian steed of which the golden gloss bedazzled like a reflection of the sunlight, and which scarce gleamed athwart the mist of the waving plumage of the *solaks*—such was the personal pomp of the Sultan opening the march of the army.

XV.

We will not describe this campaign, of which the principal events were the conquest of Gran, the alliance with Poland which solicited the support of the most formidable of its neighbors against its own dissensions, the junction of ten thousand Tartars, habitual auxiliaries of the Turks in their campaigns of the north, and the deliverance of Pesth.

The return of the Sultan to Constantinople, after having distributed the army into winter-quarters, was saddened by the death of the dearest of his sons, Mohammed, governor of Saroukhan. He wept him as a part of his glory which

should survive him, and which was eclipsed before him. The great architect Sinan was charged to raise a mosque in the form of a tomb, of which the gloomy and naked character should attest grief as well as prayer. The genius of sorrow inspired Sinan. Three hundred thousand gold ducats or eight millions of francs were devoted by the father to the tomb of his son. To this he added schools, hospitals, and gratuitous tables for the poor, to the end of perpetuating the benedictions of the Ottomans upon this favorite of his heart. Selim, though not the eldest of the other sons, received the government of Saroukhan or Magnesia. Mustapha, son of the Circassian, distrusted by his father, and removed to Amasia, felt keenly this affront. Bayezid or Bajazet, the youngest son of Roxelana, was destined for the government of Caramania; but his youth retained him still at the seraglio.

The grand vizier Suleïman-Pasha, surcharged with eighty years of age and with his monstrous obesity, was dismissed with honor and substituted by the favorite of the Sultanas, Roustem-Pasha. Roustem was born in Croatia, brought up among the pages, promoted from grade to grade to equerry, to begler-beg, and then to grand vizier. He was but a soldier and a courtier formed to serve and to obey. Barbarossa, full of glory and of dignities, died this year at Constantinople. This son of the poor spahi Yacoub of Mitylene bequeathed, in dying, to the Sultan his benefactor twelve hundred slaves and a hundred thousand ducats in gold. He left as much more to his son. His tomb is seen concealed under ivy and cypresses upon a little promontory of the Bosphorus above the murmur of the waves of the sea which he ensanguined by so many victories. More fortunate than the Themistocles of the Greeks, this Themistocles of the Ottomans sleeps upon the shore which he had protected and aggrandized.

Incessant alternations of war and of negotiations between Vienna and the Porte occupied during these almost sterile years the mind of the grand vizier. Charles Fifth and Ferdinand, the Venetians and the French, the Poles and the Russians, contended openly for the friendship of the Ottomans, reputed so few years before the common enemy of Christendom. Religion went now for nothing in international negotiations. Austria stooped to purchase at least peace if not alliance, for an annual tribute of thirty thousand ducats by a treaty signed at Adrianople.

A Bosnian slave, brought up, like the grand vizier Roustem, among the pages of the seraglio, Mohammed Sokolli, began to take the ascendant of a superior mind in the councils of the divan. Soliman appointed him, after the death of Barbarossa, capitan-pasha or admiralissimo of his fleets. He at the same time appointed mufti Abou-Sooud, an eminent jurisconsult.

XVI.

An envoy of Alaeddin, Sultan of the Indies, who came to implore the protection of Soliman against the Portuguese, was admitted to lay his presents and his request before the Sultan. Roxelana sent the Indian prince presents of some splendid stuffs embroidered with her own hands. She determined, in the interest of her son Selim and of Roustem her son-in-law, to sustain the cause of Alaeddin against the Portuguese and the Persians. Ismael-Mirza, son of the schah of Persia, first provoked the war by an irruption upon Erzeroum and the defeat of Iskender-Pasha who guarded that frontier. The grand vizier Roustem and Mohammed Sokolli, begler-beg of the army of Europe, received orders to assemble all the contingents of the empire at Tokat. Tokat was in Asia what Belgrade was in Europe, the base of operations of the Turks against Persia. The two viziers mustered in the space of a few months one hundred and fifty thousand men and twenty thousand Janissaries. The Sultan was still undecided whether he should confide to them the direction of the campaign of Persia, or should go himself to engage a third time with enemies whom he had not found worthy of him. A reason of State, kept for a long time in the deepest silence, determined him.

XVII.

The poet warrior Schemsi, aga of the spahis, a man initiated in all the family and political mysteries of the seraglio, arrived suddenly from Tokat, charged with a verbal message for the grand vizier. Roustem apprised loyally or craftily his master of a lurking conspiracy or at least a dangerous fermentation which brooded in the army, and especially in the ranks of the Janissaries since the arrival in the camp of the Sultan Mustapha, his son, with his personal troops of Amasia.

It has been seen that these umbrages at the popularity and the ambition of young Mustapha were not recent in the seraglio. Already before the Hungarian campaign his father, informed of the favor of the Asiatic troops towards his son, had left the old grand vizier Suleïman at Broussa to watch over the manœuvres and movements of this prince. Selim I. had too well taught the Ottomans by his crime that an ambitious and impatient son was the most dangerous competitor for the throne of his father. Although Mustapha, son of the Circassian Sultana, was the eldest of the sons of the Soliman, the love of the Sultan for Roxelana, and his avowed preference for her sons, Selim and Bayezid, must have led Mustapha to fear that at the death of his father the intriguers of the seraglio and of the divan, bought by the favorite, would wrest from him the throne and his life; such fears might well urge him on to crime. His title as eldest son of the Sultan, his warlike character, sympathetic to a warrior race, his liberality towards the soldiers, his gentleness to the people, his address and intrepidity on horseback and in arms, his martial eloquence, the graces of his countenance, the very sentiment of interest and pity which his disgrace and his removal from the court inspired throughout the empire, made Mustapha the favorite of public opinion in the camps.

His presence in the army of Koniah revived these impressions in the eye and the heart of the soldiers. The grand vizier Roustem, son-in-law of Roxelana, interested in the future greatness of the brothers of his wife, discovered by instinct of terror and perhaps of hatred these predilections of the army for Mustapha. The favors of an army, of which a cry can confer an empire, although innocent in him who inspires them, are easily crimes in him who dreads them: Roustem judged by some disclosures and some symptoms that the opportunity alone was wanting to the partisans of Mustapha. The long absence of the Sultan during a campaign in which the young prince must attract even involuntarily all eyes and glory, appeared to him to furnish too strong temptation to his virtue.

XVIII.

These murmurs of the army conveyed by Schemsi, and without doubt aggravated by Roxelana, did not let Soliman

II. hesitate an instant about the means of preventing such a peril. He sent back to the grand vizier the order to disband the army, to Mustapha the invitation to return to Amasia with the troops of his province; he announced that he would go in person, at the commencement of autumn, to take the command of the Persian expedition.

He planted in fact his tents at Scutari, the 28th August, 1553, in the midst of the elite of his troops, commanded by his old companions of glory. He gave to Sultan-Bayezid, one of the sons of Roxelana, the government of Adrianople during his absence; he authorized Selim, the second son, then governor of Magnesia, to accompany him in the Persian campaign, desiring to reflect upon this young prince, the object of his predilections, enough of glory to merit after him the candidature to the throne.

He took also with him a third son of Roxelana named Zeanghir. This young prince, disinherited by nature of external gifts, was neither fit to wield the sabre nor to appear on horseback to the eyes of armies; he limped in walking; one of his shoulders higher than the other gave to his stature a deformity that condemned him to the solitude and the inaction of the seraglio. But all the gifts of soul, of heart, of intelligence and of character, compensated in him those defects of body. These infirmities had made this child more dear to his mother and to the Sultan his father, who took pleasure in his conversation, seasoned with precocious wit, with graceful mirth and with happy repartees. He took him with him in his campaigns as the safest confidant of his cares and the most amiable recreation of his leisures. Zeanghir, although the son of another mother than Mustapha, cherished from his infancy for this brother an affection which prevailed in him over all the rivalries of blood and over all the jealousies of family. These two princes loved each other, amidst the hatred of their mothers, with one of those passionate attachments which are the despotisms of nature.

XIX.

At the rumor of the march of his father, Mustapha, without mistrust of the accusations put in action against him, rejoined with his troops the imperial army at the headquarters of Eregli, on the route of Broussa to Tokat. His unexpected presence, the number and discipline of his cavalry

the beauty of the horses, the richness of the uniforms and the arms, the manly confidence of the young warrior who commanded them, diffused through the camp an emotion and a murmur of enthusiasm which appeared to the Sultan a confirmation of the accusations of the grand vizier. The Janissaries, happy to contemplate in Mustapha the prince who was one day to reign at their head, gathered in crowds around his tent to salute his presence in the camp.

Their imprudent shoutings and felicitations, reported by apostate informers to the ears of the Sultan, were interpreted as indications of an explosion which nothing could longer restrain. Secret councils were held to a late hour of the night between the viziers and the Sultan in his tent. Zeanghir himself was put out of the way: the arrival of his cherished brother in the camp of their father inundated him with joy. He hoped to renew with him in the campaign the intimacies and the confidences from which absence had so long weaned the two friends. He was astonished at the delays which court etiquette opposed to their interview.

Soliman sent to Mustapha to say that he would admit him the following day to the ceremony of hand-kissing in his tent.

XX.

The next day in fact, after the hour of prayer at noon, the viziers and the generals went in cortege to the tents of the prince to accompany him ceremoniously to the audience of the Sultan. Mustapha was dressed in a rich caftan; he rode a Turcoman horse worthy, in the Arabic expression, to be the "throne of a Sultan." The soldiers pressed tumultuously upon his way to salute their idol. The acclamations which rose around him rung as far as the tents of his father. Soliman fancied faction in each cry of the enthusiasm. This idolatry of his son seemed to command his abdication; he was no less indignant at it as father than offended as sovereign. He was not one of those characters that collapse at the clamor of a soldiery or of a populace. His heart the more resisted a voluntary degradation in proportion as it was insinuated to him with the more insolence. He remembered the condescension of his grandfather Bajazet II., coming down from the throne for exile, but finding death between exile and the throne. The murder of the sons of his prefer-

ence, the ruin of Roxelana, the tyranny of the army, the anarchy of the empire, the eclipse of his glory at the decline of his life, arose before him to command him to forget that he was a father, if he wished to remain a sovereign and to survive his reign as a great man. It was no more a son that he was awaiting, but a rebel who was come to demand the empire through the voice of his accomplices; he hesitated then no longer. *

XXI.

Mustapha was guilty but of the murmurs of the army and the hopes which they attached to his youth. He dismounted and entered the tent of his father to prostrate himself at his feet, and to receive the kiss upon the eyes, that sign of patriarchal tenderness which superiors, old men and fathers, give in Turkey to those whom they receive with affection. He had kept on his arms according to the usage of the sons of the Sultans, who alone have the privilege of appearing in arms before their father. The chiaoux who kept ward in the ante-chamber disarmed him. This accusatory precaution made him blush and turn pale. He obeyed nevertheless the chiaoux.

On entering the second apartment where he thought to see his father opening his arms to receive him, he saw but a dismal solitude; he hesitated to enter the divan, when the curtain, which separated this apartment from the hall of audiences, arising of a sudden, showed him, instead of his father, a sinister group of mutes or executioners of the *se-raglio*. These murderers precipitated themselves upon the young prince, threw around his neck the bow-string, the usual instrument with which they strangle their victims. Innocence, astonishment, indignation, horror of execution, youth, which shrinks from death, gave to Mustapha, although disarmed, the strength to break the cord, to shake off the arms of the heads-men, to prostrate them at his feet, to drag them as far as the door of the outer chamber as the bull does the ill-aimed axe and the ropes of the slaughter-house. Already his cries invoked with the name of his father the aid

* What a *plaidoyer* in extenuation of our historian's present hero in committing the same atrocity which he has blackened with equal rhetoric in other Sultans, where the circumstances were incalculably more extenuating!—*Translator*.

of the Janissaries excited in a throng around the barriers which enclosed at a distance the tents of the Sultan; his voice, heard by them, might change his execution into coronation; Soliman, a concealed witness of the struggle, opened the curtain which separated him from the scene of the murder; he threw a significant glance at the mutes of whom he rebuked the sloth in menacing themselves with death; Mustapha, at the sight of his father implacable, forgot to defend himself, and died floored under the knees of the mutes. The curtain fell back.

Soliman ordered to trail the body of his son upon a carpet to the door of the tent, and to expose it in defiance to the eyes of the Janissaries in consternation. He knew that factions expire with their idols, and that no one dares avow the intention of a crime when the crime ceases to have prospect or means of success.

The sight of the inanimate body of Mustapha diffused grief, terror and silence through the army. The soldiers defiled with moist eyes but mute lips before their idol of the morning and returned to their tents to weep.

A decision of the mufti, a sacred judge who stops the mouth of murmur, was posted in the camp, the sole explanation imposed on the Sultans respecting their *coups d'Etat*. These decisions are always conceived under the form of an anonymous question addressed by the sovereign to the interpreter of the law, and in the form of a response equally anonymous and brief to the question.

"A merchant of this city," said the post-bill, "has, during a journey, confided to his slave Zaïr, his wife, his children and his business. The slave has, in contempt of the laws, dilapidated the affairs of his master; what is the punishment deserved by the slave Zaïr?—The slave Zaïr deserves death," replied the mufti.

All murmurs ceased before this decree of the supreme organ of justice. The crime was supposed from the moment the judged authorized death.

A single heart in the whole camp protested for the innocence of Mustapha against the rigor of his father; this heart was that of a friend. Zeanghir ran up at the noise of the struggle between Mustapha and the mutes; he arrived but to be present at the last gasp of his brother. He threw himself upon the body, covered the corpse with his embraces, filled the tent with groans and imprecations against the ca-

lumniators and the assassins of his brother. Soliman, to whom these reproaches were the cruellest of remorses, ordered Zeanghir to be torn off the body of Mustapha; but it was too late; grief had burst the heart of Zeanghir; instead of one corpse two were brought to the father. In striking the son of the Circassian, he had killed the son of Roxelana: fraternal friendship had avenged nature.

XXII.

Public opinion remained undecided on the crime or innocence of Mustapha, this Don Carlos of the Ottomans immolated by his father. The grand vizier, Roustem-Pasha, whom the army reproached with having exaggerated the circumstances to his master, took upon him the justice or the crime of the deed in order to leave all the pity to the Sultan. requested to resign the seals of the empire and to carry into an apparent disgrace from his master the responsibility and the odium of the execution. Ahmed-Pasha, a general loved by the troops, was appointed grand vizier in his place.

But before giving up the seals of state, Roustem had insured by another murder the security of the Sultan and the succession of the throne in the children of his mother-in-law, the Sultana Roxelana. Mustapha had a son detained a hostage and tended by his mother in the seraglio of Broussa. It was feared that the Janissaries, transferring to this child the predilection which they bore to the father, might decree him the crown in some new sedition. The young mother, who trembled incessantly at Broussa for the life of her child, threatened by Roxelana, never allowed him out of her presence for a single instant: she imagined that her shadow would defend him against every snare.

Roustem, at the moment of the death of Mustapha, sent secretly to Broussa a chief of the eunuchs charged to execute this son of Mustapha. The eunuch feigned the wish to give a rural festival to the Sultana and to her son at a country seat in the environs of Broussa. The infant on horseback preceded some paces his mother, shut up, according to usage, with her women in a wagon with gilt grating drawn by oxen. Her eyes did not lose sight of her son.

The eunuch, to deceive maternal vigilance, had given orders to the wagon-drivers to break the axle as if by accident on the way. While it was being repaired he led on the boy

in advance of his mother, to arrive, he said, as quick as possible at the garden. The young Sultan saw no snare, and let his horse be urged along. At the moment when he descended on the threshold of the Kiosk, the eunuch, drawing from his bosom the fatal noose, presented it to him in the name of his grandfather. "The Sultan," said he, "wishes that you cease this instant to live." "This order is to me that of God," replied the son, brought up in adoration of the supreme will, and he held forth of himself his innocent head to the cord.

Meanwhile the mother, seized with a sinister presentiment, had descended from the vehicle and ran trembling and dishevelled on the traces of her son. She found his body on the steps of the Kiosk. It was thus that she learned by the murder of her child the murder of her husband.

XXIII.

Soliman II. smiled no more after this murder. He sought diversion from his melancholy only in his campaigns and the cares of the throne. His rapid expedition into Persia was terminated by a treaty of peace negotiated in fighting, and signed during the retreat to Amasia.

An intrigue, ascribed to Roxelana, recalled him from Amasia to Constantinople. This Sultana, having got rid of all competition for the throne on the side of the children of the Circassian, desired now to deliver the son of her predilection Bayezid, from the competition of the elder son Selim, on whom Soliman intended the throne should devolve after him. Bayezid in genius and beauty resembled his mother. The mother and the son conceived together a romantic artifice intended to secure the empire by anticipation to Bayezid. They got a slave of Bayezid, whose features resembled those of Mustapha, to play the character of the deceased prince, and to raise in arms by this resemblance and by a popular story the partisans of Mustapha in Turkey of Europe. This fiction was to gather around the false Mustapha the soldiers and the populations of the Danube. Bayezid was either to join them or to combat them, alike sure of being proclaimed by the rebels if they triumphed, in unmasking the falsehood of his slave, or of meriting well of his father if he should disperse them by means of his personal troops. This trick easily deceived fanatical soldiers and an ignorant peasantry.

The false Mustapha insurrected the scum of the barracks and of the peasants of Nicopolis, and marched, swelling as it advanced, upon Constantinople.

The promptitude of Soliman defeated this plan. Disdaining to cope himself with an impostor, he sent the grand vizier, Ahmed-Pasha, with a select corps of Janissaries and of spahis into Europe. The impostor, vanquished at the first shock, fell into the hands of Ahmed. He avowed upon the rack the complicity of Bayezid. Soliman, on returning to Constantinople, had the slave and his followers thrown into the sea. He trembled to have to punish a second time in the face of the world the domestic crime of a son, and to rend the heart of the mother. Roxelana, attributing to the levity of youth the fault of her son, obtained the life of Bayezid by answering for his repentance. But the criminal, having before his eyes the fate of Mustapha, trembled to appear before his father.

Soliman, as if to aggravate his terror, refused to receive him in the seraglio. He assigned him a secret audience in an isolated Kiosk, surrounded by the woods of the Bosphorus, called the caravansera of the Carians. Bayezid, upon dismounting at this unwonted threshold, was disarmed by the mutes like his brother. He no longer doubted his fate, and trembled as if under the hand of the headsman.

"Do not fear, my beloved son, do not fear," cried from the bottom of the grated platform a voice in which he recognized that of his mother; "I am here." Bayezid, tranquillized by this voice, appeared nevertheless dumbfounded by the presence of his father. Soliman spoke to him as an indulgent father. After a conversation mingled with severity and tears, he had him brought a sorbet of reconciliation. The hand of Bayezid trembled still in raising the cup to his lips; this cup of peace had been often in the East the cup of death. Soliman left his son to feel a moment the anguish of doubt, then taking himself the cup, he drank it off. Bayezid, pardoned, returned to his government of Amasia, to weave, at his mother's instigation, new plots against his father.*

* Another proof of what I noted on occasion of the plot of Ibrahim, as attesting a real debility of character in Soliman. No man, says the proverb, is a hero to his valet; and his weaknesses, we may be sure, are known still better to his wife.—*Translator.*

XXIV.

Meanwhile Roxelana could not pardon the grand vizier Ahmed for having sounded too thoroughly and revealed too loudly the faults of her favorite. It was expedient to stifle with his life the mysteries he had disclosed, and the mysteries perhaps more heinous which he had suspected in the conduct of the favorite and her son. She incriminated his acts in the eyes of the Sultan; she reminded him that his appointment to the rank of vizier had been but a concession to the murmurs of the Janissaries the day following the death of Mustapha. It was Roustem who had had the devotedness, and Ahmed who had got the reward. The Janissaries had triumphed in him; who knows but he may aspire to govern through them? A minister, surrounded with the favor of the seditious, could not be innocent himself; prudence, if not justice, prescribed to remove him off the steps of the throne. The sole disgrace that discourages factions and their hopes is death: that of the faithful Ahmed was resolved on.

Nothing announced it to Ahmed; but a grand vizier was always, at that period, suspended between favor and the bowstring. The bolt which was to strike them never rumbled above their head. A few days after the reconciliation of Bayezid and Soliman, Ahmed, in entering the seraglio, was arrested on the threshold by the chief of the chiaoux of the chamber. "Make thy prayer," said to him the executioner, "the padischah wills that thou shouldst die." "I am willing," responded Ahmed, without asking what was his crime, and without murmuring against his destiny. He requested as the sole favor to be strangled by a friend who accompanied him, and not by the degrading hands of the mutes. His last breath was a pardon of the deluded and ungrateful master who had ordered his execution.

Roustem, the son-in-law of Roxelana, excluded from affairs but to take off the odium of the death of Mustapha, was recalled to power.

XXV.

The mosque of Soliman II., called the *Solimanieh*, the most splendid monument of the reign and of the capital, was inaugurated the 16th August, 1556. Soliman devoted to it eight hundred thousand gold ducats and fifteen years' labor

The garden of this mosque contained the tomb of its founder. The cupolas, the minarets, the porticoes cooled by sparkling fountains, the doors chiselled by Arabian art, the columns of red granite, the obelisks which had borne formerly on their summits the statues of Venus, then those of Justinian; the capitals of Parian marble, the pulpits, the choirs, the candelabras of gilt bronze, the transparencies on which the sun painted gardens of flowers or the flaming letters of the name of Allah; the schools, the seminaries, the hospitals adjacent, the plane-trees and the cypresses detaching their gloomy verdure on the dazzling whiteness of the façades—all these made the Solimanîeh the diadem of Constantinople.

While Soliman was constructing this masterpiece of architecture, in the mixed style of Arabic, Greek and Ottoman, Roxelana and her daughter the Sultana Mihrmah, wife of the grand vizier Roustem, constructed likewise their mosques, one to cover the tomb of Roxelana at Scutari, the other the tomb of Mihrmah at the bottom of the gulf of the Golden Horn, on the declivity of the hill of Aïoub.

The Schah of Persia judged these works of sufficient historic magnitude to send Soliman an embassy of congratulation on their completion in his reign. The style of the letter of the Schah of Persia attests the deference of the princes of the East for the son of Selim I. "O thou," said this letter, "thou who art favored with divine grace, thou who art fraught with the gifts of the Omnipotent, Sultan of the two faces of the globe, Khan of the two seas! thou who art the equal of Solomon, Sultan Soliman, may thy banners for ever float on a level with the firmament, may the titles of thy reign to the remembrance of men be engraven upon everlasting tablets."

The favorite wife of the Schah of Persia wrote the favorite wife of the Sultan, Roxelana, and her daughter Mihrmah, the like felicitations on the pious monuments which these Sultanas had founded.

"May the fervent prayers to which God gives ear," said the Persian Sultana to the Russian Sultana, "be addressed to the master of her who is surrounded with the splendor of the morning star, beautiful as Ferenjis, powerful as Balkis, noble as Souleika, pure as Mary the favorite of ages, the Sultana Khasseki; for the Koran blesses those who build houses to the Lord and who repose in their shade."

The answer of Roxelana borrowed from religion, from

history and from poetry, the same images: "I have received," said Roxelana, "as a gift of Paradise, the pearls of the brightest prayers (*sic*) of the rosary of angels, the most fragrant coral of the vows of believers in the mosques; these vows are addressed to me by her who is endowed with the youth of the houris, with the virtue of Souleikah, with the power of Darius, and who is mistress of the master of Iran, the Mary inspired by the wisdom of Jesus, the star of majesty, the pearl of the crown of chastity, covered with the veil of modesty, the woman cloistered from the eyes of the profane!"*

Roxelana, as dear as ever to Soliman II., mother of two sons heirs to the empire, dreaded by the viziers, honored by the people, illustrious by her renown throughout the whole East, as much a queen in her mature years for her counsel as she had been in youth for her beauty, still beautiful in her decline, died some days after completing her tomb.

Soliman, who lost in her the charm of his early years and the support of his old days, desired to place her near him in death; he deposited the body of his favorite in his own sepulchre. His grief was solemn and inconsolable. The man capable of loving with so much constancy a single woman amidst the licenses of polygamy, and the slave capable of inspiring her master with such a love, were doubtless not unworthy of one another. Great attachments suppose great souls; love is merely an attraction, but its constancy is a virtue.

The mysteries of the harem, half disclosed by the ignorance and the envy of contemporaries, have caused to be attributed to the Russian Sultana ambitions and murders of which the real causes have not transpierced the walls of the seraglio, but it is the misfortune of despotic governments not to be able to either explain their acts or justify their motives. Their terrible silence leaves all to conjecture and much to calumny. Phantoms are children of the dark. History, in its obscurity, dares neither to praise nor stigmatize the memory of the favorite of Soliman. If she be taxed with his crimes and his weaknesses, she should be credited for his virtues and his greatnesses; for she had a large part in his heart, in his life, and in his glory.

* This correspondence of a pair of Oriental Bluestockings, or rather *Precieuses ridicules*, presents a curious example of what the female or the human mind is in its literary infancy.—*Translator*,

XXVI.

The favor of Roustem survived his mother-in-law. The Sultan, grown old, left him to manage at his will the details and negotiations with Austria, which filled up the last years of the reign. But already the ambitious dissensions of Bayezid and of Selim empoisoned the old age of the father. Precise and secret documents, disclosures of ministers respecting the mutual hatred of these two princes, elucidate at present these rivalries.

Bayezid had returned to his government of Amasia; Selim, governor of Saroukhan, resided nearer his father at Magnesia. Selim had an interest in ruining his brother, whose intrigues presaged a dangerous competitor. One of the confidants of Selim, Mustapha-Beg, a man of two faces and a double tongue, formerly confidant of Bayezid, proposed to him to set a snare for his brother. Selim consented. Mustapha-Beg, thus authorized to treachery, wrote to Bayezid, that Selim, a prince abandoned to idleness and debauchery at Magnesia, was the sole obstacle to his accession to the throne, but that this obstacle was easily removed by a declared hostility and an open war, in which the victory would not fail the most valiant. He in consequence advised Bayezid to write to his brother a letter of provocation which would drive him to some measures easy to incriminate to the eyes of Soliman.

Bayezid followed this perfidious counsel; he sent Selim an outrageous letter with the symbolical insults of a woman's cap, a gown and a distaff. Soliman, informed of this outrage by Selim, sent to Bayezid a confidant charged with a severe reprimand. Mustapha, to inculcate Bayezid with the appearance of rebellion to the paternal rebuke, posted agents near Amasia who killed the messenger of the Sultan. Soliman, deceived by this crime, sent Mohammed-Sokolli at the head of twenty thousand men against his son. The two armies encountered at Koniah; Bayezid, vanquished, fled to Amasia. He thence wrote a letter of repentance to his father, to implore his pardon and that of his four sons. Mustapha intercepted likewise the letter. Soliman, indignant at this silence, marched himself towards Koniah. Bayezid, attended by some thousands of his partisans, fled with his wife and his four sons into Persia. The people and the army wept him; he had the favor of the Ottomans as he had had that of his

mother, on account of his beauty, of his courage, and of his constancy in the love of a single woman. The licentious morals of Selim, his round and rubicund visage, his prominent eyes like those of the men of the North, his precocious obesity which made him waddle in walking, ridiculous on horseback, depopularized him in the eyes of the soldiers.

XXVII.

Soliman II. and Selim wrote to the Schah of Persia to refuse an asylum to the rebel. The Schah did not comply with these odious solicitations. Bayezid, independently of his title of guest, was to Persia a pledge of future intervention in the affairs of Turkey. Bayezid, on arriving at Tauris with his harem and his troops, was received as a sovereign. Tahmasp had poured upon his head thirty vases full of gold pieces, of pearls and of precious stones. Nine horses of blood, caparisoned with gold and rubies, were presented him by the groom of the Schah. Soliman, offended at this reception of his rebel son, wrote more severely to Tahmasp: "Love and anger emanates equally from God," said he to him. "To do good to the perverse, is to do evil to the good."

Bitter and venomous correspondences were long exchanged between the two courts. "This haughty Persian, this Schah devoid of reason, receives in his capital my guilty son; I believe no more in his word, and I am going to take up arms against him."

Meanwhile the warlike character of Bayezid and the number of troops who accompanied him into Persia, began to disquiet the Schah. "Distrust," it was remarked to him, "a son who has raised his hand against his father; he meditates assassinating you to take possession of your dominions."

One day as he was attending by the side of Bayezid at a military fête, the umbrages of the Schah, provoked by calumnious symptoms, were so sudden and so extreme, that he rose from his seat and entered his palace under pretext of a sudden illness. Bayezid, informed of the alarms which he occasioned the Schah, and of the dangers which menaced himself, rolled himself with despair on the carpet, and wished to kill with his own hand his wife and his four children, to rescue them from the anger of the deluded Persians who besieged his residence. The storm appeared dispelled; but

a few days after, during a festival which was given to the Schah, the guards rushed upon Bayezid, manacled him with his sons, threw them into a dungeon, and slew by treachery the thousand companions of his exile. This assassination was but the prelude of another.

The two courts had at length come to an understanding through their negotiators. An ambassador of Selim, Ali-Aga, who was at the time a practised executioner of murder, arrived at Tauris under pretext of complimenting the Schah. The king asked him if he could distinguish Bayezid among other Ottomans confined like him in the prison of the capital. Ali-Aga replied that he had not seen him since infancy and that he was not sure of recognizing him, unless by his arched eyebrows and dark eyes. The Schah, to prevent all error, ordered the beard and the hair to be shaven off the unfortunate Bayezid. Ali-Aga, then introduced into the prison, strangled Bayezid, and his four sons upon the body of their father.

Entire Persia was indignant, and wept this murder of a guest and of a captive of the nation and his four innocent children. The five bodies, brought back by Ali-Aga to Selim, were buried in the first city upon Turkish territory at Siwas, near the northern gate, where their cupola still saddens the traveller.

Some days after having received the notification of this murder, Soliman, condemned twice to rejoice at the death of his children, passed designedly on horseback before the residence of the Persian ambassador, to testify to him his gratitude, and to show him that he bore still lightly the weight of his cares and years. Three hundred thousand gold ducats, sent to Tauris by Pertew-Pasha, paid the Persians for the blood of the rival of Selim.

The grand vizier Roustem, who dreaded the reign of Selim, and who cherished in secret for Bayezid the predilection of Roxelana and of his wife, the Sultana Mihrmah, died of grief for the murder of this prince. The fortune of the Ottomans and the genius of Soliman, experienced in the knowledge of men, had prepared him a successor capable of upholding the decline of the reign, in Mohammed-Sokolli, but Mohammed-Sokolli did not immediately succeed to Roustem.

The fortune of Roustem equalled the wealth of the Roman proconsuls, Crassus and Lucullus. Eight hundred

farms in Europe and in Asia, five hundred water-mills, two thousand slaves, three thousand war-horses, twelve thousand camels, five thousand caftans of honor, destined for presents, eight thousand turbans, two thousand cuirasses, six thousand saddles, embroidered with silver, one hundred and thirty stirrups of gold, seven hundred sabres incrustated with precious stones, eight hundred Korans with binding enriched with diamonds, a library of five thousand volumes, one hundred and twenty mule-loads of gold and jewelry, in fine, two million ducats of coined gold in his domestic treasury—such were the riches accumulated in a few years in the hands of a grand vizier, who lavished them, however, with as much liberality as he received them from his master. The public treasury was likewise gorged with the revenues of provinces and the tributes of conquest.

XXIX.

An ambassador of Soliman II. attended, the 30th November, 1562, at the coronation of Maximilian, as King of the Romans, at Vienna. Hungary, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Transylvania, were agitated by an adventurer, named John Basilicus, son of a merchant of the Island of Candia, who had been adopted by the despot of Samos, Heraclides. This ambitious and active adventurer obtained of the Emperor of Austria the recognition of his pretensions to the principality of Moldavia. Aided by fifteen hundred German cavalry, he dethroned the waywode of Moldavia, Alexander. The dispossessed waywode came to Constantinople to request succor and vengeance. But having neither army nor treasure to support his reclamations, he succumbed before the intrigues of the envoys of Heraclides, who offered the Porte a tribute of forty thousand ducats annually, for the investiture of Moldavia.

The excesses and the insanities of this adventurer soon drove the boyards to insurrection. In a second Sicilian Vespers, the Moldavian patriots massacred, in a night, all the Hungarian and German soldiers with whom Heraclides had infested their country. He himself, besieged in one of his strongholds and forced to capitulate, was slain with the blow of a club by the ferocious Tomza, to whom the Moldavians decreed the throne. Soliman II., indignant, re-proved this sanguinary revolution of barbarians, and re-estab-

lished the former prince, Alexander, on the throne of Moldavia.

France asked of the Sultan the co-operation of his fleet to conquer Corsica. Florence signed with him a treaty, that equalized it with Venice in its commercial relations with Turkey; and which assured to its manufacturers the monopoly of the silks of Broussa, the most abundant and the most prized of Anatolia.

XXX.

The island of Malta alone stood in his way towards the close of the reign of Soliman II. The vanquisher of Rhodes endured with impatience another Rhodes rebuilt in the seas of Sicily, and interposed between his tributary provinces of Africa and his ports of Europe and of Asia. His cherished daughter, the Sultana Mihrmah, did not cease to urge him to this conquest, as a pious work, which would merit for him the intercession of the Prophet.

The death of Barbarossa had deprived him of the sole arm capable of conquering Malta. However, a young Croat, named Pialé, at first a page of the imperial palace, then chamberlain, and presently admiral, had arisen, by his passion for the sea and by some bold expeditions in the Morea, to the rank of Capitan-Pasha, or supreme admiral of the Ottoman fleets. The Sultan, to recompense his zeal and enhance his authority with the sailors, gave him in marriage one of his grand-daughters, the Sultana Gewher, daughter of Selim. Pialé had brought into the service of the Sultan another Barbarossa, the corsair Salih-Reis, whose name was the terror of mothers and of daughters, on the coasts of the Mediterranean. Salih was the son of a shepherd of Mount Ida, which overlooks the beach of Troy, on the sea of Tenedos. The sea, constantly before his eyes, allured him early to its hazards.

Another corsair, named in Europe Dragut, and in Asia Torghoud, had likewise been enlisted by the capitan-pasha, Pialé, to add to the fame of the Ottoman marine. Torghoud was the son of a Christian peasant, of the small village of Seroulout, on the coast of Caramania. An expert archer, a vigorous wrestler from his boyhood, the instinct of war and adventure had led him to join a pirate bark which was scouring the gulf of Satalia. His audacity and his success had raised

him to the command of a squadron of corsairs which made a descent upon Corsica. Made prisoner by Andrew Doria, in an encounter upon those coasts, he had rowed as a slave on the benches of Doria's galley. Ransomed by Barbarossa, and charged with an expedition against Naples, he had ravaged Castel-a-mare, carried off a thousand children and women into slavery, attacked the galleys of Malta, carried off a treasure of one hundred thousand ducats from the Order, formed a rival squadron to that of Barbarossa, and founded a floating empire upon the *Ægean Sea*.

Soliman II., who recruited every where the sea commanders, so rare in his nation, had taken him in his pay and authorized him to elevate a pennant on his poop, the badge of the command of a squadron. His return into the port of Constantinople, after long campaigns against Doria, the Venetians, and the Order of Malta, in the Mediterranean, resembled a display of the spoils of the Christian world. His vanguard galley, mounted by the capitan-pasha, Pialé, trailed behind its stern on the foam of the sea, the grand standard of the Spanish army, vanquished in Africa, representing a Christ on the cross. Upon the bridge of vessels, which followed that of the admiral's, five admirals, Neapolitan, Sicilian and Spanish, captives, were loaded with chains. The people and the army bordered the banks of the Bosphorus. Soliman looked upon this triumphal return from the windows of his kiosk opening upon the sea. The prisoners, relieved of their irons after this ostentation of victory, were imprisoned in the arsenal, and treated with the honors deserved by their courage.

These triumphs, due mainly to Torghoud and to Salih, encouraged the Sultan to try an attack upon Malta. Pialé commanded the fleet in chief; Torghoud and Salih, the divisions; the old vizier, Mustapha-Pasha, the troops of debarkation. His title of descendant of Khaled-ben-Walid, standard-bearer of the Prophet, and his age of seventy-five years, passed in camps, gave him an ascendant almost religious over the army. Seven thousand Asiatic spahis, one thousand from Mitylene, five thousand Janissaries from Asia, thirteen thousand volunteers, four thousand spahis and Janissaries of Adrianople, composed, with a numerous artillery, the troops of siege. One hundred and eighty vessels, of all classes, conveyed the men, the artillery, the munitions and provisions.

The 19th May, 1565, these two hundred sails whitened the horizon to the eyes of the Knights, between Sicily and Malta, and debarked the next day twenty thousand Ottomans on the southern beach of the island. Torghoud, outstripped by the Ottoman vessels, arrived some two days after with the elite of his pirate warriors. The batteries thundered against the fort Saint-Elma, which answered like a volcano to the fire of the Ottomans. Torghoud, in whom audacity was the sole tactic, ordered the storm of the fort by his three thousand Africans. At his voice they rushed upon the wall as to a boarding. While Torghoud, erect upon the breach of the parapet, encouraged them with the blade of his sabre, a ball from the fort striking upon a stone and glancing upon his breast, laid him bleeding and expiring in the dust at the feet of the seraskier. The aged Mustapha threw his cloak upon the face to hide his death from his soldiers, and seating himself tranquilly in his place, awaited the victory or the martyrdom of fire, with the impassibility of a hero.

The fort conquered by the blood of Torghoud surrendered after three days' storming to Mustapha. Seven hundred Knights were buried in the ruins. The barbarian and fanatical vanquisher had the bodies torn limb from limb, and the bleeding members nailed to floating boards in form of a cross, which the waves drove to the foot of the walls of the city. The grand master, Lavalette, a Frenchman, like Villiers de L'Ile-Adam, had sworn to surrender to the Turks but a sepulchre. He shocked humanity and dishonored his cause in surpassing the atrocity of the Turks. The Knights massacred in cold blood the Turkish slaves confined on the island, and charged the cannons with their severed heads to send them in death-challenge to the Ottomans.

Hassan, son of Barbarossa, joined the fleet some days later with thirty vessels and three thousand artillery-men. Son-in-law of Dragut, he came to avenge the father of his wife. He was intrusted with the assault of the fort St. Michael, a projecting promontory which shut in the port. Two months, twelve assaults, six thousand dead in the army and on the galleys of Pialé, could not prevail over the intrepidity of Lavalette and his band of heroes.

The 2d September, the capitan-pasha, Pialé, and the seraskier, Mustapha, resumed the sea without taking back to the Sultan other fruit of their expedition, than the humiliation

of his arms. Christianity had triumphed by the bravery of a few Knights upon a rock.

The admiral had orders to bring into port the fleet and army, but in the night time, that the daylight might not show the shame of the Ottomans. The old seraskier, Mustapha, having presented himself in the divan as fifth vizier, the Sultan did not speak to him.

Soliman, incapable of enduring the diminution of his renown in the eyes of his people at the decline of his life, wished to retrieve himself on land by another campaign on the Danube. Arslan, or the lion, governor of Ofen, impatient for the contest with Austria, commenced it himself without waiting orders from the Sultan. Count de Salm, general of the troops of the Empire, fought Arslan, drove back his troops, and massacred without distinction the Ottomans and the Hungarians, of whom he proclaimed himself the liberator.

Soliman hastened at last, with the grand vizier, the two armies of Europe and Asia, and all the generals formed under him in his fourteen campaigns. Age and infirmity hindered him from marching on horseback. He traversed Thrace, Bulgaria, Servia, in a vehicle like a rolling tent, from which he dismounted but by night. The grand vizier went some hours before him to level and widen the route of the Balkans for the passage of his curricule. At Belgrade, Soliman recovering his vigor at the sight of the enemy's territory, crossed the Danube on horseback between the ranks of the two armies and planted his tents at Semlin. The young King of Hungary, Sigismund Zapolya, came to salute him as his protector, surrounded by four hundred magnates on horseback. The presents which he brought to Soliman were worthy of the occasion; that of Soliman to him was a throne. He promised the young king that he would not return to Constantinople until he had forever confirmed him in his dominions. The Emperor sealed this promise by kissing Sigismund on the eyes.

A bridge across the Drave, formed of one hundred and twenty pontons and of the length of five thousand ells, passed the army into Transylvania. Soliman, seated on the deck of a gilt galley which he had sent him upon from the mouths of the Danube, was present at this passage, saluted by the salvos of his artillery and by the acclamations of two hundred thousand soldiers. He directed the army upon

Szigeth, of which he wished to make an Ottoman bulwark like Ofen and Belgrade.

The governor of Ofen, the intrepid but unfortunate Mohammed-Beg, surnamed Arslan or the lion, joined the Sultan at the famous village of Siklos, celebrated among the vineyards of Hungary for the excellence of its wines. The reverse of Arslan at the commencement of the campaign, his premature aggression upon Count de Salm, and especially the intercepted letters of this general, in which he spoke insultingly of the grand vizier, Mohammed-Sokolli, wrung from Soliman a secret consent to his execution.

The following day, Arslan, without suspicion of the lot awaiting him, appeared, escorted by a magnificent troop of cuirassiers before the tents of the Sultan. He descended from his horse at the door of the tent of council, and took his seat on the divan, in quality of vizier to participate in the deliberation. The grand vizier rose, and advancing towards him with an indignant countenance: "What do you pretend to do here?" said he to him. "By what order have you abandoned the troops? And to whom have you committed the command of Ofen, which is confided to you? The padischah had appointed you begler-beg, and you gave up his provinces to the infidels. Woe to you, wretch! your sentence of death is pronounced. Take this man off from the face of the earth," added he, addressing himself to the chiaoux.

Arslan was led out of the tent by the chiaoux, with a naked sabre above his head. The old vizier, Ayas-Pasha, his former friend, in front of whom he passed, said to him with compassion: "You see, Arslan, the things of this life are brief and transitory; repent and turn your eyes to heaven." Arslan thanked him with a look, and addressing himself to the headsman, "My dear master," said he, "shorten pain, and apply well the thumb to the throat." Then kneeling of himself upon the carpet, he let himself be strangled without a groan.

This execution inflicted on a general, and a brave man, whose crime was to have disobeyed and not to have vanquished, confirmed the obedience and the discipline of the army. The army and the Sultan arriving the 5th August before Szigeth, found the city defended by the windings of the Almas still less than by the hero Zriny who commanded it.

Zriny, without being frightened by the two hundred thousand men who covered the banks and the hills, had a cross of iron planted on the donjon of the fortress, the exterior ramparts hung with blood-colored drapery, and the great tower covered with sheets of tin sparkling in the sun's rays to serve as objects for the balls of the Turkish batteries. Forced soon to abandon the lower city, he set it on fire himself before falling back upon the citadel: Soliman sent to offer in vain to Zriny the sovereignty of Croatia for the capitulation of the place; in vain had he led before the walls a son of Zriny, made prisoner in a sortie, the drawn sabre above his head, as if he would wring a weakness from the father by the danger of the son; nothing could shake the hero. It was less slow to demolish Szigeth than to conquer it.

After fifteen days of fruitless assaults, the Ottomans exploded under the principal bastion a mine like a crater of powder, which hurled a piece of wall into the air. The central tower, which contained the powder magazine, remained alone, erect amidst the ruins. Zriny, determined to bury himself under this monument of his duty and of his name, asked his companions which were those who wished to die. Six hundred presented themselves. He harangued them less as a soldier than a martyr. Then he had his chamberlain to dress him in his richest uniform, took in his purse two hundred ducats with the effigy of the Sultan, "in order," said he, "that the soldier who should pick up his body, would not have to complain of having found but a vulgar spoil," and placed in his bosom the keys of the citadel.

"As long," said he, "as this arm shall have power to lift itself in defence of them, no one shall wrest from me these keys nor this gold. Upon my corpse he may take them who will; but I have sworn that, in the Turkish camp, no one shall point me out as vanquished or captive.

XXXI.

His standard was carried before him, his page held behind him his buckler; without helmet and without cuirass he descended into the court, he harangued with a martial and a holy eloquence the six hundred Knights and soldiers to whom he had communicated his heroism, and three times made the name of Christ resound beyond the walls. At the third cry the gates opened; a mortar, loaded with grape-

shot, vomited upon a column of Turks who covered the draw-bridge flame and death. Zriny rushed, sabre in hand, with his band of heroes, upon the multitude of enemies. Pierced with two bullets in the breast and five arrows in the neck, he fell upon the bodies of his equerry and page, stricken with him. The Janissaries, scattered by the fury of this sortie, drew near upon his fall, raised him up, and carried him, still breathing, upon their shoulders before the aga. They laid him on one of the monstrous cannons that had battered the city, and cut off his head upon this block, not unworthy of him.

XXXII.

The Turks rushed into the citadel, over the bodies of the six hundred companions of Zriny, and chained, immolated, or carried off the women and the children that remained in the place. The grand vizier having asked a young cup-bearer what were the treasures of his master concealed in the ruins: "My master," replied with ostentation the young Hungarian, "possessed one hundred thousand Hungarian ducats, a hundred thousand crowns, a thousand golden cups of all dimensions, and a rich service of plate; but he destroyed all; he hardly leaves fifty thousand ducats deposited in a casket; but he leaves treasures of powder which are going to burst beneath your feet, and to engulf you in the ruins, to which you have set fire yourselves." At these words the magazines of Zriny, kindled by the desperate hand of his page, exploded accordingly, and buried five thousand of the victors in the crash of the fortress.

The last breath of Soliman exhaled at the flash and at the thunder of this explosion of Szigeth. Affected with a dysentery, and enfeebled by the long fatigues of this war, he died on the night of the 5th September, taking with him the joy of this last triumph.

The grand vizier, Mohammed-Sokolli, who, by his order, concealed his illness from the soldiers, concealed with still more care his death. For fear of an indiscretion, which might rumor the event unseasonably, he made away with the physician who attended his last moments. Feridoun, the private secretary of Soliman, and Djafar, his head groom, friends both of Sokolli, were the sole confidants of this mystery. The grand vizier, forging the style and writing of the

deceased, diffused among the army letters of Soliman, in which this prince congratulated his troops, complained of not being able to recompense them yet with his own hand, and ordered his vizier to lead the army back to Belgrade.

The troops, accustomed to see the aged Sultan behind the gilt grating, and under the curtains of his litter, had no suspicion of his death. The army ebbed slowly back towards Belgrade, carrying in its train the corpse of its Prince, which seemed to cause a reflux in the fortune of the Ottomans, carried to its apogee in Soliman and destined to decline after him.

XXXIII.

History has compared him to Louis XIV. He had in fact, with this prince, the long reign, the majesty, the choice of able men, the fortune to give rise to them, to discern them, to converge upon his person the splendor with which they dazzled their age, the authority which imposes obedience, the fidelity which sustains its good servants; but he had not as precursors, a Richelieu and a Mazarin, to prepare and smooth for him his reign.* He was to himself his Mazarin and his Richelieu. Son of a barbarous, soldierish, and parricidal father, he educed, from the anarchy and the tyranny of camps in which he found the empire, civilization, organization, and the legitimacy of monarchical power, restored or created by his institutions. The state in which he found his people, and the state in which he left them on quitting life, are the most impartial judgment of his reign. The Ottomans were but an army; he made them a nation.

XXXIV.

This nation had conquered and assimilated under its hand, during the fourteen last campaigns, Rhodes and Belgrade, the two bastions of the Empire, one on the sea, the

* This analogy is not happy; Soliman had just this preparatory predecessor in his father Salim, who did a service of precisely the like nature as the French ministers. But M. de Lamartine is too poetic or humanitarian to be able to appreciate the Cromwellian energy of the man who rescued the Ottoman empire from an anarchy far more dangerous than the baronial one of France, that of the army and the reigning family. Accordingly what he goes on to repeat of Selim is mere rant, if indeed it be not rhetoric to set off his hero.—*Translator.*

other on the land. Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Medina, Mecca, Bagdad, the Crimea, the two coasts of the Black Sea, the mouths of the Danube, Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, Transylvania, Croatia, Albania, the Morea, Hungary as far as Ofen (Bude) and Szigeth, a part of Poland, were solidly annexed to the monarchy, either by direct governors or through national but tributary princes, enfeoffed to the Empire as clients to their patron: an immense confederation extending from the Tigris, from the Nile, from the Euphrates to the Danube without respect to races or religions, and which embraced the Ottoman Empire in a circle of alliances, of which the moving principle was at Constantinople. The Roman Empire, in the palmiest days of its expansion, the empire of Constantine at Byzantium, had not covered so vast a superficies of the globe with their legions. One hundred and twenty millions of subjects, recognized the authority of Soliman II.

But it was a small matter to have completed the conquest, it was necessary to create the government; in this we see conspicuously the genius of this lawgiver. A survey of his institutions will enlighten history as to the economy, religious, civil, judicial, administrative, financial and military, of the Turks at the close of the great reign of Soliman. A people is summed up in its institutions. Its arms may aggrandise it; its organization alone perpetuates it. Nine reigns had given space to Turkey; Soliman, by his laws, gave it time, gave it futurity.

XXXV.

The Koran was the entire code; the body of the *oulemas* was its interpreter. Theology and jurisprudence were but one and the same profession. But it was necessary to assure the body of these theological jurisconsults, the information, the science, the subordination, the mutual control, the independence, the moral dignity which would answer for the intelligence, the morality and the authority of their decisions. They were the depositaries of the whole civil portion of the government; they were to the Turks of Soliman in the 16th century, what the church was with its authority, its dignities, its riches, its universal education, and its ecclesiastical tribunals after Charlemagne in the West.

But Soliman, at once khalif and sovereign, had imposed

on them an organization, a discipline, a promotion, rules which the Christian princes of the West did not dare to impose on the ministers of the pontiff of Rome. The two powers, namely the spiritual and the temporal, did not exist in Turkey, and did not struggle in an organical anarchy. The sovereign was confounded with the pontiff, the mufti appointed and deposed by him, and the oulemas were but his council of conscience. In order, however, that this council of conscience should appear independent as the voice of God in human affairs, Soliman had made it a body which bore some analogy to the parliaments under the French monarchy.

This body was educated and recruited in the medresses or seminaries of the mosques supported by foundations and by allowances from the State. Soliman had hierarchized them into ten classes or grades distinguished by graduated salaries. It was necessary to pass from one grade to another by the judgment of one's peers to arrive at the summit of the scale. The oulemas, thus admitted into the body of the magistrates, enjoyed the double privilege of being exempt from all taxation and of transmitting hereditarily, not their functions, but their property to their children. This privilege, in a country where confiscation was the common law, constituted soon in the oulemas an aristocracy of fortune, which indicated a real though indirect perpetuity of wealth, of independence, of consideration and of superiority over the other classes of the nation. It is thus that Soliman wished to assure in future the preponderance of a civic class over a military oligarchy, the essential vice of a conquering people.

XXXVI.

The penal laws, till then arbitrary, were reduced to writing, for the regulation of decisions. Crimes against morals or against the inviolability of woman, that first property of the Ottomans, were partly mitigated, partly aggravated. Fines punished a mere look or a word addressed by a man to the wife or the daughter of an Ottoman. Death punished the abduction of a boy or a girl from the house of the father or of the wife. Altercations between men or between women, the beard pulled, insulting language, assault, blows, wounds, murder, were graduated in penalty as in injury.

Theft, pillage, robbery, repressed by penalties proportioned

to the gravity of the offences, were liable to the penalty of losing the hand only for horse-stealing; to the penalty of death only for burglary and for theft of a slave. The cities and villages were responsible for the value of property taken with violence upon their territory. Perjury, forgery, counterfeiting were punished with the loss of a hand. Calumniators, defamers, usurers lending at over eleven per cent., cruelty to animals, those auxiliaries of man and animated works of the Creator, received legal chastisement. Maximum prices, modifiable according to the plenty or the scarcity of provisions, fixed the rates of all articles of consumption or of luxury. The use of wine, forbidden by the Koran, tolerated by usage, became an offence against religion, morality and the law.

The use of coffee was just introduced into Syria by the camel-drivers of Arabia. They had remarked that their camels when fatigued resumed vigor and gave signs of gaiety and intoxication after having browsed this shrub. The same sensations experienced by themselves after having drank a decoction of the bean, diffused the taste throughout the desert. It thence passed gradually along to Constantinople. Houses were open to prepare this beverage for idlers; they were called coffee-houses from the name of the shrub of which they sold the juice; they became places of meeting, deleterious to the public peace like the houses that vended wine. The government had the oulemas to examine if coffee, as an intoxicating drink, was not implied, by construction of the text of the Koran, in the proscription of wine. The decisions were contradictory and the penalties adjourned. Some called coffee an enemy to sleep and to fecundity; others called it the genius of dreams and the source of imagination.

The ruling character of the penal code of Soliman was mitigation of penalties, suppression of the penalty of death for secondary crimes, the substitution of fines imposed by the courts for the ferocious law of retaliation, applied by the vengeance of the insulted man or of his family.

XXXVII.

The finances of the empire were simplified and regularised under Soliman II.; the public revenue flowed abundantly from four stated sources:

Customs—duties rising to two per cent. on Mussulmans,

to five per cent. on tributary subjects, to ten per cent. on foreigners.

Tithes imposed upon all the productions of the earth, consisting of a twentieth upon cultivated products, of a tenth only upon fruits or crops produced spontaneously by the soil, such as wood and pasturages.

The land tax bore equally upon agricultural products and upon the soil itself independently of those products. This impost, laid according to a general register—a primeval institution of the East*—is invariable: an abatement is made the tax-payer in case of drought, inundation, or sterility.

In fine the capitation tax—that personal impost, is proportional and progressive. The subjects are divided into three classes: the rich, the comfortable, the poor: each subject pays according to the category in which he is classed. Persons incapable of procuring by labor this tribute to the State, women, minors, the blind, the enslaved, the infirm, those devoted to a contemplative life, and to religious mendicancy, are excepted.

Two other but irregular sources, confiscations and the products of mines, pour considerable sums into the treasury. All mines of gold, of silver, of iron, of lead, of copper, owe a fifth of their produce to the State. Almost all these imposts, with the exception of the confiscations, were farmed off to speculators, charged at their risk and peril with the recovery and payment to the treasury of a fixed amount.

XXXVIII.

These revenues are paid into four departments of the treasury, having each its destination of special expenditure: the first of the departments receives the product of the tithes and mines, as also the portion of the legal booty (the fifth) attributed to the sovereign from the spoils of war: it is charged with providing for the wants of orphans, of the indigent, of travellers, and the subsistence of the poor.

The second department receives the land-tax, the capitation, the confiscations, the tributes: it defrays the expenses of construction and repairs of fortresses, bridges, caravanseras, public hotels, the salaries and pay of the oulemas and the soldiers; it is the budget of public instruction, of the magistracy, and of the army.

* A sort of Doom's-day book.

The third department receives the produce of the escheats from heirless inheritances: it is charged with the hospitals, the care of the sick, the expenses of their sepulture, the support of foundlings: it serves also, by the same charitable destination, to pay fines imposed on poor offenders unable to satisfy justice, according to the principle of the Koran: "Alms touch the hand of God before falling into the hand of the poor."

The fourth department receives the customs and tithes. The produce is appropriated to the assistance which the State acknowledges itself to owe, conformably to the fraternal precepts of the Mussulman religion, to Mussulmans not proprietors, to insolvent debtors, to volunteers who arm for the country, to pilgrims to Mecca without the expenses of the pilgrimage, to even foreign travellers who are short of money in the midst of their route, to slaves without the means of paying the price of their ransom agreed upon with their owners, and to recover thus their liberty.

XXXIX.

The Sultan levies on the general revenue a civil list or subsidy consecrated to the splendor of the throne. The intendant of his household receives for this purpose a fixed sum of eight hundred and fifty thousand piastres; of nine hundred and fifty thousand piastres for the support of the old seraglio, the retreat of the Sultans and the Sultanas; a farther sum of two hundred and fifty thousand piastres for the hotel and mess-room of the pages. The intendant or steward of the kitchens disposes of nine hundred thousand piastres; the intendant of the stables, of three hundred thousand; the chief of the black eunuchs, of six hundred and sixty thousand for the support of the imperial harem.

The Sultana Validé, or mother of the reigning princes has personal domains and appanages, as have also the princes and princesses of the imperial family. Lands of a considerable revenue are given as supplements of salary to the grand viziers, the capitan-pashas, the governors of provinces.

Military fiefs or timars pay the cavalry, and are also become the salary of a large number of the public functionaries.

The clergy, the mosques, the magistracy, the schools, the libraries are not paid by the State, but receive their allow-

ances upon the pious establishments and on the wakoufs, or inviolable lands of mortmain in the guardianship and under the administration of the mosques.

XL.

The budget of receipts and expenses is regulated every year; the State has no public debt. The personal treasury of the Sultan and the public treasury are distinct. The Sultan loans to the treasury in its wants, and reimburses himself in its abundance.

The defterdar is the minister of the finances; he receives every night the account of the operations in receipt and disbursement of the day; he communicates it twice a week to the grand vizier. The regular pay of the troops is his first duty and his most terrible responsibility.

XLI.

The war administration is the greatest solicitude of a conquering people. Peace is however the principle of the Ottomans, according to this saying of the Prophet: "Man is the work of God; cursed be he who dares destroy him." War, add the sacred commentaries, ought to have no object but to propagate and glorify the word of God, to serve the faith, to prevent national calamities. When it is declared, every Mussulman is a soldier; all are bound to march and fight without pay, if the public treasury cannot defray the expenses of the war. Those who possess property should contribute spontaneously from their fortune.

When the State has need of marching but a portion of its forces, the unmarried must be called upon in preference. The Sultan must precede hostilities by a summons. It is forbidden to kill prisoners, women, idiots, children, or the infirm. The law forbids to mutilate the enemy, to cut off the nose, the ears, or any other part of the human body.

The subjects not Mussulman are not admitted into the army. Religion is the principal title to naturalization.

XLII.

Soliman reformed and completed in many respects the military state of the Ottomans by land and by sea. The-

fleet was composed of three hundred sail; the regular army, of three hundred thousand men; the movable artillery of three hundred guns. The Janissaries, of whom the origin is known, the djebedjis or armorers, the topdjis or artillerymen, the train soldiers of the artillery formed the Ottoman infantry; the spahis and the salhidars, the cavalry.

The usage had ceased of enrolling forcibly Christian children in the Janissaries, and if any were enlisted, they were no more obliged to abjure their religion. This body, become almost hereditary, was recruited from the children and the immediate relations of the deceased members. The number, long amounting to not over twelve thousand, rose to sixty thousand under Soliman, and soon after to over two hundred thousand. Reprimand, imprisonment, whipping, perpetual imprisonment, and death, were the disciplinary penalties prescribed by the rules of Soliman.

The Sultan became an honorary member of the Janissaries. A throne-hall, in commemoration of this confraternity of the prince and his soldiers, was set apart in the barrack of the imperial orta. Every time the Emperor passed before the barracks, the Janissaries had the privilege of offering to him a cup of sherbet. The chief of the black eunuchs filled the cup with a handful of gold, and gave it back in the name of his master to the officer for his soldiers.

Besides these corps of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the sinews of the army, the militia furnished by the timars as the condition of their feudal investiture, sent, under Soliman, two hundred thousand men into the active service.

XLIII.

Provincial productions in building-wood, rosin, pitch, tar, hemp for cordage, canvas for sails, were imposed upon the provinces for the supply of the fleet. Nicomedia furnished the oak and the pine; Cavala the iron; the island of Negropont the tar; the borders of the Black Sea the hemp; the factories of the Dardanelles the canvass. The large maritime cities were taxed with one or more vessels fully equipped. Gallipoli, Salonica, Constantinople were the seats of foundries of brass cannons, forges for anchors, factories of powder. Independently of the fleet of the Red Sea, which cruised between Suez and India, two squadrons came forth each spring from the port of Constantinople in order to cruise, one

in the Black Sea, the other in the Mediterranean, to pacify revolts, to collect tributes, to repress pirates, to show to the African tributaries, to allies, to enemies, the naval power of the empire.

The grand admiral or capitan-pasha, almost absolute in his authority, was called "the Sovereign of the Sea." The thirty small islands of the Archipelago belonged to him as salary; six hundred officers, servants or slaves, composed his household; he enjoyed honors nearly equal to those of the grand vizier.

XLIV.

Soliman completed, by the constitution of the family, the conversion into laws of the manners, the usages, the traditions, the prescriptions or the religious tolerances of the Mussulmans.

Marriage was declared religiously and civilly obligatory for the propagation of the human race. Although the Koran, which had reformed the promiscuity of the sexes in Arabia, permitted to espouse as many as four women, the Turks rarely married more than one. They could not marry their slaves before having given them their liberty. All marriage between a Mahometan woman and an infidel was forbidden. The husband of several wives could not favor one at the expense of the others; even in case of sickness, he was forbidden to reside in the house of one of his wives without the consent of the others. If he travelled and could take with him but one of his wives, it was not choice, it was lot that decided. The first wife had, however, some privileges, according to the maxim of the Prophet: "We love what is new, we respect what is ancient."

The allowance which the husband was to make to his wives for lodging, clothing, support, service, was prescribed by law in proportion to his fortune. He could not constrain them to leave the country or change the city against their consent, nor to attend him on his travels if they were unwilling; he could not refuse them to see their parents or their near kindred at least once a week. Repudiation was subjected to the severest conditions which could secure the wife against the caprices or the calumnies of the husband.

The duties of father and of mother towards their children

were to feed them, to bring up the girls to the age of matrimony, the boys to their majority.

The duties of children were to provide for the subsistence not alone of their father and mother, but of all their near relations. The father had the right of appropriating the fruit of the son's labor, to marry at his pleasure his minor children; but, once attained to their majority, he could not dispose of them without their consent.

The paternity of the State was extended to foundling and abandoned children. Orphans were adopted by the collective society, nursed, fed, clothed, educated at the expense of the State. The law presumed them and declared them free: "He who finds a child at the door of a mosque, of a bath, in the street or in the fields," says the code, "should first take it home with him and neglect nothing to save it. If he who has found the infant adopts it, he contracts towards it all the duties and all the rights of a parent and reciprocally. If no one adopts the child, it becomes the pupil of the State."

XLV.

The administration of the empire, that aspect always defective, up to our own days, of Ottoman civilization, savors of the nature of a government of conquest—of tributary subjects rather than citizens, of delegated proconsuls rather than responsible administrators, of diversities of races, of manners, of religions, in provinces successively annexed. The national unity, which was not effected in the subjects, made impossible an unity of administration. All was feudal or arbitrary in a conquering community which dominated by its delegates, but did not govern by itself. However, the administration attained some regularity under Soliman.

It was controlled and supervised by two grand councils of state or *divans*. The first of these divans, or the political, judicial, administrative and supreme one, assembled in the *seraglio* of the Sultan, under a cupola constructed by Soliman for its sessions. He attended it, or was supposed to attend it, behind a window veiled with a curtain. The divan assembled once a week. It consisted, under the presidency of the Sultan, but of eight political councillors, the highest functionaries of the State. A semi-circular sofa, covered with cloth of gold, placed under the cupola, served as seats

to the viziers and the high dignitaries admitted to this discussion of affairs of State. The grand vizier sat alone in the centre and in front of the rest of the council. The high admiral or capitan-pasha sat on the right; on his left, the two chief justices of the army and the high officers of the empire. The pashas of three tails and the viziers present at Constantinople might attend.

A minute etiquette, regulated by the master of the ceremonies, assigned to each his seat, his place, his precedence in the hall. The session opened at sunrise. After the first part of the session, a repast was served to the divan in the hall; one was also served at the same time under the peristyle, to twelve hundred Janissaries, spahis and salihdars, who formed the guard of the divan. If they refuse to touch it, it is a sign of mute murmur and of approaching revolt which warns the viziers to search the causes of their discontent.

After the repast the grand vizier and the members of the divan are received by the Sultan in the hall of the throne: such is the imperial divan or council of ministers.

That of the Porte or of the grand vizier, presided over by this minister, opens five times a week; it is surrounded with less mystery, but with no less solemnity. All the high officers of the government attend it; the people are admitted to present their petitions; it is a court of requests and justice rather than a council of State. Other divans more confidential are convoked by the grand vizier for the deliberation and solution of affairs of administration; their decisions are submitted by the grand vizier to the Sultan. He himself explains the matter in discussion; he gives his opinion the last, so as to lay no constraint upon the freedom of opinion of his colleagues and inferiors.

XLVI.

Under the grand vizier and under these divans, the governors and the pashas were delegates almost sovereign in the administration of the empire. This universal proconsulship was exercised by *azams* or *sheiks*, municipal magistrates of each town, of each village, of each tribe, and annulled, with the exception of the jurisdiction of the cadis, all higher administrative power. The empire was thus a confederation of provinces arbitrarily ruled by absolute governors under

an absolute grand vizier answering for his administration, not to the laws, but to a master more absolute still, holding in his hand the head, but not the hand, of his lieutenants. The same governor or pasha possessed all the powers confounded: the army, the administration, the finances, the police, the execution or prevarication of the laws; he levied the taxes, he farmed the tithes or the customs, he confirmed or withdrew the fiefs or timars, enlisted troops, inflicted fines, corporal punishments, imprisonment, death itself, declared and made war upon the tribes adjacent to his government; in a word, reigned, governed, administered, father or tyrant of his province, according to his virtues or his vices.

It was the administration of an empire placed at discretion, a state of siege in perpetuity given up to a military proconsul. We may conceive the inconveniences of such a confusion of administrative powers arbitrarily exercised, far from the eye and from the hand of the sovereign, over populations which had no other resort than lamentation or rebellion. Accordingly, whilst the empire was being aggrandized at the centre, by conquest, was perfecting itself by laws, letters, arts, luxury, glory, diplomacy, it was decaying at the circumference by mal-administration. The organic vice of the Ottoman race, a vice inherent in independent tribes and a conquering people, was defect of administrative organization.* No administrative progress was possible or durable in a system where the provinces were but satrapies, as in Persia. The administration was the administrator.

It was through this vice that the Ottoman empire declined, became poorer, more sterile and less populous in the provinces as a nation, whilst it was rising to its apogee as a military power and as a capital to the eyes of Europe. The genius of religion, the genius of justice, the genius of legislation, the genius of war, respired in this people; the genius of rule, of unity, of uniformity, of hierarchical accountability, which is that of the Western peoples, left a great blank in its nature and in its destiny up to our times. It possessed an immense territory, riches of soil, of climate, of population, active and

* I beg once more to caution the reader that this rant about the Ottoman race is an effect, not of race, but entirely of barbarism. With the sole exception of France, the most civilized states of Europe are not, even still, a great way beyond Turkey in administration. And the good reason is that this, in the *organical* conception, is the highest, and therefore latest, development of government.—*Translator*.

incalculable, and it did not know how to work them. All was about to dry up under its hands—soil, population, riches.

It is by this startling experience that it came to perceive too late this vice of its administrative organization; it is in connecting it by the hand of its reformatory princes and of its statesmen, that it may be regenerated. It is to this national regeneration that its two last Sultans, Mahmoud and Abdul-Medjid, have devoted their reign and their life. If their people understand them, they will not only be the first Emperors, but also the first patriots of the race of Othman. *

XLVIII.

The court of the Sultan resembled at once a family, a tribe, and an army. The seraglio contained no fewer than twelve thousand messmates eating the bread of the master.

By a reminiscence of the paternal authority, so revered among the Orientals, the most intimate and most inseparable officer of the reigning Sultan was his former preceptor or khodja, an old man whose counsels often supplemented the lessons he had given him in his youth.

Then came the iman or grand almoner of the palace, assisted by thirty-two muezzins, selected among the men endowed with the most melodious voices to call to prayer from the top of the minaret, and to psalmodise with the iman in the private mosques of the seraglio.

Then the grand physician (hakim-baschi), seconded by twenty-two subordinate physicians and surgeons, members of the corps of the oulemas.

Official astronomers and astrologers charged to study the heavens in order to determine the hours propitious to the acts of public or private life of the Sultan.

The miralem or standard-bearer of the prince, directing the military band of the palace, charged to deliver to the governors and the pashas the standards and horsetails, emblems of their dignity.

The chief of the bostandjis, governor of the seraglio and of the houses of pleasure of the sovereign, on the banks of the Bosphorus and the Propontis, and helmsman of the barks of the Sultan when the prince sails upon the two seas. The

* But how can the author hope that any efforts could avail, since the deficiency is, in his mind, a thing of nature, that is of race!—*Translator*,
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police of the seraglio belongs to him; the jailers and headsmen execute his orders; he supervises the executions; he is invisible; his name diffuses terror; he has under his orders fifteen hundred *bostandjis* or armed gardeners, chosen among the six thousand gardeners of the imperial palaces which form part of the guard of the Sultan.

The head groom, who has under his orders two thousand six hundred grooms and a corps of six thousand Bulgarian peasants as stablemen and valets of the army.

Eight hundred tent dressers, charged to plant and spread the tents of the Sultan and of his harem on the heights of the Bosphorus, or in the gardens of the seraglio, for the halts or recreations of the court.

The high-treasurer, who keeps the registers of the treasury; the intendant of the Sultan's table, with fifty sub-intendants; the head baker, overseeing one hundred and fifty bakers; the head cook, directing two hundred cooks; the grand officer of ices, sherbets, fruits, and sugars, with a like number of servants in his offices.

XLIX.

The military or domestic guard is composed of *solaks* or body-guards, divided into four companies; one hundred and fifty *peiks*, wearing splendid uniforms, and of whom twelve surround the Sultan when he goes abroad on ceremony; two thousand five hundred *bostandjis*; four hundred *baltadjis*, (or hewers of wood) charged with the special guard of the princes and the princesses of the imperial harem; fifteen companies of *chiaoux*, a sort of police always with the sovereign and the grand vizier to execute their orders of urgency; eight hundred guards of the outer gates of the palace; the *salihdar*, grand-chamberlain and sabre-bearer of the Sultan; the *tehokadar* or grand-master of the wardrobe, who attends the Sultan to the mosque; the aga of the stirrup, the aga of the turban, whose titles indicate their functions; the private secretary (or *katib*) carries always about him his writing implements; he receives petitions and reads them to the Sultan.

The guards of the imperial treasury. These treasures are contained in four vast apartments, vaulted subterraneously to shelter them from fire. Here are ranged in order all the objects of great value accumulated since the origin

of the monarchy. There is kept there a protrait and a complete suit of clothes of each prince who has come to the throne. Registers, frequently verified, and certified on each occasion by the signature of the minister of the finances, report the state of this treasury or this museum of the Empire.

Mutes, a sort of eunuchs of speech, attached to the apartments and to the tents of the Sultan and the high dignitaries. They understand and speak by signs a conventional language, comprehended by the people of the seraglio, of the harem, and by the Emperor himself.

Dwarfs, deformed monsters, who amuse the court with their buffooneries; six hundred pages, youths brought up with the greatest care at Galata and in the seraglio to recruit the public service of the court and of the army; two hundred black eunuchs, under the hand of the *kislar-aga*, keeping watch over the interior and exterior of the imperial harem; four hundred white eunuchs, who never quit the seraglio, and whose chief is the first officer of the palace.

L.

The harem is the palace of the women. For reasons of State, the Sultan contracts no civil marriage. Some of them contract religious marriages before the iman; but the harem is peopled but with slaves. Some of these are bought by the grand mistress of the harem; the larger number are presents made by the Sultanas, mothers or sisters, or by the governors of the provinces, happy to secure in this way a protector or an informer near the heart and in the intimacy of the master.

The special favorites, selected from this pick of beauties, are called *cadines* or *khatouns*, names denoting their distinguished condition. They are, like the legitimate wives, four in number. Each of them has a separate palace and a great number of slave girls attached to her service. The favorites are not allowed to visit each other without the authority of the Sultan.

The harem is shut in by a high wall. It is entered by an arched alley, shut by two gates of iron and two of bronze. At the centre of the inclosed space is the kiosk of the Sultan. The two principal apartments are the throne-hall and the bed-chamber. It communicates on the one

hand with a vast bathing-room, and on the other with the apartments of the *cadines*. The Sultan rarely visits the interior of the harem. When he does, he wears silver pattens, of which the ring on the marble flags apprises the women to avoid his eye.

LI.

During the life of the reigning Sultan, his sons enjoy their liberty. At the death of the father, they are shut up in the seraglio. Their dwelling is adjacent to the harem. It is surrounded with walls lined by gloomy box-shrub. It is composed of twelve kiosks or separate palaces. Each of these palaces is surrounded by walls, which inclose a small garden and a fountain. Each of these princes, sequestered from the world, is served by twelve female slaves and some pages. The princes cannot see each other without permission from the Sultan. They can have no correspondence beyond the walls; no conversation except with their mothers, who are usually authorized to come from the old seraglio to visit their sons. Black eunuchs and barren women are the sole diversion of their ennui. It is here that at the end of a reign the Empire sometimes comes to seek its master.

LII.

The Empire, thus fixed by Soliman in its laws, in its usages, in its military constitution, in the administration of its provinces, in the economy of its finances, in its monarchical apparatus, was not less characterized in its diplomacy. This nation, this family, this divan, which had thitherto but fits of fanaticism and of ambition, had thenceforth a policy.

This policy of the divan, instinctive at first, was become a consecutive and rationalized system, perceptible to the eye of history in all the acts and in all the advances of the Ottoman monarchy. The sovereigns and the grand viziers already for a century back, transmitted it as a tradition of the genius of the Empire; Soliman had more and more defined it to his successors in his wars as well as in his negotiations. It was recognizable by a few general features; it was distinguishable by the marks of reflection from the policy, impassioned, fanatical and disorderly, of his predecessors.

This policy of Soliman, become that of the Empire to our days, is as follows :

To conquer and to assimilate, in the East, from the Oxus to the Nile, from the Tartars of the Crimea to the Moors of Africa, all the Mussulman populations ; to gather them into a body more or less homogeneous in the hands of the Sultans, at Constantinople ; to reconstitute militarily and politically, to the benefit of the Turks and to their glory, the universal and religious monarchy of the khalifs ; in this view, to annex Egypt, to incorporate Syria, to enfeodize the Barbary powers, to subjugate, to seduce or to protect the Georgian tribes, also the Circassians, Caucasians and the Tartars of the seaboard of the Black and the Caspian seas ; to create a marine on the Red Sea wherewith to dominate the two coasts of Arabia, and carry the name and the arms of the Ottomans as far as the Mahometan Indies ; to thus envelope Persia, the sole warlike and Mussulman power capable of disputing Asia with the Turks, and under pretext of stifling there the schism, incompatible with the unity of the religious patriotism of the Mahometans, to reduce Persia to a state of vassalage or of ruin.

In Asia, then, peace, toleration, protection to the populations, even Christians, who should adhere to the universality of the Ottoman Empire, the centre and the pivot of the Mussulman league ; eternal war to the Persian schismatics. —Such was the system reasoned or instinctive of the divan. It employed apostleship to color conquest.

LIII.

In Europe the system varied according to the events, the facilities or the resistances which the Ottoman power encountered by land and sea in its invasion beyond the Archipelago on one side, and beyond the Danube on the other.

The obstacles which the patriotic Christianity of the Western powers had opposed beyond the Danube to the Ottoman arms, had made Soliman and his predecessors despair of the conquest of the West. They had several times, already, ingulfed whole armies in the plains of Hungary, retired before Huniád and battled at Varna, not for the unlimited extension, but for the safety and the territory of Islamism. The siege of Vienna, tried in vain, and which they were to try in vain once more, had revealed to them

the vigor of occidental patriotism, evoked in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, in France and in England, by the fraternity of race and the community of religion. A league of the Christian powers, induced by the danger of Ottoman ambition and proselytism beyond the Danube, was thenceforward in Europe the sole real peril of the Turks.

The divan and Soliman understood at last this danger; accordingly, they wisely smothered or adjourned to an unknown future all idea of extending their conquests in Germany. Their system, on this side, became defensive instead of being offensive, political rather than Mussulman. This European system of the divan was summed up in a few axioms which already formed the foundation of the entire diplomacy of Soliman and of his ministers.

To create for the Empire impregnable bulwarks, such as Belgrade on the right bank of the Danube, between this river and the gorges of the Balkans; to protect beyond the Danube a line of secondary powers, detached by force and by interest from the Germanic mass, and to make of these powers a vanguard, a Danubian confederation under Ottoman influence and protectorship; in this view, to make the Hungarian kingdom a tributary viceroyalty of the Porte, cointerested, by its antipathy to Germany, in furnishing the Turks its fortified places, its fields of battle, its armies; to make Wallachia and Moldavia two tributary provinces, Christian in religion, but Mussulman in country; to caress and to protect the restless and anarchical Poland against Germany on the one side, against the Russians and the Tartars on the other; to temporize with the Russians, a power as yet obscure, and wavering between Europe and Asia, which might one day become indifferently either useful allies or dangerous enemies of the Empire.

In fine, to treat instead of fighting with the Emperors of Germany, to keep the court of Vienna in a perpetual negotiation between peace and war, according as this court, jealous of Hungary and of Poland, should yield to, or should too late resist the ascendant of the Turks on the seaboard of the Adriatic; in this strong situation upon the Danube, to prosecute perseveringly the consummation of the conquest and nationalization of the block of European mountains extending from Macedon to the Gulf of Venice; to incorporate Albania, Servia, Greece, Dalmatia, Illyria, Styria, Bosnia, Croatia, the Ionian islands; in a word, to surround the Ve-

netian power until Venice, disarmed and embraced by the Ottoman territory, was constrained to let fall from her debilitated hands the ports of the Morea, the islands of Candia and of Cyprus, a veritable kingdom which this republic defended still against the Turks in the seas of the Levant.

With this design, the policy of the divan consisted, with a diplomatic ability which had been prompted it by Greek astuteness, in preventing at any cost the league of the Emperors of Germany with the Venetians, to sustain the republic against the empire and the empire against the republic, enfeebling thus its enemies one by one, until Venice, victim of this diplomacy, was delivered a prey by Germany to the Turks, in return for the precarious peace which the divan would accord to the Emperors of Germany in Hungary.

As to the other European powers, the policy of the divan consisted wholly in preventing between them an anti-Ottoman league which might drive back the Turks beyond the Danube, and perhaps beyond the Bosphorus. The antipathies and the rivalries of these powers amongst themselves, and especially the eternal warfare between the house of Austria and France, served sufficiently this diplomacy of the divan. Regards for England, attentions to Spain, and indissoluble friendship with France, were the necessities and the securities of this far-seeing policy of the Ottomans.

It was requisite, to render it acceptable to the Christian courts and populations of these different powers, to efface by degrees between Turkey and Europe the religious antagonism which the crusades had implanted as a second national spirit in the West and in the East. It was requisite to proclaim on both sides toleration and inviolability of worship, a law of nations equal towards the adorers of Christ and the disciples of Mahomet; it was requisite besides to assure to the Christian populations, Greek or Catholic, embedded in the empire, if not the rights and the title of Ottomans, at least their nationality, their country, their cities, their property, their commerce, their usages and their altars. This was commanded by the Koran itself, in regard to the conquered and tributary nations; it was progressively put in practice by the liberal policy of Soliman, in Moldavia, in Wallachia, in Hungary, in Greece, in Syria, and even at Constantinople. Here the difference of religion constituted in the Christians a civil and political inferiority, but authorized no legal tyranny over the person, over the customs, over

the property or the conscience of the Christian subjects. Turkey might war with princes, but no longer with opinions. Her apostleship had by expansion become secularized. Alliances might be formed with her without abjuration of one's God.

LIV.

Ottoman literature had followed, under the last reigns, and especially under the reign of Soliman, the progress of civilization and of policy. Arts, sciences, letters, which are eclipsed under conquering princes, reappear under lawgiving sovereigns. Soliman cultivated himself both philosophy and poetry; he signed his poems with the conventional name Mouhibbi, a word which signifies *the man with the sympathetic heart*. His verses, stamped with a pious morality and a tender devotion to the happiness of his people, have the negligences of a warrior and a statesman who takes up the pen but in laying down the sabre. But he admired in others with enthusiasm the genius which he had not leisure to exercise himself, in polishing sufficiently his verses. He even pardoned the poets of his time the offences excused by their genius.

The greatest of these poets was Abdoul-Baki, the "Immortal," a surname which he received in his lifetime. Nine other poets, inferior to the "Immortal," but superior to all which the Ottomans had admired thitherto in their tongue, rivalled Abdoul-Baki in the popularity of this Turkish Pindar and in the favors of Soliman. One hundred and fifty other writers or eminent poets, adorned this literary reign at Constantinople.

Philosophy and religion, that philosophy of the people, were no less purified than policy, morals, laws, arts, letters, in this culminant reign of Ottoman civilization. The dogmas, hitherto puerilized by the superstitions and the fables which Arabia had superadded to the simplicity of the Koran, were divested of them day by day by reformers and commentators of the sacred book. Islamism returned more and more to its original nature of an organized theism in worship, and a written human conscience. The sole definition of God taught in the pulpits of the mosques and in the schools of the Empire, suffices to give here an idea of the fundamental dogma whence proceed all the others.

"What is the Koran?" said the Mussulman catechist.

"The Koran," replied the neophyte, "is the word of the uncreated God; it is written on our tongues, graven on our hearts, articulated by our lips, heard by our ears, in which is received the sound of the word, but not the word (Word) itself, which is eternal and self-existent.

"What says the book?" pursued the catechist.

"It says," rejoined the neophyte, "that the Creator of the world is God (Allah); that this God is one and eternal, that he lives, that he is omnipotent, that he knows all things, that he is endowed by himself with will and action, that there is in him neither form, nor figure, nor limits, nor number, nor parts, nor multiplications, nor divisions, because he is neither body nor matter, has neither beginning nor end, that he is of himself without birth, without generation, without space, without time, indiscernible in his nature and in his attributes"—"Thus," adds the catechist, "God is endowed by himself with life, with power, with will, with action and with the word (Word); this eternal word is without letters, without characters, without sounds, and its nature can be defined only the contrary of silence." *

LVI.

Such was the elevation of the institutions, of the government, of the arts, of the letters, of the philosophy of the Ottomans, at the death of Soliman II. Civilization and dominion had not ceased their onward tenor from Othman to his time. We can scarce conjecture to what a degree of power, of civilization and of duration, the empire might have continued to ascend, if it were not for the lurking causes of decay which began to show themselves in the nature of the Ottoman Empire. The principal causes of the decadence of the Empire, perceptible from this time forward to the philosopher and the statesman, appear to us to have been :

1. Polygamy, which, in constituting anarchically the private family, carried up to even the Imperial family, a confusion of the rights of birth, prejudicial to the incontestable and evident rights of hereditary sovereignty by primogeniture :

* This is certainly a good sample of *popular* philosophy, though scarcely of an *organized* theism.—*Translator*.

2. The succession to the throne, ill-regulated in the person of the sons of the Sultan, and forcing thus the brothers to kill each other at the death of the father in order to prevent all family competition by a crime against nature :

3. The primitive constitution of the Turks in patriarchal tribes, some nomad, others sedentary, and ill-adapted to the unity and the compactness of a nation, the sole vital and durable form of an Empire :

4. The want of homogeneity of race, of religion, of manners, of patriotism, in this vast and confused agglomeration of subjects which conquest gives, but which it does not so speedily assimilate to the conquering people, whence results an inequality, and consequently an iniquity, in the civil conditions of the subjects :

5. The government of the provinces by satraps, governors or pashas, the absence of administration, one, universal, uniform, without which a territory is plundered, but a nation is not governed, is not civilized, is not enriched, is not re-peopled :

6. In fine, the identity, in the civil constitution of the Ottomans, of the religious law, the civil law and the political law, so that the legislator and the sovereign could not touch the law for correction, without appearing at the same time to shake an inviolable and eternal dogma—an organic vice of theocracy, which makes all abuses something sacred, and all progress a sacrilege.

Such are the summary causes of the decadence of the Empire, which the prosperity of the reign of Soliman still concealed from the eyes of the Ottomans, and which we are going to see develop themselves under his successors with a rapidity quite equal to its epoch of ascension.

Such are the vices which experience, that only school of nations, the virtue of the late Sultans and the intelligence of Ottoman statesmen, have labored for the last half century to extirpate, to restore youth, vigor, and duration to the Empire.

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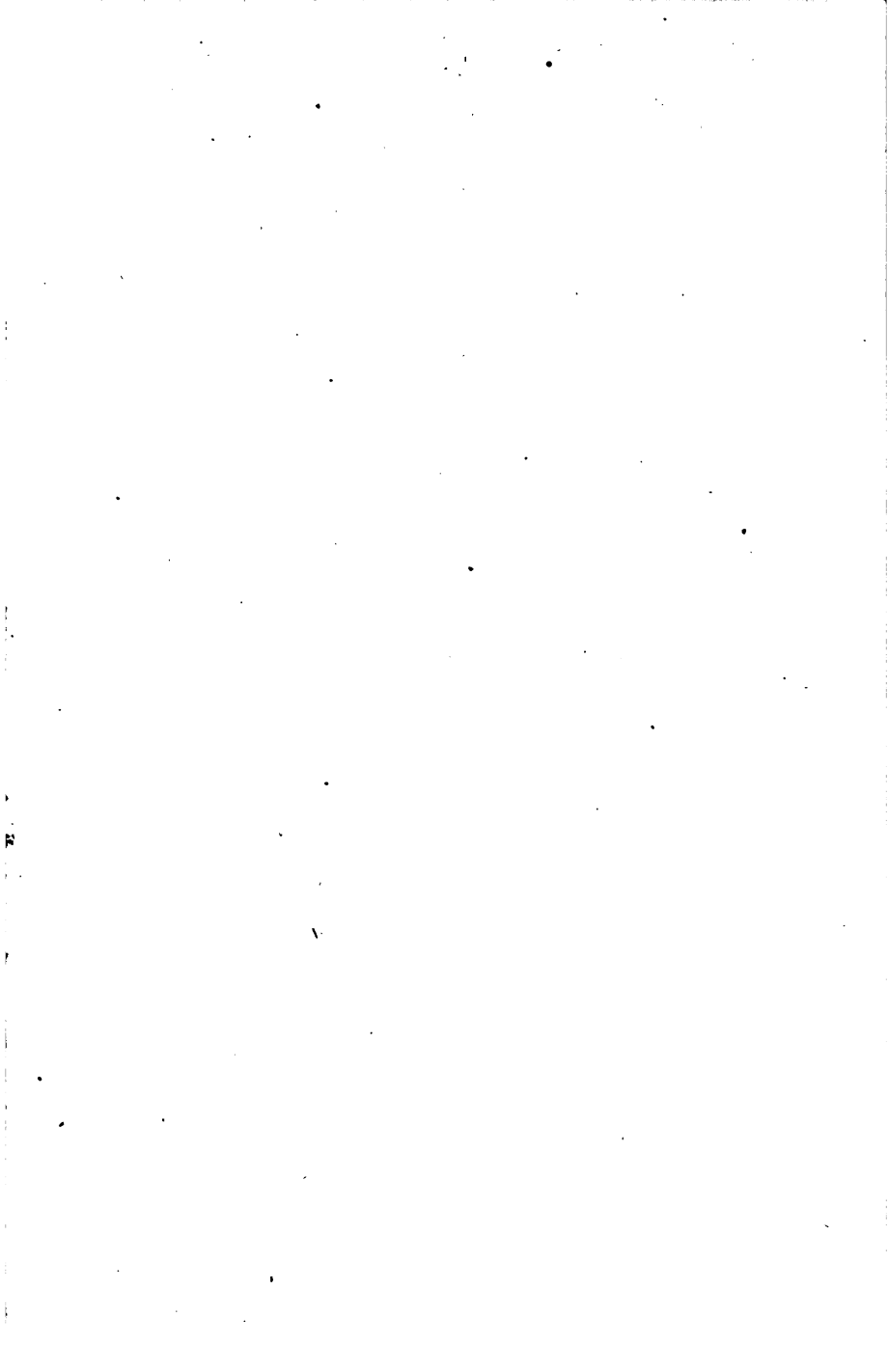
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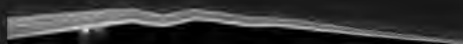
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